BLOOD AND FIRE
THE SALVATION ARMY

The Salvation Army Song Book

Mable
Irene "41"
Painter

Tyler, Texas
Corps.

To Rev Jim McCay
By Captain
Parker

Salvation Army Songs

BY THE AUTHORITY OF
THE GENERAL

BLOOD AND FIRE
THE SALVATION ARMY

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PREFACE

In issuing this new edition of The Salvation Army Song Book I feel that I cannot do better than quote in full what our beloved Founder said in his Preface to the former edition.

His words of advice are as full of meaning and force today as they were when he wrote them more than thirty years ago:

> Surely no man has ever been called upon to make, or direct, the making of, so many Song Books as I have. It is no little consolation at seventy to know that millions of people in every part of the world are singing together God's praises as a result of the efforts He has helped me to put forth or to direct for their good.
>
> Yet it has seemed good to me at this time to attempt something like a thorough selection of those songs which we have found most useful in all lands, so that my people may have a larger storehouse of songs that may be used for all occasions, and that they may the more easily see what I would have them leave behind, and what preserve, translate, and use.
>
> I thank God for the gifts of all His servants, ancient and modern, whose compositions I have been able to adopt, but it is not intended in any degree to limit the flow of new songs, for wherever these songs are sung, they will cause the production of others, and many here may yet be left behind should the number of our best song-makers be multiplied. I also wish to prevent the lowering of our standard, of the taste of our people, and the character of our service, by the use of songs that may have some worldly popularity just because they are not so definite or so hot as these.
>
> Let others, if they please, heap together pretty poetry and sing it to what is called "refined music." Let us persevere in our singing of the simple old truths in the simple old hearty way that God has already blessed so

widely to the salvation of souls and the making and training of red-hot soldiers.

But, above all, let me urge all who possess this book to make the utmost use of it in three ways:

1. *Take in the meaning of every song.* How thoughtlessly many sing familiar words! Yet here is a great treasury of truth if you will but search into its riches. Be determined that by God's grace you will never sing what you do not really mean and that you will be fit to sing all you find here.

2. *Sing and read and teach these songs* to your children, morning and evening, at birthday celebrations and other family functions, as well as to the sick and to all whom you can influence. What a debt many of us owe to the songs we learned in childhood! What clear-thinking, plain-speaking, God-knowing Salvationists will those be who have properly learned what these songs contain! Banish from your homes and children hymns and songs that are not straight and plain.

3. *Sing so as to make the world hear.* There cannot be a greater farce than for the people to sing these songs at home and in our halls among admiring listeners, unless they sing them also to the world. The highest value of our singing after all has not been the mere gladness we have felt because of our own salvation, but the joy of pouring out the praises of our God to those who have not known Him, or of arousing them by our singing to new thoughts and a new life.

And sing till your whole soul is lifted up to God, and then sing till you lift the eyes of those who know not God to Him who is the fountain of all our joy.

EDWARD J. HIGGINS,
General.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS OF
THE SALVATION ARMY, LONDON
March 1, 1930.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

MUSICAL REFERENCES

1. Names of suitable tunes are inserted over each song. Where these names are printed in ordinary type, the number following is that under which the music will appear in The Salvation Army Tune Book for Congregational Singing, in the same order as adopted in The Salvation Army Tune Book.

Names of tunes printed in *italics* are generally accompanied by an indication of The Salvation Army publication in which these tunes may be found, the following abbreviations being used:

S.A.M.	"The Salvation Army Music."
G.f.S.	"Gems for Songsters," Nos. 1 and 2.
M.S.	"The Musical Salvationist."
Salv. Sol.	"The Salvation Soloist," Nos. 1 and 2.
B.J.	"The Salvation Army Band Journal."

Where more than one tune is found over a song, as a rule the first tune fits verse and chorus. Some songs have choruses for alternate tunes.

2. After the names of tunes the Key most suitable for Congregational Singing is indicated. This—in some cases—is not of the same pitch as that used for instrumental or other settings—B.T.B., B.J., or M.S.

METRICAL INDICATIONS

These are given above a large number of songs in the usual abbreviated form—such as L.M., C.M., 6—8's, etc.—but also by letters—a, d, m, c2, etc.—which refer to the sections of the Metrical Index at the end of this Song Book (pages 398—403).

The verses of songs having the same sectional index can—as a rule—be sung to all tunes of that section; special attention, however, must be given to the choruses, which are *not* in every case *interchangeable*.

WILSON
NcU

THE CHORUS SECTION

from page 318 onward contains a large collection of old and new choruses, divided under eight headings, and grouped according to Keys; leaders of meetings and marches will find this arrangement exceedingly useful.

An Alphabetical Index is added at the end of this Section. The choruses of the songs in the Song Book are indicated by small numbers over these choruses, and are also to be found in the General Index.

GENERAL INDEX

This is found after the Chorus Section, and gives, in alphabetical order, in:
Black Type—the first line of the first verse of every song.
Ordinary Type—the first line of the following verses.
Italic Type—the first line of choruses.

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PART I

THE FOUNDER'S SONG

1

My Jesus, I love Thee, 340, A*b*. 11's
Cossar, 345, E*b*. x

O BOUNDLESS salvation! deep ocean of love,
O fullness of mercy, Christ brought from above,
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—come, roll over me!

2 My sins they are many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping; thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me—come, roll over me!

3 My tempers are fitful, my passions are strong,
They bind my poor soul, and they force me to wrong;
Beneath thy blest billows deliverance I see;
Oh, come, mighty ocean, and roll over me!

4 Now tossed with temptation, then haunted with fears,
My life has been joyless and useless for years;
I feel something better most surely would be,
If once thy pure waters would roll over me.

5 O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the brink of thy wonderful life-giving flood!
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea.
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

6 The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to Save;"
My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll be!
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me.

7 And now, Hallelujah! the rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His praise
Who opened His bosom to pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for me!

WILLIAM BOOTH.

SALVATION

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR

2

Rockingham, 16, E*b*. L.M.
Silver Hill, 37, F. a

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing in the Blood,
I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood;
Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing;
Yes, I'm glad there is cleansing;
There is cleansing in the Saviour's Blood.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me [most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled [down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too [small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

3

Remember me, 64, F. C.M.
French, 91, E*b*. b

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die;
Did He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me!
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 Was it for sins that I have done
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe!
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

4

Hursley, 31, F. L.M.
Ernan, 38, B*b*. a

OH, come and look awhile on Him
Whom we have pierced, who for us died!
Together let us look and mourn:
The Christ of God is crucified.

2 His willing hands and feet are bound,
His gracious lips with thirst are [dried,
His pitying eye is dimmed with woe:
The Christ of God is crucified.

3 Shall we refuse to hear Him speak?
Dare we the Sinless One deride?
Surely on Him our sins were laid:
Jesus, for us, is crucified.

4 His Cross of shame is all our hope;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away:
With Jesus we are crucified.

5 A broken and a childlike heart,
To none who ask will be denied;
A broken heart love's dwelling is,
The temple of the Crucified.

5 It was on the Cross, 19, G. L.M.
Calvary, 24, B*b*. a

ON Calvary's brow my Saviour died;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified.
'Twas on the Cross He bled for me;
Providing there my pardon free.

It was on the Cross He shed His Blood,
It was there He was crucified;
But He rose again, and He lives in my heart,
Where all is peace and perfect love.

2 'Mid rending rocks and darkening skies,
My Saviour bows His head and dies.
The opening veil reveals the way
To Heaven's joys and endless day.

3 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be
That Thou shouldst give Thy life for me,
To bear the Cross and agony
In that dread hour on Calvary?

6 Down in the Garden, 90, E*b*. C.M.
b

DARK was the hour, Gethsemane,
When through thy walks was heard
The lowly Man of Galilee
Still pleading with the Lord.

Down in the garden,
Hear that mournful sound;
There behold the Saviour weeping,
Praying on the cold, damp ground.

Jesus, my Saviour,
Let me weep with Thee.
Mercy, O Thou Son of David!
Mercy's coming down to me.

2 Alone in sorrow see Him bow,
As all our griefs He bears;
Not words may tell His anguish now,
But sweat and blood and tears.

3 There prostrate on the earth He lies,
God's well-beloved Son,
But still the fainting Sufferer cries,
"Father, Thy will be done!"

4 Can I forget the tears and blood
Which there He shed for me?
They flow a constant cleansing flood,
Abundant, rich and free.

5 For me He prays, I hear Him pray;
He will my soul receive.
Now, Jesus, take my sins away;
Now, Jesus, I believe!

7 Behold the Saviour, 85, E*b*. C.M.
Arnold's, 71, E*b*. b

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree.
How vast the love that Him inclined,
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend.
The temple's veil in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! The precious ransom's paid;
"Receive My soul!" He cries.
See where He bows His sacred head;
He bows His head and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

8 Oh, remember Calvary,
515, G.

OH, remember Calvary,
And take my sins away!

2 I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Speak, and let the lost be found,
And let the dying live.

4 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

5 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

7 Tell me now, in love divine,
That Thou hast pardoned me.

8 Yes, I can, I do believe,
That Thou dost pardon me.

9

Dear Jesus on Calvary,
526, E*b*.

DEAR Jesus on Calvary,
And He died for you, and He died for me,
And He died for all.
Dear Jesus on Calvary, and He died for all.

2 I lay my sins on Jesus!

3 I now believe in Jesus!

4 I cast my care on Jesus!

5 When shall I see my Jesus?

6 I soon shall reign with Jesus!

10

Holly, 40, F. L.M.
Whitburn, 30, F. a

EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmeared with dust, and sweat and blood. [see—
See!—there the King of Glory—
Sinks—and expires the Son of God.

2 The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on Thee, my Lord, was laid. [pain;
To heal me Thou hast borne my
To bless me Thou a curse wast made.

3 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have and all I am,
Ceaselelss to all Thy glory show.

4 Too much to Thee I cannot give,
Too much I cannot do for Thee;
Let all Thy love and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!

11

On the Cross of Calvary 7's
173, B*b*. g

ON the Cross of Calvary
Jesus died for you and me;
There He shed His precious Blood,
That from sin we might be free.
Oh, the cleansing stream does flow,
And it washes white as snow!
It was for me that Jesus died
On the Cross of Calvary.

On Calvary, on Calvary;
It was for me that Jesus died
On the Cross of Calvary.

2 Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love,
Brought me down at Jesus' feet!
Oh, such wondrous, dying love
Asks a sacrifice complete!
Here I give myself to Thee,
Soul and body, Thine to be.
It was for me Thy Blood was shed
On the Cross of Calvary.

3 Take me, Jesus, I am Thine,
Wholly Thine for evermore.
Blessed Jesus, Thou art mine,
Dwell within for evermore. [sin,
Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from
Make and keep me pure within!
It was for this Thy Blood was shed
On the Cross of Calvary.

4 Clouds and darkness veiled the skies,
When the Lord was crucified.
"It is finished!" was His cry,
When He bowed His head and died.
It is finished, it is finished;
All the world may now go free.
It was for this that Jesus died
On the Cross of Calvary.

12

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
Sovereignty, 221, D. 1

O BLEEDING Lamb of Calvary,
And can it be Thy Blood was spilt
To set this guilty sinner free,
And cleanse my soul from all its guilt?
"Forgive me, Father! Hear my cry,
Nor let this guilty sinner die."

2 Was it for me, for me He died,
And shall I still reject His plea;
Mercy refuse with foolish pride,
The while His heart still yearns for me?
Shall I my cup of guilt thus fill,
While Jesus pleads and loves me still?

3 Nay, list, my soul—His dying cry;
See, see the Blood flow from His side;
Plunge deeply in, all Hell defy;
There's life for thee beneath that tide!
Now plunge within, 'tis deep, 'tis [free,
And claim God's perfect liberty.

13

Thou art a mighty Saviour, 7's
149, B*b*. e

"MAN of Sorrows," what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
What a mighty Saviour!

Thou art a mighty Saviour,
Thy love doth never waver;
Thou shalt be mine for ever,
And Thine alone I'll be.

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His Blood.
What a mighty Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless me,
Spotless Lamb of God was He.
"Full atonement," can it be?
What a mighty Saviour!

4 "Lifted up" was He to die;
"It is finished," was His cry;
Now in Heaven exalted high.
What a mighty Saviour!

14

He was found worthy, M.S., Vol. XXXV, 21, F.

WHEN none was found to ransom me,
He was found worthy.
To set a world of sinners free,
He was found worthy.
Oh, the bleeding Lamb,
He was found worthy!

2 To take the book and loose the seal,
He was found worthy.
To bruise the head that bruised His [heel,
He was found worthy.

3 To bridge the gulf 'twixt man and God,
He was found worthy.
And save the rebels by His Blood,
He was found worthy.

4 To open wide the gates of Heaven,
He was found worthy.
To Him all majesty is given;
He was found worthy.

5 To reign o'er all the ransomed race,
He was found worthy.
I've tasted of His saving grace;
He was found worthy.

6 His Blood has washed me white as snow,
He was found worthy.
And all His fullness I shall know;
He was found worthy.

15

Sovereignty, 221, D. 6—8's
Stella, 217, D. 1

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring [cry?
Sinners, He prays for you and me.
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!
They know not that by Me they live!"

2 Jesus descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve.
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through Thee may live,
In me a quickening Spirit be,
And witness Thou hast died for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy Cross and passion on the tree.
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

4 Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears.
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

5 Oh, let Thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free!
That every fallen soul of man,
May taste the grace that found out me.
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love!

16 *Oh, remember, B.J.* 972, *Ab.*
G.f.S. No. 1, 15, A.

WHAT is the love of Jesus to thee?
Art thou its claims denying?
Dost thou e'er think how He on the tree
Gained thy salvation by dying?

Oh, remember, oh, remember,
All a loving Saviour bore for thee!
Oh, remember, oh, remember,
Jesus dying on the tree!

2 What is the call of Jesus to thee?
Say, is thy heart replying?
Henceforth is He thy Master to be?
Wilt thou as rebel defy Him?

3 What is His grace, O sinner, to thee?
Oh, 'tis of thanks deserving;
Waiting so long thy soul to set free;
Love in its purpose ne'er swerving!

4 What is the name of Jesus to thee?
Art thou His fame extending?
Dost thou obey? He says, "Follow Me,
Life in My service be spending!"

17 To save a poor sinner, 442, F.

WHEN Jesus was born in the manger,
The shepherds came thither to see;
And the angels proclaimed that a Saviour was born,
To save a poor sinner like me.

To save a poor sinner,
To save a poor sinner,
To save a poor sinner like me.
For the angels proclaimed that a Saviour was born
To save a poor sinner like me.

2 He was wounded for our transgressions;
Acquainted with sorrow was He.
In the garden He prayed, and sweat great drops of blood,
To save a poor sinner like me.

3 He was brought to Pilate for judgment;
He was sentenced to hang on a tree.
"It is finished!" He cried, when He suffered and died,
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 Death's barriers could not hold Him,
He burst them asunder for thee;
On the third day He rose, in spite of His foes,
To save a poor sinner like me.

5 I'm fighting my passage to Heaven,
O'er death I shall conqueror be;
Then to Glory I'll fly, and shout through the sky:
"He saved a poor sinner like me."

18

He wipes the tear, 43, D. D.L.M.
aa

BEHOLD Him now on yonder tree,
The Prince of Peace, the
Heavenly King.
Oh, what can His transgression be,
Such shameful punishment to
bring?
And, lo! a thief hangs on each side;
They justly suffer for their crime.
But why should Christ be crucified;
The One, so holy, so divine?

It was for me, yes, even me,
That Jesus died on Calvary.
My soul to cleanse from all its guilt
His precious Blood my Saviour spilt.

2 O sinner, see, for you and me
He freely suffers in our stead.
And lo! He dies upon the tree;
Behold! He bows His sacred head!
So pure, yet He has borne our guilt,
By death our ransom He has paid;
It was for us His Blood was spilt;
Our every sin on Him was laid.

3 O loving Saviour, take my heart,
No longer can I live from Thee;
With all unlike Thee now I part,
Thy wondrous love has conquered
me.
I yield to Thee my little all, [own,
Accept me now, Lord, as Thine
I'll be obedient to Thy call,
And spend my life for Thee alone.

19

Hiding in Thee, 338, E*b*. 11's
That was my Lord, x
343, F minor.

WHILE passing a garden I lingered
to hear
A voice faint and faltering, from
One who was there.
While pleading in anguish the poor
sinner's part, [my heart.
The voice of the Mourner affected

That was my Lord, that was my
Lord,
Who was praying for me.

2 So deep were His sorrows, so fervent
His prayers,
That down o'er His bosom rolled
sweat, blood and tears.
I wept to behold Him, I asked Him
His name.
He answered, "'Tis Jesus: from
Heaven I came."

3 "I am thy Redeemer! For thee I
must die; [pass by.
The cup is most bitter, but cannot
Thy sins like a mountain are laid
upon Me, [for thee."
And all this deep anguish I suffer

4 I trembled with terror, and loudly
did cry, [or I die!"
"Lord, save a poor sinner; oh, save,
He pitied my anguish; He said to
me: "Live; [forgive."
Thy sins, which are many, I freely

5 How sweet was that moment He
bade me rejoice!
His smile, oh, how pleasant, how
cheering His voice! [abroad;
I flew from the garden to spread it
I shouted, "Salvation!" and "Glory
to God!"

20

Behold the Lamb, 232, G. 8's & 3's
What's the news? 228, A*b*. m

THE Saviour laid His crown aside,
For the Cross!
And there for all the world He died,
On the Cross. [torn,
His cheeks were smote, His flesh was
His sacred temples felt the thorn,
While Heaven and earth in darkness
mourn,
Round the Cross.

2 Our sins were all upon Him laid,
On the Cross.
For all He hath salvation made,
On the Cross.
His pierced feet, His hands and side,
Pour forth redemption's healing tide,
Life's cleansing fount was opened
wide,
On the Cross.

3 Ten thousand foes did Him surround,
On the Cross.
But, lo! He did them all confound,
On the Cross.
His Heavenly Father veiled His face,
While devils thronged the sacred place,
Still He redeemed our fallen race,
On the Cross.

4 Oh, haste, my soul, and see Him die,
On the Cross!
Hark! hear that last expiring cry,
On the Cross.
He says, "I suffered this for thee;
Approach in faith the Blood-stained tree,
And thou shalt My salvation see"—
On the Cross.

5 When foes assail, oh, may I fly
To the Cross!
When strength shall fail, oh, let me [die
Near the Cross!
And when I reach Heaven's glorious [plain,
And join yon high and dazzling train,
I'll sing the Lamb for sinners slain,
On the Cross.

21

Behold the Lamb, 8's & 3's
232, G. Better world, m
226, D.

BEHOLD! behold the Lamb of God
On the Cross.
For us He shed His precious Blood
On the Cross.
Oh, hear His all-important cry,
"Why perish, Blood-bought sinner, why?"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the Cross.

2 Behold His arms extended wide,
On the Cross.
Behold His bleeding hands and side,
On the Cross.
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus does with devils fight,
On the Cross.

3 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up
On the Cross.
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains [quake,
While Jesus doth salvation make;
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

4 And now the mighty deed is done,
On the Cross.
The battle's fought, the victory's [won,
On the Cross.
To Heaven He turns His dying eyes;
"'Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the Cross.

5 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the Cross.

SINNERS INVITED

22

St. Oswald, 266, D. 8's & 7's
Jesus, tender Shepherd r
268, G.

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there e'er a heart so tender,
One so gentle, one so sweet,
As our Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Wide and boundless as the sea;
There's a kindness in His dealing,
Deep and powerful, and free.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of God eternal
Is most wonderfully kind!

23

Walk with me, 270, F. 8's & 7's
I will guide thee, 255, G. r

SINNER, how thy heart is troubled!
God is coming very near.
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.

Oh, be saved, His grace is free!
Oh, be saved, He died for thee!

2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee;
Jesus lowly, meek and mild.
To the Friend who died to save thee
Wilt thou not be reconciled?

3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou mayst never see its light.
Come at once! accept His mercy.
He is waiting—come tonight!

4 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of Heaven;
Let them sing with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!

24

Come to the Saviour, 430, E*b*.

COME to the Saviour, come to the Saviour,
Thou sin-stricken offspring of man.
He left His throne above,
To reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.

I do believe it! I do believe it!
I'm saved through the Blood of the Lamb!
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me!
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!

2 Why dost thou linger? Why dost thou linger?
Oh, when wilt thou haste to be saved?
Thy time is flying fast,
And thy day will soon be past;
Oh, arouse thee, and come and be saved!

3 Pardon is offered, pardon is offered.
A pardon full, present and free.
A fount was opened wide,
When on Calvary Jesus died,
Bringing cleansing and healing for thee.

4 Plunge in the fountain, plunge in the fountain;
The fountain which cleanses the soul.
'Tis cleansing far and near,
And its streams are flowing here.
Oh, believe it, and thou art made whole!

25

Harwich, 332, G. 10's & 11's
Houghton, 330, A*b*. w

ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace, your surety He is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done His Blood must atone.
The Father has punished for you His dear Son.
The Lord in the day of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

3 For you and for me He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am;
A sinner believing in Jesus' blest name.
He purchased the grace, which now I embrace;
O Father, Thou know'st, He has died in my place!

5 His death is my plea: my Advocate see,
And hear the Blood speak that has answered for me.
Acquitted I was when He bled on the Cross,
And by losing His life He has carried my cause.

26

Keep on believing, 510, A*b*.
Blessed assurance, 512, D*b*.

BRING it to Jesus, thy burden of
grief, [record of shame.
The guilt of the past, and thy
Naught but His mercy can bring
thee relief, [thee again.
Naught but His power can restore

Bring Him thy sorrow, bring Him
thy tears, [Him thy fears.
Bring Him thy heart-aches, bring
Oh, tell Him plainly how thou dost
Ever believing Jesus can heal. [feel!

2 Bring it to Jesus, He knows thy
career; [pathway of life.
Has followed thy feet o'er the
Lingered to help thee, and listened
to hear; [and strife.
Longed to deliver from sorrow

3 Bring it to Jesus, leave all at His
throne; [for His toil.
Thy life for His living, thy hands
Bring Him thy graces and gifts for
His own; [for His spoil.
Wealth for His spending, and gains

27

The Eden above, 12's & 11's
364, E*b*. a2

OH, come to the merciful Saviour
who calls you!
Oh, come to the Lord who for-
gives and forgets!
Though dark be the future on earth
that befalls you,
A bright home awaits where the
sun never sets.

Will you go? Will you go?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden
above?

2 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose
mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths
of His love.
And fear not! 'tis Jesus, and life's
cares grow lighter;
Oh, think of the home and the
glory above!

3 Oh, come then to Jesus, and say
how you love Him!
And low at His feet you will keep
in His grace.
In accents of mercy He pleads and
invites you,
And asks: "Will you now My
salvation embrace?"

4 Come, come to His feet and lay open
your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt
and of shame;
For saving from sin is the crown of
His glory.
Oh, glory to God! He is true to
His name.

28

Jesus now is passing by, C.M.
62, B*b*. b

COME, weary sinner, to the Cross;
The Saviour bids you come.
Come, trusting in His precious Blood.
Wait not—there still is room.

Jesus now is passing by,
I'll go out to meet Him.
While He is so very nigh
I'll go out to greet Him.

2 Oh, why delay your long return?
The Spirit gently pleads.
Come to the Cross whereon for you
The dying Saviour bleeds.

3 He waits to fill your soul with joy,
And all your sins forgive.
His love for you no tongue can tell;
Oh, trust His grace and live!

29

The Great Physician,
449, E*b*.

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to
cheer.
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

2 Your many sins may be forgiven;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!
Go on your way in peace to Heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the risen Lamb;
I now believe in Jesus.
I love the blessed Saviour's name;
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear;
No other name but Jesus.
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!

30

Mercy still for thee, 119, Ab. D.C.M. bb

COME, sinner, wash your guilty soul
In your Redeemer's Blood.
Your burden then from you He'll roll,
And He will be your God.
It was for you the Saviour died,
That you with Him might live.
For you upon the Cross He cried,
"Forgive them, oh, forgive!"

Come, Jesus calls to thee!
Oh, now His voice obey!
To Calvary's Cross for refuge flee
Before your dying day!

2 You cannot rest without your Lord,
Nor find your joy in sin,
And while you spurn His precious Word
You cannot pardon win.
O lost one, bound by Satan's chains,
He longs to set you free.
No more His love and truth disdain,
But come and happy be.

3 The Saviour died because your sin
He saw had you condemned.
He shed His precious Blood to win
Your soul, and be your Friend.
Your heart with all its load of care,
Its sorrow, fear and shame,
Now bring to Him in your despair;
He'll call you by His name.

31

Bithynia, 293, Ab. 8's & 7's s

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall.
Here a cleansing, healing fountain
Flows for you, for me, for all
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within,
From all evil and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin.
Wash your robes and make them white;
You shall walk with God in light.

3 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind.
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find.
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

4 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood.
God is faithful, God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

32

Try again, 182, Ab. 7's & 4's h

HAVE you not succeeded yet?
Try, try, try again.
Mercy's door is open set,
Try, try, try again.
Yours is not a single case;
Others have the same to face;
All your trust on Jesus place,
Try, try, try again.

2 Something surely lurks within—
Try, try, try again.
Some beloved, besetting sin—
Try, try, try again.
Give up every plea beside,
"I am lost, but Christ has died,"
Then the Blood will be applied.
Try, try, try again.

3 Do you say, "I've tried before?"
Try, try, try again.
Never give the conflict o'er,
Try, try, try again.
Some have been as bad as you,
But the Lord has brought them through;
It may be the same with you.
Try, try, try again.

4 Do you say, "I've tried in vain?"
Try, try, try again.
"As I was I still remain?"
Try, try, try again.
Know the darkest part of night
Is before the dawn of light;
Press along, you're going right.
Try, try, try again.

33

Jesus is mine, 376, D. 6's & 4's
Nearer to Thee, 377, G. c2

COME to the royal feast;
Come, sinners, come.
Come and salvation taste;
Come, sinners, come.
There is a full supply,
Haste, ere in want you die,
Now to the Saviour fly;
Come, sinners, come.

2 Jesus will bless you all;
Heed now His gracious call;
None are too bad for Him,
Worthless though you may seem,
He does the lost redeem.

3 Welcome you all shall be;
Now to the Saviour flee;
Make Him your happy choice,
List to His gracious voice,
Then shall your hearts rejoice.

4 Glory shall then be yours;
Peace that for aye endures;
Jesus will ne'er deceive
Those who in Him believe,
Come, thou, and life receive.

34

The wounds of Christ, 11's
336, F. x

DARK shadows were falling,
My spirit appalling,
For hid in my heart sin's deep crimson stains lay.
And when I was weeping,
The past o'er me creeping,
I heard of the Blood which can wash sin away.

The wounds of Christ are open.
Sinner, they were made for thee.
The wounds of Christ are open;
There for refuge flee.

2 It soothes all life's sorrows,
It smooths all its furrows;
It binds up the wounds which transgression has made.
It turns night to morning,
So truly adorning,
The spirit with joy when all other lights fade.

3 Come, cast in thy sorrow,
Wait not till tomorrow;
Life's evening is closing, the death-bell will toll.
His Blood for thee streaming,
His grace so redeeming;
His love intervening will pardon thy soul.

35

Behold Me standing, 34, A*b*. L.M.
Rocked in the cradle, 15, A*b*. a

"BEHOLD Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore
With gentle voice: O heart of sin,
May I come in, may I come in?"

"Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in, may I come in?"

2 "I bore the cruel thorns for thee;
I waited long and patiently;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in, may I come in?"

3 "I would not plead with thee in
vain.
Remember all My grief and pain.
I died to ransom thee from sin.
May I come in, may I come in?"

4 "I bring thee joy from Heaven
above;
I bring thee pardon, peace and love.
Say, weary heart, oppressed with
sin,
May I come in, may I come in?"

36

Only a step, 412, A*b*

ONLY a step to Jesus!
Then why not take it now?
Come, and thy sin confessing,
To Him, thy Saviour, bow.

Only a step, only a step!
Come, He waits for thee!
Come, and thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing;
Do not reject the mercy,
He freely offers thee.

2 Only a step to Jesus!
Believe and thou shalt live!
Lovingly now He's waiting,
And ready to forgive.

3 Only a step to Jesus!
A step from sin to grace!
What has thy heart decided?
The moments fly apace.

4 Only a step to Jesus!
Oh, why not come and say,
"Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away!"

37

The Lion of Judah, 348, D. 11's
The Conquering Saviour, x
350, A*b*.

COME, sinners, to Jesus; no longer
delay; [today.
A free, full salvation is offered
Arise, all ye bondslaves, awake from
your dream; [shall stream.
Believe, and the light and the glory
For the Lion of Judah shall break
every chain; [again.
And give us the victory again and

2 The world will oppose you and
Satan will rage; [engage.
To hinder your coming they both will
But Jesus, your Saviour, hath
conquered for you,
And He will assist you to conquer
them too.

3 Though rough be the fighting, and
troubles arise, [in the skies.
There are mansions of glory prepared
A crown and a kingdom you shortly
shall view; [for you.
The laurels of victory are waiting

4 When death's shady valley Christ
calls you to tread, [shed.
A halo of glory around you He'll
His presence shall cheer you, as
faintly you pray, [away.
And angels to Glory shall bear you

38

Bullinger, 465, A*b*.
Stephanos, 461, G.

ART thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and
coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide? [prints,
In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side.

3 Hath He diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till Heaven
Pass away.

39

Sinner, see yon light,
440, *Bb*. Are you washed?
434, *Bb*.

SINNER, see yon light,
Shining clear and bright,
From the Cross of Calvary;
Where the Saviour died,
And from His side
Flowed the Blood that sets us free.

Come away, come away,
To the Cross for refuge flee!
See, the Saviour stands
With His bleeding hands;
Salvation He offers to thee.

2 In the gloomy shade,
When He knelt and prayed;
Oh, what painful agony,
As His brow was wet
With bloody sweat,
When in dark Gethsemane!

3 See, the Saviour stands
With His wounded hands,
And He calls aloud to thee,
"I for thee life gave,
Thy soul to save;
Now thy heart, oh, give to Me!"

4 Come away to Him,
And confess thy sin.
Come to Him who died for thee.
To His feet draw near,
With heart sincere,
And from sin He'll set thee free.

40

At the Cross there's room,
398 (verse only), G.

SINNER, wheresoe'er thou art,
At the Cross there's room.
Tell the burden of thy heart;
At the Cross there's room.
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear;
Cast away thy every fear;
Only speak and He will hear;
At the Cross there's room.

Room, room, room at the Cross,
Room at the Cross for thee.
Room, room, room at the Cross,
Room at the Cross for thee.

2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not;
At the Cross there's room.
Seek that consecrated spot;
At the Cross there's room.
Heavy-laden, sore oppressed;
Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
In the Saviour find thy rest;
At the Cross there's room.

3 Thoughtless sinner, come today;
At the Cross there's room.
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the Cross there's room.
Now a living fountain see;
Opened there for thee and me;
Rich and poor, for bond and free;
At the Cross there's room.

4 Blessed thought! For every one,
At the Cross there's room.
Love's atoning work is done;
At the Cross there's room.
Streams of boundless mercy flow;
Free to all who thither go;
Oh, that all the world might know,
At the Cross there's room!

41

Mercy still for thee, D.C.M.
119, *Ab*. bb

"WHO comes to Me," the Saviour said,
"To him I freely give
Eternal life; though he were dead,
Yet henceforth shall he live!"
His life shall be with gladness filled,
His treasure is on high.
Bright sunshine shall his pathway gild,
And he shall never die.

"I freely now will give, I freely now will give
Eternal life to all who seek;
I freely now will give.

2 "Who comes to Me," the Saviour said,
"That soul will I supply
With portions of that Living Bread,
Which riches cannot buy.
That soul shall never hunger more,
But filled shall ever be
With plenty from the unfailing store
He ever finds in Me.

3 "Who comes to Me," the Saviour said,
"Shall constantly partake [head
The stream that from the fountain-
Alone his thirst can slake!" [pure
Who seeks in faith that fountain
His freshness shall retain;
Shall peace and happiness ensure,
And never thirst again.

4 "Who comes to Me," the Saviour said,
"And follows where I lead,
Shall see My light upon him shed,
And in My pastures feed. [way;
No more shall darkness cloud his
My love his fears shall quell; [day
The gloom that once obscured his
My presence shall dispel."

42

Oh, the drunkard may come, 532, E*b*.

POOR sinner, thy Saviour is waiting for thee; [wilt flee.
Is waiting to see if from sin thou
His love is so boundless, so full and so free; [waiting for thee?
Then why not come home while He's

Oh, the drunkard may come, and the swearer may come;
Backsliders and sinners are all welcome home.
If you will but repent, and be washed in the Blood,
For ever and ever you will dwell with the Lord.

2 The Lord is now looking, poor sinner, for thee; [misery.
He knows thy poor soul is in great
From sin, fear and death He would fain set thee free;
Come now to thy Saviour, He's waiting for thee.

3 The Lord who has bought thee has waited so long;
Oh, haste thee at once, or thy chance will be gone!
Then ever in darkness shut out thou must be; [waits for thee.
For ever from Jesus, who now

43

Rocked in the cradle, L.M.
15, A*b*. Oh, wash me a
now, 10, G.

"HO, every one that thirsts, draw nigh;"
'Tis God invites the fallen race.
"Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace."

I can, I do believe in Thee, [me;
For Thou hast shed Thy Blood for
The cleansing stream now sets me free;
The Blood, the Blood of Calvary.

2 "Come to the living waters, come!"
Sinners, obey your Maker's call.
"Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find My grace is free for all."

3 "See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls.
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls."

4 "In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife;
Whither, ah, whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life."

5 "I bid you all My goodness prove;
My promises for all are free.
Come, taste the manna of My love,
And let your souls delight in Me."

44

Room for Jesus, 8's & 7's
252, B*b*. Let the lower r
lights be burning, 280, A*b*.

HAVE you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

Room for Jesus, King of Glory;
Hasten! now His word obey.
Swing your heart's door widely open;
Bid Him enter while you may.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ the Crucified
Not a place that He can enter
In the heart for which He died!

3 Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, "today" is "time accepted;"
Tomorrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus;
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon your heart be cold and silent,
And your Saviour's pleading cease.

45

Can a poor sinner, 411, E*b*.

CAN a poor sinner come to Jesus?
Can he come? Can he come?
Can a poor sinner come to Jesus?
Can he come just now?

Yes, oh, yes, he can come just now;
While the Saviour now is calling,
While the Holy Spirit's striving,
While the precious Blood is flowing;
He can come just now.

2 Can a poor drunkard come to Jesus?

3 Can a backslider come to Jesus?

4 Can a poor prodigal come to Jesus?

46

Cwm Rhondda, 300, A*b*. 8's & 7's
Mariners, 292, E*b*. s

HARK! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree.
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free;
Now, poor sinner,
Turn to Him who died for thee.

2 Oh, escape to yonder mountain;
Refuge find in Him today!
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away.
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side.
None need perish,
All may live, for Christ hath died.

4 Christ alone shall be our portion,
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love.
All His fullness
We shall then for ever prove.

47

Austria, 296, E*b*. 8's & 7's
Regent Square, 297, B*b*. s

COME, ye sinners, drifting downward,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you: 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous: Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the Blood-stained tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!" Sinner, will not this suffice?

48

Blessed be the name of the Lord, M. S., Vol. I, 9, B*b*

O SINNER, come to Jesus,
And give your heart to Him.
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
And He will make you holy,
And save you from all sin.
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

When the stars of the elements are falling,
And the moon shall be turned into blood,
As the children of the Lord are returning home to God,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

2 It does not matter whether
We are black or white.
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
For God says, "Whosoever"
Can come and be put right;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

3 And when the Saviour calls us
To cross cold Jordan's tide,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
I'm sure that He will help us,
And be close by our side;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

4 Then fighting will be over,
And all the work be done;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
We'll bind our sheaves together,
And shout the "harvest home!"
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

49

St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 6—8's
Newcastle, 215, A*b*. 1

WEARY and sad, and full of sin,
A heart bowed down with grief and shame,
A storm without, a hell within,
A conscience-stricken, helpless soul,
Christ Jesus will your sins forgive,
And you with Him in Heaven shall live.

2 Satan may rage and fiercely roar,
And seek your soul with fiendish glare,
But Christ has opened wide the door,
And full salvation we declare.
He came the prisoner to release,
And bring the guilty life and peace.

3 Your past may be both dark and drear;
The Blood can cleanse the vilest heart,
If you in earnest, now and here,
With every evil thing will part.
The Saviour waits to save your soul;
To give new life and make you whole.

4 Then come to Him, poor guilty one,
And cast yourself now at His feet.
Renounce all sin, come to His Throne;
Meet Jesus at the mercy-seat.
O boundless mercy, full and free!
Praise God, that mercy found out me!

50

Guide me, Great Jehovah, 8's & 7's
295, A*b*. Bithynia, 293, A*b*. s

FLY, ye sinners, to yon mountain,
There the purple stream doth flow,
There you'll find an open fountain
That will wash you white as snow.
Oh, come quickly, and its cleansing virtues know!

2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,
But to Calvary repair;
There's the fountain for uncleanness,
And the worst is welcome there.
Christ invites you, now His pardoning love to share.

3 Richly flowed the crimson river
When our great Redeemer died,
And the Blood will you deliver
Whensoever 'tis applied.
Free salvation flows from Jesus' wounded side.

51

Hiding in Thee, 338, E*b*. 11's
I know Thou art mine, 342, E*b*. x

SO near to the Kingdom, oh, what dost thou lack?
What is it, poor sinner, that's keeping thee back? [soul free;
The Master is waiting to set thy
Oh, come to the Saviour, He's calling for thee!

Calling for thee, calling for thee;
The Saviour is calling, is calling for thee!

2 So near to the fountain, but not yet plunged in; [your sin.
So near, but unwilling to let go
Men slip in before you: will you not come too? [you.
The Saviour is calling, is calling for

3 So near that thou hearest Him saying to thee,
"What wilt thou, poor sinner, I should do for thee? [is lost;
I gave up My life for the soul which
Oh, come, and get down at the foot of the Cross!"

4 What is it, my brother, that's keeping thee back?
What is it makes Christ say, "There's one thing you lack?" [may be,
Renounce every idol though dear it
And come to the Saviour, He's calling for thee!

52

At the Cross there's room, 398 (verse only), G.

DOUBTER, trembling, full of fear,
Jesus speaks to thee!
Now give heed, His voice to hear;
Jesus speaks to thee!
All thy doubts shall flee away,
All thy darkness turn to day,
If thou wilt His voice obey.
Jesus speaks to thee!

Jesus speaks to thee!
Jesus speaks to thee!
Wilt thou now His voice obey?
Jesus speaks to thee!

2 Soul oppressed by inbred sin,
Jesus speaks to thee!
Speaks of perfect peace within;
Jesus speaks to thee!
Priceless gift He gives to thee,
That thy soul from sin might be
Everlastingly set free;
Jesus speaks to thee!

3 Burdened one, afflicted sore,
Jesus speaks to thee!
Thou needst sorrow never more;
Jesus speaks to thee!
Cast thy care upon the Lord;
Claim His promise, trust His word;
Up! take courage, grasp thy sword!
Jesus speaks to thee!

53

God is near thee, 507, G.

AFAR from Heaven thy feet have wandered, [strayed;
Afar from God thy soul has
His gifts in sin thy hand has squandered, [home.
Yet still in love He calls thee

God is near thee, tell thy story,
He will hear thy tale of sorrow;
God is near thee, and in mercy,
He will welcome thy return.

2 Thy feet have found sin's way is thorny, [vain;
Thy heart has found its pleasures
Thou hast grown weary, and about thee [despair.
The gloom has spread of dark

3 The broken heart the Lord will favor,
The contrite spirit He will bless;
He came to be the lost one's Saviour,
He came to be the sinner's Friend.

4 Tell out thy need, and He'll befriend thee, [to Him.
Pour out thy heart's deep grief
His boundless love, unmeasured mercy,
His free forgiveness are for thee.

54

Sawley, 96, B*b*. C.M.
Colne, 107, E*b*. b

OH, what amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsting, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free and clear.

3 A spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 Millions of sinners vile as you
Have here found life and peace.
Come, then, and prove its virtues, too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

55

Though your sins be as scarlet,
G.J.S. No. 2, 24, B*b*,
B.J. 605, A*b*.

"THOUGH your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow.
Though they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool."

2 Hear a voice that entreats you,
Oh, return ye unto God!
He is of great compassion,
And of wondrous love.

3 He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more.
"Look unto Me, ye people,"
Saith the Lord your God.

56

Come, ye disconsolate,
405, D. Russia, 482, E*b*.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, [kneel.
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Here dwells the Father; love's waves are streaming
Forth from the Throne of God, plenteous and pure.
Come to His temple for mercy redeeming, [cannot cure.
Earth has no sorrow that He

3 Here waits the Saviour, gentle and loving, [to reveal;
Ready to meet you, His grace
On Him your burden cast, trustfully coming; [cannot heal.
Earth has no sorrow that Christ

4 Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the straying, [sure;
Hope of the penitent, Advocate
Joy of the desolate, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure."

57

We're traveling home, 8's & 3's
229, A*b*. Tucker, 234, F. m

WE'RE traveling home to Heaven
Will you go? [above.
To sing the Saviour's dying love.
Will you go? [shore,
Millions have reached that blissful
Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions
Will you go? [more.

2 We're going to see the bleeding
Will you go? [Lamb,
In rapturous songs to praise His
Will you go? [name,
Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning ever gone,
Will you go?

3 The way to Heaven is straight and
Will you go? [plain,
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see!"
Will you go?

4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go;
I'll start this moment, clear the way;
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to Hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.
I will go!"

58 While He's waiting, 437, F.

LOVE of love, so wondrous,
Rich and free;
Now the King of Glory
A pardon offers thee.
While He's waiting, pleading, knocking, let Him in!

2 For thy heart He's waited
Days and years;
And thy sins, long hated,
Have caused Him bitter tears.

3 Canst thou leave His pardon
Still unknown,
And forget the mercy
That towards thee He has shown?

4 Soon the day is coming
When alone,
Trembling or rejoicing
Thou must His kingship own.

5 Ah! His love, so tender,
Asks thee, "Come!"
And thy life, so slender,
Bids thee for safety run.

59 Jesus is looking for thee, 485, E*b*.

IS there a heart that is waiting,
Longing for pardon today?
Hear the glad message proclaiming,
Jesus is passing this way.
Is there a heart that has wandered?
Come with thy burden today;
Mercy is tenderly pleading;
Jesus is passing this way.

Jesus is looking for thee,
Jesus is looking for thee;
Sweet is the message today;
Jesus is looking for thee.

2 Is there a heart that is broken,
Weary and sighing for rest?
Come to the arms of thy Saviour;
Pillow thy head on His breast.
Come to thy only Redeemer;
Come to His infinite love;
Come to the gate that is leading
Homeward to mansions above.

60 Toplady, 167, B*b*. Christ now sits on Zion's Hill, 155, G. 7's f

WELCOME, welcome, sinner. Hear!
Hang not back through shame or fear.
Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Tread the powers of darkness down;
He that conquers wins a crown.

2 Welcome to the offered peace,
Welcome, prisoner, to release.
Burst thy bonds; be saved, be free.
Rise and come—He calleth thee.

3 Welcome, weeping penitent,
Grace has led thee to relent!
Welcome, long rebellious child,
God by Christ is reconciled.

4 All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest.
All is ready, hear the call,
There is ample room for all.

61 Boston, 8, G. L.M.
Arizona, 21, F. a

COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest.
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all.
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye weary seekers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 This message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live.
Oh, let His love your hearts constrain;
Nor suffer Him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consents to feel.
Yield to His love's constraining power,
And fight against your God no more.

62

God gave His Son for me, 369, C. Jesus is mine, 376, D. 6's & 4's c2

COME, for the feast is spread!
Hark to the call!
Come to the Living Bread,
Broken for all.
Come to His "house of wine,"
Low on His breast recline;
All that He hath is thine;
Come, sinner, come.

2 Come, where the fountain flows,
River of Life;
Healing for all thy woes,
Doubting and strife.
Millions have been supplied,
No one was e'er denied;
Come to the crimson tide,
Come, sinner, come.

3 Come to the Throne of Grace;
Boldly draw near.
He who would win the race
Must tarry here.
Whate'er thy want may be,
Here is the grace for thee,
Jesus thy only plea;
Come, sinner, come.

4 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Keep us from sin.
Till in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white,
Ceasing not day and night,
Thy praise we sing.

63

Oh, touch the hem of His garment, Eb.

SHE only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
And straightway she was whole.
Oh, touch the hem of His garment,
And thou, too, shalt be free.
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee!

2 She came in fear and trembling before Him;
She knew her Lord had come.
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her;
The mighty deed was done.

3 He turned with, "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole;"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

64

Wonderful words of life, 423, G.

SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty!
Beautiful words, wonderful words;
Wonderful words of life!

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life.
Sinner, list to the loving call—
Wonderful words of life.
All so freely given,
Wooing us to Heaven.

3 Sweetly echo the Saviour's call,
Wonderful words of life!
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life!
Jesus, only Saviour,
Saves and keeps for ever!

65

Mercy still for thee, D.C.M.
119, A*b*. bb

O WANDERER, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' lovely face;
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace.
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free.
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found;
There's mercy still for thee.

There's mercy still for thee!
There's mercy still for thee!
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole.
There's mercy still for thee!

2 For thee, though sunk in deep despair,
Thy Saviour's Blood was shed;
He for thy sins was as a lamb
To cruel slaughter led,
That thou mayest find, poor sin-sick soul,
A pardon full and free.
What boundless grace, what wondrous love:
There's mercy still for thee!

3 Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,
Thy Saviour's Blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.
Now, lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee,
While still the angels chant the strain:
"There's mercy still for thee!"

66

For you I am praying,
459, G.

WE have a message, a message from Jesus,
And time is now hastening, its moments are few.
He's seeking poor sinners, make haste to receive Him;
The Master is come, and He calleth for you.

For you He is calling, for you He is calling;
Yes, Jesus is calling, is calling for you.

2 We have a message, a message from Jesus;
A message of hope to the poor, weary heart!
The love of my Saviour, there's nothing so precious;
The friendship of Jesus will never depart.

3 We have a message, a message from Jesus;
A message of love to the poor drunkard's soul.
The love of my Jesus will snap all his fetters;
The Blood of my Saviour makes perfectly whole.

4 We have a message, a message from Jesus;
O poor, wretched scoffer, you're selling your soul.
But Jesus invites you just now to receive Him;
He offers to pardon, and make fully whole.

67

Calling for the wanderer 7's
home, G.f.S. No. 2, 26, A*b*. g
Martyn, 174, F.

JESUS stands, and knocks, and pleads,
Calling for the wanderer home.
And for sinners intercedes,
Calling for the wanderer home.
Boundless love, beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home.
Jesus longs to set you free;
Calling for the wanderer home.

2 As a lamb to slaughter led,
Calling for the wanderer home.
On the Cross His Blood was shed,
Calling for the wanderer home.

3 He has often called before,
Calling for the wanderer home.
Now He's waiting at the door,
Calling for the wanderer home.

4 Come, oh, come, while yet He stands,
Calling for the wanderer home.
While in love He spreads His hands,
Calling for the wanderer home.

68

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 1

THERE is a mercy-seat revealed,
A glorious Throne of sovereign grace, [healed,
Where broken hearts may all be
And truly feel love's warm embrace.
O trembling soul, dispel thy fear!
By faith through Christ to God draw near.

2 The smoking flax God will not quench, [reed.
Nor hastily break the bruised
His justice and His love do blend,
When guilty souls for mercy plead.
Come, sinner and backslider, fall
Before His Throne, for pardon call.

3 Tears of repentance will not save,
Nor yet good works for sin atone;
The sacrifice that Jesus gave,
Must be thy plea, and that alone.
No other name, however high,
Can bring thy soul to Heaven nigh.

69

Almost persuaded, 470, G.

WHY unbelieving, why wilt thou spurn [return?
Love that so gently pleads thy
Come, ere thy fleeting day
Fades into night away;
Now mercy's call obey,
To Jesus come.

2 Why unbelieving, wounding thy Lord, [word?
Grieving His Spirit, doubting His
Think, 'twas for thee He died;
Think of His bleeding side;
Now to the Crucified,
To Jesus come.

3 Why unbelieving? Thou canst be blest. [rest.
Jesus will pardon, He'll give thee
Why wilt thou longer wait?
Haste to the open gate.
Come, ere it be too late,
To Jesus come.

4 Why unbelieving? Trifle no more,
Death may be near thee, e'en at thy
Come with a broken heart, [door.
Come, helpless as thou art,
Come, choose the better part,
To Jesus come.

70

Spanish Chant, 169, A*b*. 7's
Norwood, 166, G. f

WEARY souls that wander wide
From the only Source of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His.
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Oh, believe the record true:
God to you His Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of Heaven.
Live the life of Heaven above;
All the life of glorious love.

3 This the universal bliss,
Bliss of every soul designed;
God's unfailing promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind!
Blest in Christ this moment be;
Blest to all eternity.

71

Weeping Mary, S.A.M.,
285, G.

IS there anybody here like weeping Mary? [nigh.
Call to my Jesus, and He'll draw
Oh, Glory, Glory, Glory, Hallelujah;
Glory be to God who rules on high!

2 Is there anybody here like sinking Peter?

3 Is there anybody here like blind Bartimeus?

4 Is there anybody here like doubting Thomas?

5 Is there anybody here who's tired of sinning?

6 Is there anybody here who wants salvation?

72

Never can tell, 285, A*b*. 8's & 7's
r

LISTEN to the invitation:
"Come, ye weary, come to Me!"
Come, and you shall find salvation;
Will you not to Jesus flee?

You never can tell when the Lord
will call you, [will be.
You never can tell when your end
Cast your poor soul in the sin-
cleansing fountain; [be.
Come, and get saved, and happy

2 Jesus loves you, do not tarry,
Hasten to His side today,
And, by faith on Him relying,
All your guilt will roll away.

3 Oh, 'tis folly to reject Him!
For, when you are called to die,
You will want a loving Saviour;
So in time for mercy cry.

4 Oh, this wonderful salvation,
Offered now so full and free!
Seek it, ere 'tis passed for ever;
Reconciled to Jesus be.

73

Christ receiveth sinful men, 159, D. 7's
e

SINNERS Jesus will receive!
Sound this word of grace to all,
Who the heavenly pathway leave;
All who linger, all who fall!

Sing it o'er and o'er again:
Christ receiveth sinful men!
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Come: and He will give you rest.
Trust Him: for His word is plain.
He will take the sinfullest.
Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin,
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

74

Make no delay, 409, B*b*.

COME to the Saviour, make no
delay, [the way.
Here in His Word He's shown us
Here in our midst He's standing
today,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure
and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with
Thee
In our eternal Home.

2 Come to the Saviour! Oh, hear His
voice; [joice;
Let every heart leap forth and re-
And let us freely make Him our
Do not delay, but come! [choice.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-
day; [obey;
Heed now His blest command, and
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Come to your Saviour, come!"

75

Scatter seeds, 316, G. 8's & 7's
t

WEARY wanderer, wilt thou
listen,
While I sing of dying love,
Which did make the Saviour hasten
From the richest realms above?
In a stable and a manger,
Once the Prince of Glory lay;
In the world He was a stranger,
While He sought for souls astray.

Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!
Wilt thou let Him enter now?

2 'Twas on Calvary's rugged mountain,
Where they nailed Him to a tree;
From His open side the fountain
Flows in Blood for thee and me.
Though thou hast refused an
entrance
To this Prince of Peace so fair,
If thou'lt knock in true repentance,
Thou shalt find He still is there.

3 Poor backslider, thou hast driven
Jesus from thy heart and home;
Once thou hadst a hope of Heaven,
Now thy life is filled with gloom.
Still, with pardon and compassion
He is knocking loud today;
If thou darest refuse salvation
He from thee may turn away.

4 Listen, sinner, thou art drifting,
Drifting downward to thy doom;
Far from mercy thou art sinking,
Where the wild waves ever foam.
Dark and sad will be thy morning,
Shouldst thou wake up as before,
With this awful feeling dawning:
Knocking, knocking days are o'er.

76

Remember me, 64, (chorus: 517), F. Only trust Him, 48, A*b*. C.M. b

COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast;
Oh, come without delay,
For there is room on Jesus' breast
For all who will obey!

Oh! Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home,
Welcome sinners home, welcome sinners home;
Oh! Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home;
Sinners, don't delay.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now!
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the Army's ranks,
When cleansed by Blood Divine;
Room 'midst the white-robed throng above
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in Heaven among the band,
And harps and crowns of gold;
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around the Father's board
For thee and thousands more.
Oh, come, and welcome to the Lord!
Yea, come this very hour.

77

There are angels hovering round, G.

THERE are angels hovering round!

2 To carry the tidings home!

3 Poor sinners are coming home!

4 And Jesus bids them come!

5 There's mercy still for you!

6 He'll take your sins away!

78

Whosoever heareth, 464, D.

"WHOSOEVER heareth!" shout, shout the sound,
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will!" "Whosoever will."
Send the proclamation over vale and hill.
'Tis the loving Father calls the wanderer home,
"Whosoever will may come."

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:
"Whosoever will may come."

3 "Whosoever will," the promise is secure;
"Whosoever will," for ever shall endure;
"Whosoever will"—'tis life for evermore;
"Whosoever will may come."

79

Who'll be the next?
408, B*b*.

WHO'LL be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Someone is ready, someone is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?

2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus;
Come and bow at His precious feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy-seat?

3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption,
Sing Hallelujah! Praise the Lamb?

4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side?

80

The glorious Fountain, C.M.
95, A*b*. Abridge 94, E*b*. b

THERE is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Oh, glorious fountain,
Open for me!
Oh, glorious fountain,
Open now for me!
I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the Cross He shed His Blood,
And now He sets me free.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing His power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

5 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the fighting host of God
Be saved to sin no more.

81

When the mists have rolled away, 311, C. 8's & 7's t
Meet me at the Fountain, 317, A*b*.

HAVE you ever heard the story
Of the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who was worshipped by the angels,
And the wise and holy men?
How He taught the learned doctors
In the temple far away?
Oh, I'm glad, so glad, to tell you
He is just the same today!

He is just the same today,
He is just the same today;
Seeking those who are astray,
And saving souls along the way.
Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you,
He is just the same today!

I love Jesus, Hallelujah, I love Jesus, yes I do.
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour;
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2 Have you ever heard the story,
How He walked upon the sea,
To His dear disciples tossing
On the waves of Galilee?
How the waves in angry motion
Quickly did His will obey?
Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you,
He is just the same today!

3 Have you ever heard of Jesus
Praying in Gethsemane,
And the ever-thrilling story,
How He died upon the tree;
Cruel thorns His forehead piercing,
As His spirit passed away?
This He did for you, my brother,
And He's just the same today!

82

Come to Me, G.J.S. No. 2, 3, G. What's the news? 228, A*b*.
8's & 3's
m

THE Lord is calling, hear Him say,
"Come to Me.
Why madly rush on sin's dark way?
Come to Me.
Why go unpardoned to the grave?
To ransom you My life I gave,
And I am waiting now to save,
Come to Me!"

2 "O weary one on sin's hard road,
Come to Me.
Lay at My feet your heavy load.
Come to Me,
And I will give you perfect rest,
And peace shall reign within your breast, [blest!
And you shall pardoned be, and
Come to Me!"

3 "I will not cast one soul away,
Come to Me.
But, oh, repent while yet 'tis day!
Come to Me.
For night is coming on apace, [face,
When you no more may seek My
Then past will be your day of grace;
Come to Me!"

83

The Heavenly gales are blowing, A*b*.

COME, hear the proclamation,
The message of salvation,
To all an invitation
To make an end of sin.

The heavenly gales are blowing,
The cleansing stream is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

2 The heavenly wind is blowing,
The living waters flowing,
Our hearts with love are flowing
To make an end of sin.

3 The Spirit now is striving,
The hosts of Hell He's driving,
The work is now reviving,
To make an end of sin.

4 The sinner now is grieving,
The penitent's believing,
Salvation he's receiving,
To make an end of sin.

5 Let each fulfil his station,
And all proclaim salvation,
Till earth's remotest nation,
Shall make an end of sin.

84

Shall we meet, 271, B*b*. Even me, 265, G.
8's & 7's
r

YES, dear soul, a voice from Heaven
Speaks of pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee.

Even thee, even thee;
Boundless mercy flows for thee.

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace and cleansing bringing;
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee.

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,
"Come, and lay thy soul on Me;"
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee."

4 Come, then, now—to Jesus flying;
From thy sin and woe be free.
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will He welcome thee.

5 There, in love for ever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be,
And thy song shall still be telling
All His mercy did for thee.

85 There is a happy land, 7's & 4's
181, E*b*. h

HAVE you seen the Crucified?
Oh, wondrous love!
Do you know for all He died?
Oh, wondrous love!
Have you seen His thorn-crowned brow?
Have you felt the crimson flow?
Do you His salvation know?
Oh, wondrous love!

2 Do you know your sins forgiven?
Have you had a taste of Heaven?
Has His love cast out your fears?
Has He wiped away your tears?
At His word Hell disappears.

3 Is your heart now full of joy?
Have you peace naught can destroy?
Is not this salvation grand?
May it spread on every hand,
E'en to the most distant land.

4 To the north, south, east and west,
Some have heard, but tell the rest.
Vast the curse and great the fall;
Jesus Christ has died for all!
We will every nation call.

86 *Wonder-working power, Ab.*

WOULD you be free from your burden of sin?
There's power in the Blood, power in the Blood.
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
There's wonderful power in the Blood.

There is power, power, wonder-working power
In the Blood of the Lamb.
There is power, power, wonder-working power
In the precious Blood of the Lamb.

2 Would you be free from your passion and pride?
There's power in the Blood, power in the Blood.
Come, then, for cleansing to Calvary's tide. [Blood.
There's wonderful power in the

3 Would you be whiter, yes, whiter than snow?
There's power in the Blood, power in the Blood. [flow.
Sin stains are lost in its life-giving
There's wonderful power in the Blood.

4 Would you do service for Jesus your King? [in the Blood.
There's power in the Blood, power
Would you live daily His praises to sing? [Blood.
There's wonderful power in the

87 Take Salvation, 289, G. 8's & 7's
s

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Come, ye guilty, come to Me.
I have rest and peace to offer;
Rest, thou laboring one, for thee.
Take salvation—take it now and happy be."

2 Yes; though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee;
Faith can hear His invitation,
"Come, ye laden, come to Me;
Take salvation—take it now and happy be."

3 Soon that voice will cease its calling;
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message,
To the Blood for refuge flee.
"Take salvation—take it now and happy be."

4 Life is found alone in Jesus;
Only there 'tis offered thee;
Offered without price or money;
'Tis the gift of God, sent free.
Take salvation—take it now and happy be.

88

The Beautiful Stream, 501, A*b*.

OH, have you not heard of the fountain of Blood, [sin?
Which the Saviour has shed for
From Heaven He came, your soul to reclaim;
Oh, let the dear Master come in!

Oh, let the dear Master come in!
His Blood will cleanse you from sin. [the door,
He's knocking once more, do open
And let the dear Master come in!

2 He's knocking and waiting by night and by day,
The heart of the sinner to win.
He may not long stay, don't drive Him away;
But let the dear Master come in!

3 As soon as you welcome the Master inside,
The rich feast of love will begin.
To get sanctified fling the door open wide,
And let the dear Master come in.

89

Ten thousand souls, 115, B*b*. Conference, 117, B*b*. D.C.M. bb

TEN thousand thousand souls there
Entered within the door. [are
These countless souls are gathered in,
And yet there's room for more.
Then come, oh, come, and go with
Where pleasures never die, [me,
And you shall wear a starry crown,
And reign above the sky.

2 Room for the lame, the halt, the blind;
Sinner, there's room for thee.
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls,
By dying on the tree!

3 Room for the chief of sinners still,
Though plagued with unbelief,
That precious Christ can save thy
Who saved the dying thief. [soul,

4 There's room for seeking, sighing souls,
Who seek their fears to quell;
Who know that Christ, and Christ alone
Can save a soul from Hell.

5 Then sure I am there's room for me,
The worst of Adam's race;
And so I'll sing in songs of praise,
A sinner saved by grace.

90

Come with thy sin, 508, G.

GUILTY, lost sinner, from God thou hast wandered,
Far o'er the mountains of folly and sin.
Jesus is calling in love and in mercy,
Guilty, lost sinner, come with thy sin.

Come with thy sin, come with thy sin;
Jesus is calling, come with thy sin!

2 Wilt thou reject now a Saviour so loving, [freely gave?
Who on dark Calvary His life
List as He cries: "O Father, forgive them!" [save.
He suffered all this thy soul to

3 Say, "I'll no longer from Jesus go straying [leads to despair;
Out on the broad way that
Here at Thy Cross for Thy pardon I'm crying, [prayer!"
Jesus, dear Saviour, list to my

91

Only trust Him, 48, A*b*. C.M.
Evan, 78, G. b

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest
By trusting in His word.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now!
He will save you, He will save you;
He will save you now!

Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home!
Sinner, don't delay!

2 For Jesus shed His precious Blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe on Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join the holy band,
And on to Glory go;
To dwell in that Celestial Land
Where joys immortal flow.

92

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by, 45, G. D.L.M. aa

WHAT means this eager, anxious
throng,
Which moves in busy haste along?
These wondrous gatherings day by
day? [pray?
What means this strange commotion,
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
woe; [came,
And burdened ones, where'er He
Brought out their sick and deaf and
lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come;
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and
home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

4 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon
spurn.
"Too late, too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!"

93.

The Eden above 12's & 11's
364, E*b*. The Ash a2
Grove, 363, A*b*.

WE'RE bound for the land of the
pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the King-
dom of love.
Ye wanderers from God in the broad
road of folly; [above?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden
Will you go? [above?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden

2 In that blessed land neither sighing
nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where
the glorified rove.
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in
misery languish, [above?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden

3 Each saint has a mansion, prepared
and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is
summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory
are burnished; [above?
Oh, say will you go to the Eden

4 March on, happy soldiers, the land
is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights
we shall prove.
Yes, soon we'll be massed on the hills
of bright glory, [Eden above.
And drink the pure joys of the
We will go! [above!
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden

94

Come, oh, come with me, E*b*.

COME, oh, come with me where
love is beaming;
Come, oh, come, with me where
light is streaming;
Light and love divine in Christ
revealing
God Himself to you and me.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I love Thee,
my Saviour! [but in Thee!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I'll trust

2 Come with all thy sins, although like a mountain;
Come unto the Cross from whence a fountain
Flows divinely clear to heal the [nations.
Come, and wash and make you clean.

3 None can be too vile for love so beaming;
None can be too dark for light so [streaming;
Christ can make you whole, through faith believing;
Full salvation give to you.

95

We are out on the ocean, 279, D. 8's & 7's
Whither pilgrims, 313, Bb. r

SINNER, we are sent to bid you
To the Gospel feast today.
Will you slight the invitation?
Will you, can you, yet delay?
Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow;
Do not wait until tomorrow.
Now your Saviour kindly calls you.
Come, poor sinner, come away.

2 Come, oh, come, all things are ready!
To your Saviour's bosom fly;
Leave the worthless world behind you;
Seek for pardon, or you die.

3 What are all earth's dearest pleasures;
Were they more than tongue can [tell?
What are all its boasted treasures,
To a soul when sunk in Hell?

96

St. Matthew, 114, Bb. D.C.M.
Ten thousand souls, 115, Bb. bb

BEHOLD One standeth at the door,
And knocking, calls for thee.
"If any man will hear My voice,
And open unto Me,
Then I will enter in and sup
With him, and he with Me!"
O sinner, open wide the door,
And blessed shalt thou be!

2 Behold, One standeth at the door;
He would not be denied.
His head for you was crowned with thorns,
And pierced was His side.
Oh, do not let Him turn away
In sorrow from the door!
Oh, heed the Spirit's warning voice;
He'll make you rich, though poor!

3 Behold One standeth at the door;
If you but open now,
Then in that day when He shall come,
A bright crown on His brow,
To you, if faithful, He will say:
"Blessed of My Father, come,
Sit down with Me upon My Throne,
For I have overcome."

97

The Voice of free Grace, F.

THE voice of free grace cries: Escape to the mountain!
For Adam's lost race He has opened a fountain,
For sin and uncleanness, and every [transgression
His Blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon!
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 This fountain's so wide we may all find salvation,
In Jesus' side there is plenteous redemption.
Though your sins be increased as high as a mountain,
His Blood can remove them; it streams from the fountain.

3 On Zion we'll stand when escaped to the shore;
With palms in our hands we will praise Him the more.
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and [ever.

98

Old folks at home, 493, D.

JOY, freedom, peace and ceaseless
blessing,
All, all for thee, [fessing,
If, while your weakness still con-
To your Redeemer you flee.

All the world can ne'er console thee,
Cannot bring thee joy;
Jesus alone can satisfy thee;
He will thy sorrow destroy.

2 *Joy*, dearer than a thousand treasures
Wilt thou receive.
Jesus will deal it without measure
If in His power you believe.

3 *Free* from your doubts and fears
for ever
Will you not be? [sever,
Jesus those chains of doubts will
If you this freedom would see.

4 *Peace*, flowing calmly as a river
Now you may find;
From all your troubles He'll deliver,
While to His will you're resigned.

99

The Beautiful Stream
501, A*b*.

OH, have you not heard of the
beautiful stream [land?
That flows through our Father's
Its waters gleam bright in the
heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.

Oh, seek that beautiful stream,
Seek now that beautiful stream!
Its waters so free are flowing for
thee;
Oh, seek that beautiful stream!

2 With murmuring sound doth it
wander along
Through fields of eternal green;
Where songs of the blest, in their
haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.

3 Its fountains are deep, and its
waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul.
It flows from the Throne of Jehovah
alone. [roll!
Oh, come where its bright waves

4 This beautiful stream is the River
of Life;
It flows for all nations free.
A balm for each wound in its waters
is found;
O sinner, it flows for thee!

5 Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary
ones home,
And wander in sin no more."

100

Oh, turn ye, 362, A*b*. 12's & 11's
The Ash Grove, 363, A*b*. a2

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why
will ye die [so nigh?
When God in great mercy is drawing
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit
says, "Come!" [you home.
And angels are waiting to welcome

2 How vain the delusion that while
you delay [staying away!
Your heart may grow better by
Come wretched, come starving, come
just as you be, [ing so free.
While streams of salvation are flow-

3 In riches, in pleasure, what can you
obtain [your pain;
To soothe your affliction or banish
To bear up your spirits when summoned to die, [of the sky?
Or take you to Christ in the clouds

4 Why will you be starving and feeding on air? [to spare.
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and
If still you are doubting, make
trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is
boundless and free.

5 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in Jesus, we never shall part.
Oh, how can we leave you? Why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

101

Guide me, Great Jehovah, 295, A*b*. 8's & 7's
Bithynia 293, A*b*. s

BOUNDLESS as the mighty ocean,
Rolling on from pole to pole,
Is the boundless love of Jesus
To the weary, sinful soul.
Boundless mercy,
Making guilty sinners whole.

2 Boundless as the starry heavens,
Filled with fiery orbs of light,
Are the promises of Jesus
For the soul in nature's night.
Ever shining,
Till our faith is turned to sight.

3 Boundless as eternal ages,
As the air we breathe as free,
Is the boundless, full salvation
Jesus purchased on the tree.
Boundless cleansing
From all sin's impurity.

4 Boundless is the grace to save us
From the guilt and power of sin.
Boundless is His power to keep us
Now and every instant clean.
Boundless praises
We our glorious Lord will bring.

102

O my Jesus, B.J. 952, [A],
M.S., Vol. XXXV., 111, B*b*.

THERE'S a fountain, a fountain of water and Blood,
Ever flowing for you and for me.
This fountain cleanses from all sin,
And every sinner may now plunge in.

There's a fountain, a fountain of water and Blood,
Ever flowing for you and for me.

2 Sinners, turn; sinners, turn; there is room for you now.
Jesus waiteth to bless and to save!
His mercy now we all may prove,
And taste the fruits of dying love.

3 He is waiting, is waiting, salvation to give
Unto those who repent and believe.
His promise says that all who come,
Shall find indeed that yet there is room.

4 Come to Jesus, to Jesus, who died on the Cross,
And atoned for your sins by His Blood.
You need not fear, you need not doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out.

5 I believe; I believe, I believe that for me
His life as a ransom He gave.
I know the Saviour died for me;
My sins are pardoned, I am free.

103

Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's
Praise, 249, D. q

CHRIST still has power with God, and pleads,
And for the wanderer intercedes
At God's eternal Throne.
He knows your sorrow, sin and grief,
And offers pardon and relief;
He'll change your heart of stone.

2 Come, sinner, heed His call today;
Let godly sorrow have its way.
Have done with sin and fear.
A heart void of offense He'll give,
And help you honor God, and live
A life well-pleasing here.

3 No evil comes where Christ abides,
And nothing is a sacrifice,
When you His goodness prove.
Awake, poor wanderer, heed His voice;
This moment live, with us rejoice,
And prove our God is love!

4 Heaven's pearly gates are closed to sin,
Yet if in Christ you enter in,
A mansion's there for you.
White robes, a crown, and God's "Well done!"
Yes, all for you, dear sinner; come,
And be God's soldier true.

104

What's the news? 8's & 3's
228, Ab. Behold the m
Lamb! 232, G.

HARK, sinner! Jesus calls for thee,
Sinner, come!
He offers peace and liberty,
Sinner, come!
He waits to pardon all thy sin;
To cleanse and make thee pure within.
For freedom now apply to Him.
Sinner, come!

2 Oh, do not spurn His offered grace!
In Heaven for thee there is a place.
Remember how the Lord was slain;
Think of His agony and pain;
That He thy pardon might obtain.

3 Long hath thy Saviour called in vain;
Why wilt thou still in sin remain?
In Glory angels will rejoice
When thou hast made the Lord thy choice;
Oh, heed at once His loving voice!

4 Do not reject such boundless love;
For joy in fullness thou mayest prove,
And when thou'rt near to Jordan's wave,
Christ will be there to help and save,
And give thee victory o'er the grave.

5 The days of grace are fleeting by;
How soon indeed we all must die!
Oh, think how awful it would be
To spend a long eternity
In endless pain and misery!

105

Mothers of Salem, 436, C.

OH, come, come away, ye sinners are invited
A feast to share, so now prepare;
Oh, come, come away!
No longer do excuses make,
But every sinful way forsake,
And the heavenly feast partake.
Oh, come, come away!

2 Oh, come, come away, forsake your old companions, [wrath.
They tread the path that leads to
Oh, come, come away!
Bid sin and friends of sin farewell;
No longer run with them to Hell,
But haste with saints to dwell.
Oh, come, come away!

3 Oh, come, come away, and haste to yonder mountain!
There mercy rolls for guilty souls.
Oh, come, come away!
The fountain still is open wide;
It gushes from the Saviour's side;
Come, plunge beneath the tide.
Oh, come, come away!

4 Oh, come, come away, the Saviour now is waiting!
He will receive all who believe;
Oh, come, come away!
And in the world He'll be your Friend;
He'll love and keep you to the end;
Then to Heaven you shall ascend.
Oh, come, come away!

5 Oh, come, come away, put on the heavenly armor,
And take the field and never yield;
Oh, come, come away!
And you shall wave the victor's palm,
And shout the praises of the Lamb,
Before the great I AM.
Oh, come, come away!

SINNERS WARNED

106

Confidence, 3, E*b*. Why not tonight? 6, D. L.M. a

OH, do not let thy Lord depart,
And close thine eyes against the light!
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not tonight?

2 Tomorrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight.
This is the time!—oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—why not tonight?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
Oh, wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not tonight?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not tonight?

107

He will forgive, G.J.S. No. 1, 1, G.

MANY fears,
Sins and tears,
Crowd the path you've trod for years.
And yet He will thy sins forgive,
And yet He will thy sins forgive.
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,
And He will thy sins forgive!

2 Sinner, hark,
In the dark,
Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark.

3 Sad to tell
How you fell
From great heights nigh down to Hell.

4 Conscience seared,
Judgment feared,
Ev'ry hope your sin has bleared.

5 Deeds now past,
How they cast
Shadows o'er thy soul, which last.

6 Angels cry
From the sky:
"Will you not prepare to die?"

7 In His face
All can trace
Wondrous love and boundless grace.

108

Ready to die, 360, A*b*. Oh, I'm happy all the day, 359, E*b*. 12's & 9's z

WITH a sorrow for sin must repentance begin,
Then salvation, of course, will draw nigh.
But till washed in the Blood of the crucified Lord,
You will never be ready to die.
Ready to die;
He will soon make you ready to die!
Oh, I'm happy all the day, now my Saviour I obey,
And I never want to grieve Him any more!
For my Saviour He has washed me in His all-atoning Blood;
And I hope to see Him washing many more.

2 We've His word and His oath, and His Blood seals them both,
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie.
If you do not delay, but repent while you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

3 And that you may succeed, come along with all speed,
To a Saviour who will not deny.
So kneel down at His feet, at the blest mercy-seat,
And He'll soon make you ready to die.

4 When the fight we have done, and the victory won,
We to mansions of glory shall fly.
There eternally sing to our Saviour and King;
For His love made us ready to die.

109

Duke Street, 4, E*b*. L.M.
Rimington, 23, F. a

ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
In sorrow flow, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name.
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames which no abatement know,
Though bitter tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men;
While fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

5 But feeble mere compassions prove;
The uplifted Cross the world can move.
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn Thou all our grief to joy.

110

For you I am praying,
459, G.

OUT on the broad way of darkness and danger,
Oh, why will you longer a prodigal roam?
You're rushing so madly to Hell and destruction;
Oh, pause and consider your terrible doom!

For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

2 Hard do you prove is the way of transgressors,
Briers and thorns all your pathway bestrew.
Oh, death and eternity soon will engulf you!
Say, if unprepared, sinner, what will you do?

3 What will you do when the trumpet is sounding?
What will you do when to judgment you go?
Every excuse then will utterly fail you,
With nothing but sin's awful record to show.

4 Do not despair, there is cleansing and healing
Now flowing to you in the life-giving stream.
O wounded and weary one, tarry no longer.
Come to its waters, oh, wash and be clean!

111

Be in time, 477, E*b*.

THE voice of Wisdom cries,
Be in time!
To give up every sin,
In earnest now begin;
The night will soon set in.
Be in time.

2 Ye aged sinners, hear,
Your sands are running fast;
Harvest will soon be past;
Your die will soon be cast.

3 Though late, ye may return;
Though late, ye may return;
You're not too old to learn,
While the lamp holds out to burn,

4 Ye who are young in years,
Ye say you're in your bloom,
And far from the dark tomb,
But mind, your day will come,

5 Backslider, dost thou hear?
Thy sinful course forsake;
Thyself to prayer partake;
Thy deathless soul's at stake.

6 Oh, should the door be shut,
When you come;
Should God in thunder say,
"Depart from Me for aye!"
'Twill be in vain to pray.
Be in time.

112

Almost persuaded, 470, G.

"ALMOST persuaded" now to be-
lieve, [receive;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way;
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded:" come, come to-
day;
"Almost persuaded:" turn not away.
Jesus invites you here;
Angels are lingering near;
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded:" harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded:" doom comes at
"Almost" cannot avail; [last.
"Almost" is sure to fail.
Sad, sad, that bitter wail,
"Almost—*but lost!*"

113

Hiding in Thee, 338, E*b*. 11's
x

DELAY not, delay not; O sinner,
draw near; [ing for thee.
The waters of life are now flow-
No price is demanded, the Saviour
is here; [is free.
Redemption He offers, salvation
Give up thy sin, give up thy sin;
'Tis Christ who entreats thee, to
give up thy sin.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer
abuse [thy God?
The love and compassion of Jesus,
A fountain is opened—how canst
thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His
pardoning Blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to
come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls
thee today. [of the tomb;
Her voice is not heard in the vale
Her message, unheeded, will soon
pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of
grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may
take His sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to
finish thy race; [night.
To sink in the gloom of eternity's

114

The Judgment Day, 54, A*b*. C.M.
b

THE Lord into His vineyard comes,
Our various fruits to see.
His eyes, more piercing than the
Examine every tree. [light,
Then for that awful day prepare;
Repent and turn to God.
His life He gave;
He longs to save,
And wash you in His Blood.

2 Tremble, ye sinners, at His frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly wounding axe
Which arms His awful hand.

3 Close to the roof behold it laid,
To make destruction sure.
Who can resist the mighty stroke,
Or who the fire endure?

4 Succeeding years His patience waits;
Let it not wait in vain;
But form in you abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

115

Genevieve, 42, A*b*. D.L.M.
aa

OUR life is ever on the wing;
How soon the months and years
go by!
It seemeth but a fading dream,
So swiftly do they fly.
Our passing souls no power can stay;
Time on its tide bears all away,
To that great deep and shoreless
Unending, vast eternity! [sea,
Eternity! Eternity!
Where will you spend eternity?
'Tis Heaven or Hell for you and me;
Now make your choice—which shall
it be?

2 Our foolish, wayward hearts are wrong,
When swallowed by the world's vain show.
The tinsel glare, the dazzling gild,
Lure on to death and endless woe.
Our little day will soon be o'er;
Our chances gone for evermore.
'Twill be too late your sin to see,
When you wake in eternity!

116

Why wilt thou die?
416, G.

SINNER, for thee a pardon is free,
Though dark thy career may have been.
Thy burden shall roll from thy guilty soul,
When the light of His face thou hast seen.
Oh, why wilt thou die?
Why wilt thou die?
Sinner, sinner, why?

2 Tired of thy sin and sorrow within,
Thy soul longs to find its true joy.
The joy that thy King in mercy doth bring,
Thy sorrow and sin to destroy.

3 Death is at hand, thy life to demand;
Make haste, now, the Saviour to find.
No longer delay, thou'rt passing away,
And Satan thy soul waits to bind.

4 Awful despair thy bosom will tear,
When Heaven for thee has no room;
For ever shut out, in darkness and doubt,
Then Hell everlasting thy doom.

117

Oh, turn ye, 362, A*b*. The Harvest is passing, 365, C.
12's & 11's
a2

HARK, sinner! while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy do blend.
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee.
The harvest is passing, the Summer will end.

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee.
The harvest is passing, the Summer will end.

3 Despised and rejected, at length He may leave thee;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee.
The harvest is passing, the Summer will end.

4 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before Him.
Oh, let all thy sins go, and make Him thy Friend!
Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to adore Him.
The harvest is passing, the Summer will end.

118

Hollingside, 171, E*b*. Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, 178, G.
7's
g

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His Blood?
After all His waste of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why, poor sinner, will you die?

2 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Do not think Him insincere.
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands;
All day long He spreads His hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be.
No, ye will not come to Me.
Me, who life to none deny.
Why, poor sinner, will you die?"

3 Can you doubt that God is love,
If to all His mercies move?
Will you not His word receive?
Will you not His oath believe?
See! the suffering God appears:
Jesus weeps; believe His tears!
Mingled with His Blood, they cry:
"Why, poor sinner, will you die?"

DEATH

119 Oh, wash me now, 10, G. L.M.
On Calvary's brow, 12, A*b*. a

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given.
But soon, oh, soon, the coming night
Shall blot out every hope of Heaven!

Eternity! Where will you spend eternity?

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found!

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing
Shall death consign you to the grave.
Before God's bar your spirit bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that dark land of deep despair,
No morning's cheering light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer;
No Saviour call you to the skies.

120 Martyn, 174, F. Jesus, 7's
Lover of my soul, 177, G. g

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you, Why?
God who did you being give,
Made you with Himself to live.
Christ now at your heart's door stands,
Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will you cross My love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you, Why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live.
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye careless sinners, why
Will you slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you, Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove;
Woo'd you to embrace His love.
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin.
Dead to God, while here you live.
Pant you after second death.
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
Oh, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

121 Theodora, 148, E*b*. 7's
Nottingham, 160, G. e

TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh.
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er
Thou returnest never more.
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 Heaven is earnest; solemnly
Float its voices down to thee.
O thou mortal, art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

4 Hell is earnest; fiercely roll
Burning billows near thy soul.
Woe for thee, if thou abide
Unredeemed, unsanctified.

5 God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away.
Ere He set His Judgment Throne
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

6 Christ is earnest! On the tree
Jesus gave His life for thee.
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

122

Say, are you ready? M.S. Vol. IX, 166, D.

SHOULD the death-angel knock at your chamber
In the still watch of tonight,
Say, will your spirit pass into darkness,
Or to the land of delight?
Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready,
If the death-angel should call?
Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready?
Mercy stands waiting for all.

2 Many sad spirits now are departing
Into the world of despair;
Every brief moment brings your doom nearer.
Sinner, O sinner, beware!

3 Many redeemed ones now are ascending
Into the mansions of light.
Jesus is pleading high up in Glory;
Seeking to save you tonight!

123

Be in time, 477, E*b*.

REMEMBER, guilty soul,
You must die!
Remember, sinful youth,
Who hate the way of truth,
And in your pleasures boast,
You must die!

2 Though you dance and rush along,
You must die!
Though you dance and rush along,
And sing the merry song,
And join the giddy throng,
You must die!

3 Though you're young and bright and gay,
You must die!
Though you're young and bright and gay,
Youthful beauty fades away,
And your strength will soon decay;
You must die!

4 Unless you turn to God, you must die!
Unless you turn to God,
And plunge beneath the flood,
And wash in Jesus' Blood,
You must die!

5 But Mercy's earnest voice offers life.
But Mercy's earnest voice
Says, "Make the Lord thy choice,
And in His ways rejoice.
End the strife!"

124

Tucker, 234, F. 8's & 3's m
Behold the Lamb, 232, G.

'TWILL soon be gone, life's longest day;
You must die!
Earth's choicest pleasures soon decay,
You must die!
What you count dear is fading fast;
The joys you have will soon be past;
'Tis not in mortal things to last,
You must die!

2 Don't build your hopes beneath the skies,
You must die!
They build above who gain the prize;
You must die!
Dread death, with all it means, is near;
The Judgment Day will soon be here;
At that tribunal you'll appear;
You must die!

3 If still unsaved, begin to pray;
He will save.
Don't wait, but cry out right away;
He will save.
Although your sins like crimson be,
The precious Blood will set you free;
I know He's done it all for me;
He will save!

125

Death is coming, 238, B*b*. 8's & 5's o

SINNERS, whither would you wander,
Whither would you stray?
Oh, remember, life is slender,
'Tis but a short day!

Death is coming, surely coming,
And the Judgment Day.
Hasten, sinner, to the Saviour;
Seek the narrow way.

2 Satan has resolved to have you
For his lawful prey.
Jesus Christ has died to save you;
Haste, oh, haste away!

3 Listen to the invitation;
While He's crying, "Come!"
If you miss this great salvation,
Hell will be your doom.

4 Soon you'll see the Lord descending
On His great white Throne.
Saints and sinners all attending
To receive their doom.

5 Would you 'scape the awful sentence,
From destruction flee?
Seek the Lord by true repentance,
Haste to Calvary!

126

There is a happy land, 181, E*b*. 7's & 4's h

WHEN you come to death's cold
How will you do? [flood
You who now neglect your God,
How will you do?
Death will be a solemn day
When the soul is forced away;
It will be too late to pray,
How will you do?

2 You who laugh, and scoff, and sneer,
How will you do?
When in Jordan you appear,
How will you do?
Can you then your terrors brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the wave;
How will you do?

3 You who have no more than form,
How will you do?
Can you brave the awful storm?
How will you do?
When the waves of death assail
Every reed and prop will fail;
Forms will be of no avail;
How will you do?

4 O backsliders, turned aside,
How will you do?
Whither will you flee to hide,
How will you do?
Conscience will in terror rise,
And the worm that never dies,
When you sink, no more to rise,
How will you do?

127

Trentham, 130, G. S.M
Lascelles, 127, E*b*. c

AND am I born to die,
To lay this body down;
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

3 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory
crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

4 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom?
A curse or blessing meet?

5 Who can resolve the doubt,
That tears my anxious breast;
Shall I be with the lost cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?

6 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at His command to
Or else depart to Hell. [Heaven,

128

All through the night, 237, G. Saints of God, 235, B*b*. 8's & 4's n

SINNERS, hastening down to ruin,
Why will ye die?
Jesus is your souls pursuing,
Why will ye die? [flying,
Though from Him you still are
All His power and love defying,
Hark, how loudly He is crying,
"Why will ye die?"

2 Jesus groans from Calvary's moun-
tain, [tain,
Speaks in Blood that fills the foun-
Blood that ransomed every nation,
Fits for Heaven's exalted station,
Sinners, now accept salvation.

3 Death and Hell cry out, while
hastening,

And your strength cries out, while
wasting, [river,
When you've crossed cold Jordan's
And your doom is fixed for ever,
God will ask no more, no, never.

4 But through everlasting ages,
Then you must die.
While Hell's dreadful tempest rages,
Then you must die.
Stripped of every earthly pleasure,
Lost for ever heavenly treasure,
Dreadful vengeance without mea-
That cannot die. [sure

129

Bringing in the sheaves,
454, C.

SINNER, thou art speeding
Down to death, unheeding;
Hear the Saviour pleading:
Haste, oh, haste away!
From His mercy turning;
Dying love still spurning;
Over thee He's yearning.
Oh, get saved today!

Coming home today, coming home
today; [home today.
Sinners and backsliders are coming
Coming home today, coming home
today; [home today!
Glory, Hallelujah! they're coming

2 Often He has called thee
To accept salvation.
Often He has waited
At thy heart's closed door.
Outside still He's standing;
Now His Spirit's striving;
Wilt thou heed His knocking,
Let Him in today?

3 Pardon's day is passing;
See, the light is going;
Heaven's doors are closing;
Mercy will be gone.
This grand chance is flying;
Soon thou wilt be dying!
Saints of God are crying,
"All may come today!"

130

Spanish Chant, 169, *Ab*. 7's
Christ now sits on Zion's f
hill, 155, G.

COME, ye trifling sinners, come,
While your time is in your hand.
Death will come; without delay,
You the summons must obey;
Then you'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity!

2 Will you go to Heaven or Hell?
One you must, and there to dwell.
Christ will come, and quickly, too;
I must meet Him, so must you.
How you'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity!

3 O ye children of the light,
Always keep your armor bright.
Then with all the sanctified
Christ will claim you for His bride.
Then you'll ever with Him be
Happy in eternity!

131

God is keeping His
soldiers, 438, G.

WHEN the shadows are thickly
falling, [of death,
As I pass through the valley
And the trumpet for me is calling;
I will shout with my latest breath:
By the Blood that did redeem me,
O Lord, Thou wilt receive me;
And before the Throne then flying,
I will answer, "Here am I."

When the trumpet sounds I'm ready
for to go; [the morning.
And I'll ride up in the chariot in

2 He to me gave His pardon freely;
From my name He has blotted my
sin. [me;
And in death's valley He'll be near
Of His mercy I then will sing.
Day by day His hand has blest me,
His love has never failed me;
And I therefore love Him truly,
And with joy shall greet His call.

132

Ere the sun goes down,
446, E*b*.

YOU must get your sins forgiven,
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,
If you wish to go to Heaven
When the sun, when the sun goes down.
Oh, now to God be crying!
For your time is swiftly flying,
In the grave you'll soon be lying,
When the sun goes down.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,
O sinner, come to Jesus,
Ere the sun goes down.

2 Every chance will soon be past,
When the sun goes down;
Even this may be the last,
When the sun goes down.
If this offer be rejected,
And salvation still neglected,
Death will come when least expected,
When the sun goes down.

JUDGMENT

133

Maidstone, 176, G. 7's
Aberystwyth, 175, F minor. g

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See, His mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe His brow;
For His judgment stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

2 At His presence nature shakes;
Earth affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?
Who His advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

3 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphemed.
Where are now their haughty looks?
Oh, their horror and despair,
When they see the opened books,
And their dreadful sentence hear!

4 Oh! when flesh and heart shall fail,
Let Thy love our spirits cheer;
Strengthened thus we shall prevail
Over Satan, sin and fear.
Trusting in Thy precious name
May we thus our journey end.
Then our foes shall lose their aim,
And the Judge will be our Friend.

134

Helmsley, 299, A*b*. 8's & 7's
Triumph, 306, C. s

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train.
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Those dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers.
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thy eternal Throne.
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own.
Hallelujah!
Everlasting God, come down!

135

The Judgment Day, 54, A*b*. None but Christ can satisfy, 102, G. C.M. b

OH, awful thought! Shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

I'll for that awful day prepare,
Repent and turn to God.
His life He gave, He longs to save,
And wash me in His Blood.

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive—

3 Shall I amidst a ghastly band,
Before God's judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah, no! I still may turn and live,
For still His wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me His grace.

5 I will accept His offer now;
From every sin depart;
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render Him my heart.

136

You're drawing near the Judgment Day, B.J. 522, E*b*.

YOU'RE drawing near the Judgment Day,
And soon your soul will pass away.

You are drifting to your doom;
Yet there's mercy still for you.

2 Oh, heed the warning voice of God,
And bring your sins to Jesus' Blood!

3 The way to Heaven is straight and plain;
Repent, believe, be born again.

4 A mansion waits for those forgiven,
But lost ones will from hope be driven.

137

For ever with the Lord, 140, G. Chalvey, 138, F. D.S.M. cc

AND will the Judge descend,
And will the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

Oh, now receive His grace,
Whose wrath you cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
And find salvation there!

2 How will your heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and Heaven before His
Astonished, shrink away? [face,

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Believe, and be thou saved!
For thee the Saviour bled;
And Christ the Judge Himself shall
His blessings on thy head. [pour

138

Trim your lamps, S.A.M., 281, G.

REJOICE, ye saints, the time draws near, [appear,
When Christ will in the clouds
And for His people call.

Trim your lamps and be ready
For the midnight cry!

2 The trumpet sounds, the thunders roll,
The heavens passing as a scroll;
The earth will burn with fire.

3 Poor sinners then on earth will cry,
While lightning's flashing from the
"O mountains, on us fall!" [sky,

4 Then on a sea of glass shall stand
King Jesus, with His conquering
Safe-housed above the fire. [band,

5 Come, buy your oil, before too late,
And ready for the Bridegroom wait;
And watch to enter in.

139 The blast of the trumpet, 347, G. 11's x

THE blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and [hill.
When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds;
"Come, come away!"
Oh, may we be ready to hail that glad day!

2 The earth and the waters shall yield up their dead,
And the saved ones with joy will awake from their bed.

3 The shouts of the angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of the saints as they rise.

4 The cry of the lost ones, their groans of despair,
And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air.

5 The cry of the Bridegroom shall echo around,
And the Bride in her beauty go forth at the sound.

6 Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as His own;
Transported to Glory, we'll sit on [His Throne.

7 O land of the holy, the happy, and free;
In Jesus thy portals are open to me!

140 Boston, 8, G. Wareham, 32, B*b*. L.M. a

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass [away.
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful [day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes [the dead—

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the pardoned sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

141 Prepare me, 53, A*b*. Behold the Saviour, 85, E*b*. C.M. b

YOUR garments must be white as snow;
Prepare to meet your God!
For to His Throne you'll have to go,
Prepare to meet your God!

Prepare me! Prepare me, Lord.
Prepare me to stand before Thy Throne!

2 Get washed from every stain of sin;
Prepare to meet your God!
You must this great salvation win;
Prepare to meet your God!

3 Prepare me now! Prepare me here.
To stand before Thy Throne;
That I, without a doubt or fear,
May stand before Thy Throne!

4 Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure,
To stand before Thy Throne!
My pride, and self, and temper cure,
To stand before Thy Throne!

142 While the light, 435, G.

SINS of years are all numbered,
Blackest stains brought to light;
Broken pledges uncovered;
None escape from His sight.
Unwashed hearts are rejected,
Guilty souls rise alone,
When you stand in the light
Of His great Judgment Throne.

While the light from Heaven is falling,
Sins confessing, wants revealing;
While redeeming grace is flowing,
He can wash your sins away.

2 All the past with its chances,
All the "what might have been,"
Every conquest and victory
He had meant you should win.
How you'll wish you'd gone forward,
Loving Jesus alone,
When you stand in the light
Of His great Judgment Throne.

3 Poor lost sinners of all kinds,
Trembling followers as well;
With their robes surely Blood-washed,
They shall come forth to tell
Of the battles fought bravely,
Of the victories won,
As they stand in the light
Of His great Judgment Throne!

143

Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's
q

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in Hell!

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress.
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place in dread array
The scenes of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the people at Thy bar.
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To hear Thee say, "Well done!"?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy joy and holy fear,
To make my calling sure.
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil;
To suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

144

Nottingham, 160, G. 7's
Weber, 151, G. e

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the Judgment Day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part,
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to thy Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in Heaven shalt thou appear.

145

For ever with the Lord, 140, G. D.S.M.
cc

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear,
Our wakened souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from Heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

3 To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the warning voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
Arise and meet Him in the sky,
And hear your instant doom."

4 Oh, may we thus be found
Obedient to His word!
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
Oh, may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure,
An everlasting rest!

146 Austria, 296, E*b*. 8's & 7's
Calcutta, 302, D. s

DAY of Judgment! Day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round.
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
Ye who long for His appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day as Thine!

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
See the Kingdom I bestow.
You for ever
Shall My love and glory know!"

147 Haste away to Jesus, D.C.M.
120, D. bb

THE angel of the Lord shall stand
While thousand thunders roar,
And swear by Heaven's eternal Throne
That time shall be no more.
The earth and everything therein
Shall melt with fervent heat,
And sinners found still in their sin
Will have their God to meet.

Haste away to Jesus!
Oh, hear the warning cry!
Haste away to Jesus,
For death is drawing nigh!

2 In vain they'll cry for rocks to hide
Them from Jehovah's face;
But, cursed by sin, they'll be denied;
They'll have no hiding-place.
Before God's bar we all must go,
And hear the sentence given,
"Depart, ye cursed, into Hell!"
Or, "Come with Me to Heaven!"

3 When once the Judgment Day is past
'Twill be in vain to pray;
Wherever then your lot is cast,
For ever you must stay.
Oh, awful thought! When time's no more,
This is God's firm decree:
In happiness or woe you'll dwell,
Through all eternity!

HELL

148 What's the news? 8's & 3's
228, A*b*. Behold the m
Lamb, 232, G.

OH, millions cry in Hell today,
"All is lost!"
Amid eternal flames they stay;
All is lost.
The Summer's o'er, the harvest past,
The die, the dreadful die, is cast,
And threatened woe is come at last!
All is lost!

2 And now a word to you who are
Not yet lost;
But in the way which leadeth there,
To be lost!
You now are standing on the brink;
When life is gone, at once you sink!
Oh, stop, poor sinner, stop, and
Ere you're lost! [think,

3 But if you will give up your sin,
You'll be saved!
Just now, praise God, it can be done!
You can be saved!
The Lord will ease your troubled
breast; [blest.
With peace and pardon you'll be
Now let us pray that all the rest
May be saved!

149

Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's
q

How dark and dreadful is the
place
To which ungodly thousands race,
Regardless of their end!
There, fiery waves shall ever roll,
And conscience spur the sinking soul,
Whilst memories' torments rend.

2 From hope and God for ever driven;
What must it mean, shut out of
Heaven?
Its woes no tongue can tell.
Remorse, despair, their lot shall be;
Eternal storms sweep o'er that sea.
No rest, no peace in Hell!

3 The harvest past, the Summer o'er,
Compelled to reap for ever more
What's sown this side the grave!
For drops of water they will cry;
Taunted by fears that never die;
No arm outstretched to save.

4 With thee, praise God! 'tis not too
late; [fate;
Thy doom's not fixed, nor sealed thy
Salvation's offered thee.
Decide at once, there's mercy here;
Today high Heaven will hear thy
And set thee fully free. [prayer,

150

Houghton, 330, A*b*. 10's & 11's
w

No words can declare, no fancy
can paint, [less complaint,
What rage and despair, what hope-
Fill Satan's dark dwelling, the
prison beneath;
What weeping and wailing and
gnashing of teeth!

2 How weak is your hand, to fight
with the Lord!
How can you withstand the edge
of His sword? [who oppose,
What hope of escaping for those
While Hell is wide gaping to swallow
His foes?

3 How oft have you dared the Lord
to His face! [of His grace.
Yet still you are spared to hear
Oh! pray for repentance, and life-
giving faith, [you to death.
Before the just sentence consign

4 It is not too late to Jesus to flee,
His mercy is great, His pardon is
free. [that believe,
His Blood has such virtue for all
That nothing can hurt you if Him
you receive.

151

Houghton, 330, A*b*. 10's & 11's
Montgomery, 331, D. w

Ah! what can I do,
Or where be secure?
If Justice pursue,
What heart can endure?
The heart breaks asunder,
Though hard as a stone,
When God speaks in thunder,
And makes Himself known.

2 The case is too plain,
I had my own choice;
Again and again
I slighted His voice.
His warnings neglected,
His patience abused,
His Gospel rejected,
His mercy refused.

3 And must I then go
For ever to dwell
In sin's torments sore,
With devils in Hell?
Oh, where is the Saviour
I served in times past?
How reckless, His favor,
Behind me to cast!

4 Lord Jesus, on Thee
I venture to call.
Oh, look upon me,
The vilest of all,
For whom Thou didst suffer
And die on the tree!
Oh! pity my anguish,
And say, " 'Twas for thee."

SINNERS SEEKING PARDON

152 Nothing but Thy Blood, 388, G.

JESUS, see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.
No, no, nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy Cross, O Lamb of God!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

2 See, my heart, Lord, torn with grief,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Me unpardoned do not leave, [me.
Nothing but Thy Blood can save

3 Dark, indeed, the past has been,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Yet in mercy take me in, [me.
Nothing but Thy Blood can save

4 As I am, oh, hear me pray! [me;
Nothing but Thy Blood can save
I can come no other way, [me.
Nothing but Thy Blood can save

5 All that I can do is vain, [me;
Nothing but Thy Blood can save
I can ne'er remove a stain, [me.
Nothing but Thy Blood can save

6 Lord, I cast myself on Thee, [me;
Nothing but Thy Blood can save
From my guilt, oh, set me free!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

153 Missionary, 185, E*b*. 7's & 6's
Aurelia, 189, E*b*. i

O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircled,
And tears Thy face have marred.

2 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents sweet and low,
"I died for you, O sinner,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

154 Southport, 129, G. S.M.
Trentham, 130, G. c

OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
Or fly to either pole. [sound,

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

3 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

4 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

5 Here would we end our quest!
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

155

Bedford, 93, E*b*. C.M.
Abridge, 94, E*b*. b

O LOVE, Thou deep eternal tide,
How dear are men to Thee!
The Father's heart is opened wide
By Jesus' Blood to me.

2 I come—Thine open arms enfold,
And welcome me within;
Let others work to bring their gold;
I only bring my sin.

3 Thou bringest life and gladness forth
From Thine exhaustless store,
To me, deserving but Thy wrath,
The life for evermore.

156

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, 7's
170, A*b*. Rousseau, 162, F. f

ALL my sins, uprising now,
Wring my heart and brand my brow.
Sins of childhood, sins of youth,
Despite done to grace and truth;
Is there mercy left for me?
Jesus died! He died for thee!

2 Deeds and words and fancies vain,
Darker, deadlier, made the stain
On the record kept on high,
On my soul condemned to die.
Is there cleansing left for me?
Jesus bled! He bled for thee!

3 Dare I lift my shameful face,
I who trampled on His grace?
Dare I seek the Throne of light,
Where His saints are clad in white?
How they all would shrink from me!
Jesus bends! He bends to thee!

4 Jesus died, to make thee whole;
Jesus bled, to wash thy soul;
Jesus prayed, and thou hast part;
Jesus wept, to break thy heart.
Jesus bends; poor sinner, see;
Rise, look up, He calleth thee!

157

The little ship, 59, A*b*. C.M.
St. Peter, 87, E*b*. *b*

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

158

Nearer, my God, to 6's & 4's
Thee, 371, G. c2

NO, not despairingly, come I to
Thee; [knee.
No, not distrustingly, bend I the
Sin hath gone over me, yet is this
still my plea: [hath died!
Jesus hath died for me—Jesus

2 Ah, mine iniquity crimson hath been;
Infinite, infinite, sin upon sin.
Sin of not loving Thee, sin of not
trusting Thee, [sin.
Sin of not serving Thee—infinite

3 Lord, I confess to Thee sadly my sin;
Now tell I all to Thee all I have
been; [my soul this day.
Purge Thou my sin away, wash Thou
Take Thou my sin away—Lord,
make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou, forgiving all!
Loving and kind art Thou, when poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing Blood, let that dear healing flood,
Blood of the Lamb of God—now cleanse my soul.

159

Mary, 61, F. Arnold's 71, E*b*. C.M. b

MY God, my God, to Thee I cry,
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying Blood apply,
And wash me white as snow!

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity!
Unless Thou wash my soul from sin
I have no part in Thee.

3 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds;
His wounds are opened wide.
For me the Blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

160

Just as thou art, 245, F. Misericordia, 467, E*b*. 8.8.8.6. p

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark spot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

161

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus, 417, G.

WHAT can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!
What can keep me always clean?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

Here will I seek the flow,
That washes white as snow.
No other fount I know;
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

2 What can sweep all doubts away?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!
Help me live by faith each day?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

3 What can make me brave and strong?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus?
Keep my conscience void of wrong?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

4 What can foil each hellish dart?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!
And from idols keep my heart?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

5 What can make me conqueror here?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!
Counting not my own life dear?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

6 What can put all earth's wrongs right?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!
Change sin's darkness into light?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

162 Rousseau, 162, F. Vesper Hymn, 168, E*b*. 7's f

PITY, Lord, a wretched sinner,
One whose sins for vengeance cry;
Groaning 'neath his heavy burden,
Throbbing heart and heaving sigh.
O my Saviour!
Canst Thou let a sinner die?

2 He will save thee—He has promised
To attend unto thy prayer.
He will hear thy faltering accents;
Jesus will in mercy spare.
Spare the sinner;
Jesus will in mercy spare.

3 Pardoning love, divine compassion
Meets the truly contrite heart,
Willing to renounce all evil,
Willing with all sin to part.
God in mercy,
Does to such new life impart.

4 Sighs and groans are turned to praises, [away;
Doubts and fears are chased
Now with saints his voice he raises,
Jesus hears his thankful lay. [day.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah, crowns the

5 Angels that were hovering o'er him,
Spread their wings and leave the place,
Bearing now the joyful tidings
Of a sinner saved by grace.
Hallelujah!
For a sinner saved by grace!

163 Tell me the old, old story, 201, C. Aurelia, 189, E*b*. 7's & 6's i

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love!

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon:
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear,
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

164 Yes, oh, yes, 322, F. 9's n

I HAVE heard of a Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be;
But did He come down from above
Out of love and compassion for me?
Yes, oh, yes!
Out of love and compassion for me!

2 I have heard how He suffered and bled, [the tree;
How He languished and died on
But then is it anywhere said [for me?
That He languished and suffered

3 I've been told of a Heaven on high,
Which the soldiers of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky [me?
Made ready and furnished for

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine:
To whom shall I go but to Thee?
And say, by Thy Spirit divine, [me.
There's a Saviour and Heaven for

165

Wells, 163, C. 7's
Norwood, 166, G. f

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the Blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.

166

Depth of mercy, 146, B*b*. 7's
Tossing like a troubled e
ocean, 156, F.

DEPTH of mercy! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still.

Mercy, mercy, I have found it!
From my soul the bonds which
bound it
Are removed, and round about it
Are the everlasting arms.

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the Throne of Grace.

4 Jesus speaks and pleads His Blood!
He disarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's mercies move,
Justice lingers into love.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love, I know, I feel; [hands!
Jesus lives and loves me still.

167

Pass me not, 240, G. 8's & 5's
o

PASS me not, O loving Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble
cry, [ing,
And while others Thou art call-
Do not pass me by!

2 Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

168

Arnold's, 71, E*b*. C.M
French, 91, E*b*. b

O LORD, before Thy Throne I fall,
For Thou hast promised life to all
Who from the paths of sin will flee,
And in Thy name for mercy call.

2 No righteous off'ring, Lord, I have;
My sinful soul I bring to Thee;
Enough to know Thou wilt receive,
And that Thy Blood was shed for
me.

3 O Lord, on Thee I cast my soul,
On Thy sustaining arm I lean;
I trust Thy power does make me
whole; [me clean!
Thy Blood this moment makes

169

The penitent's plea,
406, G.

SAVIOUR, hear me, while before
Thy feet
I the record of my sins repeat.
Stained with guilt, myself abhorring,
Filled with grief, my soul outpour-
ing: [me,
Canst Thou still in mercy think of
Stoop to set my shackled spirit free,
Raise my sinking heart and bid me be
Thy child once more?

Grace there is my every debt to pay,
Blood to wash my every sin away,
Power to keep me spotless day by
For me, for me! [day,

2 All the memories of deeds gone by
Rise within me and Thy power defy:
With a deathly chill ensnaring,
They would leave my soul despairing.
Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell
How to stem the tides that round
me swell, [quell
How to ease my conscience, or to
My flaming heart.

3 Back with all the guilt my spirit
bears,
Past the haunting memories of years;
Self and shame and fear despising,
Foes and taunting fiends surprising:
Saviour, to Thy Cross I press my way,
And a broken heart before Thee lay:
Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say,
It shall be Thine!

4 Yet why should I fear, hast Thou
not died [denied?
That no seeking soul should be
To that heart its sins confessing,
Canst Thou fail to give a blessing?
By the love and pity Thou hast
shown,
By the Blood that did for me atone,
Boldly will I kneel before Thy
A pleading soul. [Throne,

5 All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
Over every promise write my name;
As I am I come believing,
As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
Bid me rise a free and pardoned
slave; [grave,
Master o'er my sin, the world, the
Charging me to preach Thy power
To sin-bound souls. [to save

170

Misericordia, 467, E*b*. 8.8.8.6.
Just as thou art, 245, F. p

WHY should I wait? I cannot flee
To other refuge than to Thee;
And vile and helpless though I be,
O Lord, I come to Thee!

2 Why should I wait? I look within,
And nothing can I see but sin,
And Thou alone canst make me clean;
O Lord, I come to Thee!

3 Why should I wait, while now today
I hear Thy voice in mercy say,
"Sinner, I'll wash thy sins away?"
O Lord, I come to Thee!

4 Why should I wait? I must not wait,
Tomorrow it may be too late,
And death may seal my helpless state.
O Lord, I come to Thee!

171

Hursley, 31, F. Holly, L.M.
40, F. a

MY God, my Father, dost Thou
call [Thee?
Thy long-lost, wand'ring child to
And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon
all? [me!
I come, I come: Lord, save Thou

2 O Jesus, art Thou passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace and
power? [cry?
And dost Thou hear my broken
I come, I come, in mercy's hour!

3 O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tend'rest Friend, refused so [long?
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come, I come: make weakness [strong!

4 Yes, Lord, I come! Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing [mine;
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.

172

Reuben, 133, G. S.M.
Shirland, 122, G. c

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience [peace,
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that meek head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And here confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful [voice,
And trust His bleeding love.

173

Clinging to the Cross, 104, D. C.M. b

A NEEDY sinner at Thy feet,
With broken heart I bow,
For pardon at Thy mercy-seat;
O Jesus, save me now!
I am clinging to the Cross.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

2 Dear Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
Oh, set my sad heart free!
For Satan plans that I should die
Without a sight of Thee.

3 To Thee, who art the sinners' Friend,
My all I fully give;
The living water, Jesus send;
Oh, let me drink and live!

4 Oh, joy! the Blood is cleansing now,
I feel it in my soul!
And Thou hast heard my solemn [vow,
And made me pure and whole.

174

Love at home, 505, Ab. 7's & 4's h
There is a happy land, 181, Eb.

AS I am, before Thy face,
Saviour, I pray,
Let the merits of Thy grace
Claim me today.
Canst Thou my poor treasure take,
And my heart Thy temple make?
Can my sins for Thy dear sake
Be washed away?

Lord, I come! Lord, I come!
Thou alone my heart canst cleanse.
Lord, just now I come!

2 As I am, my griefs I lay
Down at Thy feet;
Stoop to kiss my tears away,
Lord, I entreat;
None but Thine own hand can heal,
None but Thine own eye reveal
All I want and all I feel;
Lord, let me come!

3 As I am, so tired of strife,
Lord, I will come!
As I am, for death or life,
Lord, I will come!
Crowds of fears obstruct my way,
Past defeats would bid me stay,
Yet in childlike faith I say,
Lord, I will come!

175

Horsley, 73, E*b*. C.M.
St. Peter, 87, E*b*. b

JESUS, if still Thou art, today,
As yesterday, the same;
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of Thy name.

2 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall,
A leper at Thy feet.

3 But Thou, they say, art passing by,
Oh, let me find Thee near!
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry;
Thou Son of David, hear!

4 Behold me waiting in the way
For Thee, the heavenly light.
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

176

Take me as I am, 8.8.8.6.
243, E*b*. Take all my p
sins away, 242, G.

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
Unless Thou help me, I must die.
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

Oh, take me as I am!
Oh, take me as I am!
My only plea—Christ died for me!
Oh, take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy Blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou
wilt,
And take me as I am!

3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thy mercy's sake,
And take me as I am!

4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am!

177

Wells, 163, C. Spanish 7's
Chant, 169, A*b*. f

BY Thy birth, and by Thy tears,
By Thy human griefs and fears;
By Thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, save me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, save me, or I die.

3 By Thy lonely hour of prayer,
By Thy fearful conflict there,
By Thy Cross and dying cries,
By Thy one great sacrifice,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, save me, or I die.

4 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power the lost to save,
By Thy high, majestic Throne,
By the empire all Thine own,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, save me, or I die.

178

The mistakes of my life,
S.A.M., 277, G.

THE mistakes of my life have been
many, [more,
The sins of my heart have been
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll enter the open door.

I know I am weak and sinful;
It comes to me more and more.
But as the dear Saviour now bids me
come in,
I'll enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray,
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me nay.

3 My sins He in mercy will pardon,
My guilt He will wash now away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in.

179

Darwell's, 142, D. 4—6's &
Southampton, 144, D. 2—8's
d

WITH all my sins and guilt,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Thy Blood for me was spilt
On Calvary's rugged tree.
Upon that Cross uplifted high
Thou didst for guilty sinners die.

2 Far from Thee I have strayed
Into the paths of sin;
By Satan's power enslaved,
While sorrow reigned within.
Thou wilt my fettered soul release,
And give me joy and perfect peace.

3 Oh, let Thy Blood now flow
O'er this stained heart of mine,
And make it white as snow
By Calvary's stream divine!
O Jesus, hear me while I pray;
Forgive and take my sins away!

180

God loved the world, 58, C.M.
Eb. b

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall!
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the Blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in Heaven.

181

Cardiff, 219, D. 6—8's
Newcastle, 215, Ab. 1

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's Blood?
Died He for me who caused His pain?
For me who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 He left His Father's Throne above;
So free, so infinite His grace!
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

4 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine.
Bold I approach the eternal Throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

182

Alstone, 22, C. L.M.
St. Clements, 9, G. a

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying [eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign [grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

183

Oh, wash me now, 10, G. L.M.
Calvary, 24, B*b*. a

O THOU that hearest when I cry,
Though all my sins before Thee lie;
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book!

Oh, Calvary! dark Calvary,
Where Jesus shed His Blood for me!
Oh, Calvary! dark Calvary,
Speak to my heart of Calvary.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near Thy Throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

184

Arizona, 21, F. L.M.
St. Clements, 9, G. a

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 Yes, Jesus saves! I do believe,
I now by faith His grace receive,
He now from sin does set me free:
My God is merciful to me!

185

Even me, 265, G. 8's & 7's
Precious name, 277, A*b*. r

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty soul refreshing;
Let Thy power descend on me,
Even me.

2 Come, just now, Thou mighty Spirit,
Make me feel and make me see;
Send the burning, cleansing fire,
Now show forth Thy power in me,
Even me.

3 I have long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee,
Long the world my heart's been keeping, [Even me.
Oh, forgive and rescue me,

4 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather, [Even me.
Let Thy mercy light on me,

5 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit, [Even me.
Speak the word of power to me,

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me, [Even me.

BACKSLIDERS

186 Dennis, 121, G. S.M.
Southport, 129, G. c

WHEN shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life,
Ah! whither should I go?

3 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my wayward heart.

4 My wayward heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

5 And can I yet delay
My little all to give;
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

6 Lord, at Thy feet I fall;
I long to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all to Thee.

7 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror!

187 Spohr, 97, F. Belmont, 105, G. C.M. b

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh,
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down? My soul,
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find Him still
Thy health's eternal Spring.

188 Forever with the Lord, 140, G. D.S.M. cc
Diademata, 139, E*b*.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my doubting heart forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean,
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do return to Thee,
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity.
For power I humbly pray,
Thy Kingdom now restore,
Today, while it is called today,
And I shall sin no more.

3 I cannot wash my heart;
But by believing Thee,
And trusting in Thy Blood, to impart
Thy spotless purity,
While at Thy Cross I lie,
Jesus, Thy grace bestow!
Now Thy all-cleansing Blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

189

Ernan, 38, B*b*. L.M.
Arizona, 21, F. a

SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for sinful happiness;
By base desires I wronged Thy love,
And forced Thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet, oh, the riches of Thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

3 For this I at Thy footstool bow,
Oh, cleanse my soul from sin just now!
Come, Holy Ghost, to me restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more.

4 And for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort Thou wilt give me back,
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness.

190

Sawley, 96, B*b*. C.M.
St. Agnes, 106, G. b

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn;
That drove Thee from my breast!

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
And worship only Thee.

191

Lover of the Lord, 57, A*b*. C.M.
My Shepherd, 72, B*b*. b

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to Heaven when you die!

2 Return, O wanderer, return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to His Cross and grateful learn
How freely He'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return!
Regain thy long-sought rest;
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to His breast.

192

Rousseau 162, F. 7's
Wells, 163, C. f

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul;
Guide and nourish me, and keep,
Till Thy love shall make me whole:
Give me perfect soundness, give,
Make me steadfastly believe.

2 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am;
But Thou art, as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same;
Constancy to me impart,
Stablish with Thy grace my heart.

3 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea,
Holy, purifying hope,
Still my soul's sure anchor be;
That I may be always Thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

193

Euphony, 212, E*b* 6—8's
Newcastle, 215, A*b*. 1

JESUS, Thou knowest my sinfulness,
My faults are not concealed from Thee;
A sinner, in my last distress, [flee;
To Thy dear wounds I fain would
And never, never thence depart,
Close sheltered in Thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind?
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray;
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in Thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am;
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love.
When wilt Thou rid me of my shame?
When wilt Thou all my load remove?
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be clean!"

194

Oh, the Voice, 84, E*b*. C.M.
b

THE Blood, the Blood, the precious Blood,
Oh, how my heart doth leap,
As o'er each stain the crimson flood
With cleansing power doth sweep!

Oh, the Blood to me so dear,
Saving now from guilt and fear;
Cleansing now my heart within,
Making free from self and sin.

2 The Blood, the Blood! Backslider,
Its all-atoning flood [see
Now flows for all—it flows for thee;
There's pardon through the Blood.

3 The Blood, the Blood! Backslider, still
'Tis offered here to you. [will;
Oh, bend just now your stubborn
Your broken vows renew.

4 The Blood, the Blood! O careless soul,
You'll need it when you die!
'Twill write your name on mercy's
If you to Jesus fly. [scroll,

195

Oh, speak, 204, G. The 8's
Cross now covers my k
sins, 207, E*b*.

HOW shall a lost sinner in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace,
When brought into bondage again;
What hope of a second release?

Lord, I come! For Thy pardon of guilt and of sin;
Whilst humbly I kneel at Thy feet,
Lord Jesus, restore me again!

Confessing my sin unto Thee, [bow;
Dear Lord, at Thy footstool I
I seek Thy forgiveness and grace;
I trust in Thy Blood here and now!

2 Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And oh, can I possibly find [Thee?
Such plenteous redemption in

3 The help of Thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving Blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

4 By all Thou hast done for my sake,
By all Thou didst suffer for me;
Now wash me, and cleanse me, and make [free.
My heart from all sin fully

196

St. Matthew, 114, B*b*. D.C.M.
Ten thousand souls, 115, B*b*. bb

THE heart that once has Jesus
And turned away again, [known
Finds soon the joys of sin are flown,
Though sharp the sting remain.
The soul that once has walked with
Then left His guiding light, [Him,
Can only find earth's glitter dim,
Its promise quenched in night.

2 In vain you strive to drown the thought
Of what you might have been;
Earth's pleasures are too dearly bought,
Its sorrows all too keen. [name,
Backslider, hear! God speaks your
It is not yet too late,
The Lord in mercy tarries yet,
He has not closed the gate.

3 We do believe that Jesus can
Restore His work in you.
His touch will full salvation give;
He maketh all things new.
Oh, rise at once, delay no more,
Nor hesitate, nor doubt!
If you but leave your sin and come,
He will not cast you out.

197

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
Eaton, 214, E*b*. 1

JESUS, if still the same Thou art,
If all Thy promises are sure,
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I âm poor.
To me be all Thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward Heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
And lo! for Thee I ever mourn;
I cannot, no, I will not rest
Till Thou, my only Rest, return.
Till Thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom, [see.
Light in Thy light I then shall
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come!
Glory divine is risen on thee!
Thy struggle's past, thy mourning's o'er, [more."
Look up, for thou shalt weep no

4 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust Thou wilt not long delay,
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon Thy word myself I stay;
Into Thine hands my all resign,
And wait till all Thou art is mine.

198

St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 6—8's
Stella, 217, D. 1

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return;
I hear, and bow me to the rod,
For Thee, not without hope, I
I have an Advocate above, [mourn.
A Friend before the Throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou knowest the way to bring me
My fallen spirit to restore; [back,
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair, [prayer.
And make my heart a house of

4 The stone to flesh again convert,
The veil of sin again remove,
Sprinkle Thy Blood upon my heart,
And melt it by Thy dying love.
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of
A godly fear of sin impart, [sin,
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

EXPERIENCE AND TESTIMONY

199 Onward, Christian Soldiers, 379, E♭ 6's & 5's d2
Rachie, 383, G.

LIVING in the fountain,
Walking in the light;
Now and ever trusting
Jesus and His might.
Always realizing
Jesus and His smile,
To be ever with me,
In me all the while.

Witnessing for Jesus, I am fully His;
Everything for Jesus, oh, what joy He gives!

2 Having for my portion,
Jesus and His joy;
Joy which none can hinder,
Nothing can alloy.
Living and believing,
Saved from every fear;
Working and receiving
Heavenly wages here.

3 Fighting for His glory,
Standing by His Cross;
Whether it be profit,
Whether it be loss.
By and by He'll call me,
"Lay thy weapons down,
Ended is thy warfare,
Come and take thy crown!"

200 Annie Laurie, 199, C. 7's & 6's i

OF all in earth or Heaven,
The dearest name to me
Is the matchless name of Jesus,
The Christ of Calvary.

The Christ of Calvary,
The dearest name to me
Is the matchless name of Jesus,
The Christ of Calvary.

2 I cannot help but love Him,
And tell His love to me,
For He became my ransom,
The Christ of Calvary.

3 I could not live without Him,
His love is life to me,
All my Blood-bought life I give Him,
The Christ of Calvary.

201 Southport, 129, G. S.M.
Trentham, 130, G. c

COME and rejoice with me,
For once my heart was poor,
But I have found a treasury
Of love, a boundless store.

2 Come and rejoice with me.
I, once so sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

3 Come and rejoice with me,
For I was wearied sore,
But I have found a mighty arm
Which holds me evermore.

4 Come and rejoice with me,
For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret depths,
Yet loves me without end.

202 Oh, what battles! 7's & 11's
202, G. j

I'M a prodigal come home,
Never more to stray or roam,
'Midst the surges and the breakers of the world.
And my heart with joy doth bound,
For I know the lost is found;
I'm a prodigal come to his home once more.

Washed in the Blood, white as snow,
Nothing am I seeking here below.
There's no more strife for my soul I know,
And naught can my peace overthrow.

2 My Saviour's voice I hear,
With His accents soft and clear,
Gently whispering peace and comfort to my soul.
Saying, "Son, be of good cheer,
I am with you, do not fear!"
And the angels sing a welcome home once more.

3 Though storms may beat around,
I have full salvation found.
On the Rock of Ages now I stand,
And one day I shall be crowned,
In that land for which I'm bound.
I'm a prodigal come to his home once more.

203

I think of all His sorrow,
G.f.S. No. 1, 44, A.

AFTER many years my soul, in deep devotion,
Still would sing, as oft before, of grace divine and free;
My Saviour's love I've found a mighty, boundless ocean.
Wondrous is His love indeed, the love that found out me.

I think of all His sorrow,
The garden and the morrow,
When cruel death did follow;
'Twas all for me, 'twas all for me!

2 From a thankful heart in love my song ascendeth,
Yet in vain seems every word to tell forth what I feel
Of gratitude to Him who safely me defendeth;
Tears seem best to speak of Him while at His feet I kneel.

3 For the help I've found, my soul in song shall praise Him;
For the light that's reached my heart I'll daily thank the Lord!
To one who wandered far, how wondrous has His love been!
Grief and sin are chased away, my hope He has restored!

4 Him I live to serve, to publish wide the story
Of His lowly, gentle life that ended at the Cross;
That sinners He might save! To Him be praise and glory;
Blessed task for Him to sing and aid His righteous cause.

204

Wonderful words of life,
423, G.

I'VE heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong,
He loved a poor sinner like me!
He turned His back on the glorified throng
To save a poor sinner like me!
The angels they sang Him from Glory; [story.
I'm glad that they told me the
He came from on high, to suffer and die,
To save a poor sinner like me!

My sins rose as high as a mountain;
They all disappeared in the fountain. [palace and crown;
He wrote my name down for a
Bless His dear name, I am free!

2 This wonderful Saviour took such a low place, To save, etc.
His heart overflowing with wondrous grace, To save, etc.
Was born in a stable and manger,
In His own world was a stranger;
With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save, etc.

3 This Jesus had nowhere to lay His head, To save, etc.
He was as a lamb to the slaughter led, To save, etc.
'Midst darkness my Saviour is dying,
" 'Tis finished!" I hear Jesus crying;
My soul may go free, He died on the tree, To save, etc.

4 Backslider, thy Father thee will forgive;
Jesus is waiting for thee!
Robe, ring, and kiss to thee He will give;
Jesus is waiting for thee!
He'll set the glory-bells ringing,
And start the angels off singing.
Come to thy home, there's plenty of room,
Jesus is waiting for thee!

205

I stood outside the gate,
B.J. 813, E*b*.
Salv. Sol. No. 2, 165, F.

I STOOD outside the gate,
A poor wayfaring child;
Within my heart there beat
A tempest loud and wild.
A fear oppressed my soul
That I should be too late;
And, oh! I trembled sore,
And prayed outside the gate.

Jesus is calling;
Open your heart's door wide
And let Him in.

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried,
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will!" a voice replied,
And Mercy let me in.
She washed my bleeding wounds,
And washed away my sin;
She eased my burdened soul,
And gave me peace within.

3 In Mercy's form I knew
The Saviour—long abused,
Who oft had sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh, what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in.

206

Jesus came with peace
to me, 497, E*b*.

PLEASURES sought, dearly bought,
Leading only further from the [light.
Blinded eyes, weary sighs;
Thus grief-laden did I wander in sin's night.

Jesus came with peace to me,
His strong arm was stretched to me,
Then my burden took from me;
My Saviour!

2 Wasted years, doubts, and fears,
I no treasure had in Heaven above.
Idle hours, misspent powers,
Stained my heart, unmoved by Jesus' wondrous love.

3 Hollow joys, worldly toys,
Could not meet my spirit's deep desire.
Without rest in my breast
Rose the yearning for the Spirit's hallowed fire.

4 Heaven's ray falls today
On my soul, and makes my pathway bright.
Struggles cease, I have peace,
Walking with my Saviour, trusting in His might.

207

He's the Lily of the
Valley, 432, G.

I'VE found a Friend in Jesus; He's everything to me,
He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand to [my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me [fully whole;
In sorrow He's my Comfort, in trouble He's my Stay,
He tells me every care on Him to [roll.

He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,
He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand to [my soul.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my Strong and Mighty Tower.
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my [idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach [the goal.

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His [blessed will.
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear:
With His manna He my hungry soul [shall fill;
Then sweeping up to Glory, I'll see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever [flow.

208

At the Fountain drinking, M.S., Vol. I, 143, Eb.

Of Him who did salvation bring—
I'm at the fountain drinking—
I could for ever think and sing;
I'm on my journey home.

Glory to God! I'm at the fountain drinking.
Glory to God! I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis given;
I'm at the fountain drinking!
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven;
I'm on my journey home.

3 Though sin and sorrow wound your soul—
I'm at the fountain drinking—
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole;
I'm on my journey home.

4 Let all the world bow down and know—
I'm at the fountain drinking—
That none but God such love can show;
I'm on my journey home.

209

Bound for Canaan's shore, 110, C. D.C.M. bb

Once I was lost, on the breakers tossed,
And far away from shore;
My drifting bark all in the dark,
No beacon light before.
I was sinking fast, when the life-boat passed,
And the Captain took me in;
Now the storm is o'er, and I fear no more:
I have perfect peace within.

I'm bound for Canaan's shore,
I'm bound for Canaan's shore.
I'm off for a trip in the Gospel ship
To Canaan's happy shore.

2 Thank God! 'tis true, my heart's quite new—
Old things have passed away—
And now I know the cleansing flow
Rolls o'er my soul each day!
'Tis a glorious thing to know the sting
Of death has been destroyed,
And that Jesus lives in your heart and gives
What can sweetly be enjoyed!

3 When I go up with the King to sup,
And join the Blood-washed throng,
Though 'mong the least, I'll share the feast,
And sing the glad new song!
'Twill be quite a treat when at last we meet
In the banquet hall on high,
With our comrades there, in the joy to share,
Where pleasures never die!

210

He redeemed me, 504, *Ab.*

So that He for me might die,
Jesus left His Throne on high;
To save from woe that lasts eternally,
He in love became my ransom.

By the Blood my Saviour shed upon the tree,
He redeemed me, He redeemed me!
By the Blood my Saviour shed upon the tree,
I am now from sin set free!

2 I will show my love to Him,
Winning souls that I may bring
More precious jewels for His diadem,
So my Saviour glorifying.

3 Daily I like Him will live,
Mind and body I will give
Unto His service—all He shall receive,
For the love that gained my pardon.

4 I will spread the fame abroad
Of the mercy of my Lord,
That other souls to God may be restored,
Through the Blood of my Redeemer.

211

Saints of God, 8's & 4's
235, B*b*. n

I HAVE found a great salvation,
Glory to God!
From my sins I've liberation,
Glory to God!
I was sunk in misery,
Bound by Satan's cruel fetters,
But the Saviour set me free,
Glory to God!

2 Now my heart is full of singing,
Glory to God!
I am kept each day from sinning,
Glory to God!
Oh, this joy I can't express,
For it never knows an ending:
I've a life of happiness,
Glory to God!

3 Sinner, you can have this blessing,
Glory to God!
Come to Christ, your sins confessing,
Glory to God!
Then your life will happy be,
And in Heaven you'll get a mansion,
There to live eternally,
Glory to God!

212

Oh, the blessed Lord,
445, B*b*.

OH, the blessed Lord!
He has saved my soul
From the world and the devil, and
He's made me whole;
And my heart is kept
So white and clean [morn.
For to ride up in the chariot in the
Oh, this poor old heart
That was full of sin,
He has made quite new, and has
And my soul I know [entered in:
Is ready to go [morn.
For to ride up in the chariot in the
Oh, the Blood of Jesus!
Yes, it cleanses white as snow!

2 Oh, the Blood I know
Has washed white as snow—
From the depth of my heart I can
tell you so:
And I shan't have a fear
When the trumpet I hear, [morn.
For I'll ride up in the chariot in the
Oh, it's nice to be sure
That your heart is pure,
And that He a crown will give us
if we to the end endure!
And to know that He abides
In our hearts, and ever guides
Till we ride up in the chariot in the
morn.

3 So I've said good-by
To the world, and I cry, [high,
"This is not my home, I'm going on
Where sweet praises I'll sing
To my wonderful King, [morn."
When I ride up in the chariot in the
But your heart must be white,
And your life must be right,
If you want to live for ever with
Jesus in the light.
And the Blood you must know
Has washed you white as snow,
When you ride up in the chariot in
the morn.

213

Oh, the voice, 84, E*b*. C.M.
St. Matthew, 114, B*b*. b

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

Oh, the voice to me so dear,
Breathing gently on my ear!
Happy soul, look up and see,
'Tis the Saviour speaks to thee.

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad.
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living waters, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
And now I live in Him. [revived,

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

214

My God, I am Thine, 355, G. 12's y

OH, tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me
now is o'er.

Hallelujah! send the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! send the glory!
Revive us again.

2 A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that
happy ground.

3 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away; [the glad day.
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless

4 No mortal doth know
What He can bestow;
What light, strength and comfort.
Go! follow Him, go!

5 Perhaps, with the aim
To honor His name [though I am.
I may do some service, poor dust

6 Yet this is confessed
I count it most blest [find rest.
As at the beginning, in Him to

7 And when I'm to die
Receive me, I'll cry, [tell why.
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot

8 But this I do find,
We two are so joined, [me behind.
He'll not live in Glory and leave

215

I am saved, 356, F. 12's y

I AM saved! I am saved!
Jesus bids me go free.
He has bought, with a price,
Even me, even me!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah to my Saviour!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Wondrous love! Wondrous love!
Now the gift I receive.
I have rest in His word;
I believe, I believe!

3 I am cleansed! I am cleansed!
I am whiter than snow!
He is mighty to save—
This I know, this I know!

4 I was weak—I am strong,
In the power of His might!
And my darkness He's turned
Into light, into light!

216

He gave me joy, M.S., Vol. II, 53, G.

WHO, when sunk in deep despair,
Did my liberty declare,
Welcomed me His home to share?
'Twas Jesus!

He gave me joy where once was woe,
He healed my soul and bade me go,
My bondage never more to know,
Did Jesus, my Saviour!

2 Who, when in the darkest night,
Shed around me rays of light,
Healed my blindness, gave me sight?
'Twas Jesus!

3 Who, when I His Blood had spurned,
Yet t'ward me His face He turned,
And for my salvation yearned?
'Twas Jesus!

4 Who beheld my anxious tear,
Came my saddened heart to cheer,
Whispered mercy in my ear?
'Twas Jesus!

5 Who, 'mid all my toil and care
Helps me every grief to bear,
Keeps me happy everywhere?
'Tis Jesus!

6 Who, when darkness gathers round,
Ever near me may be found,
Shedding glory all around?
'Tis Jesus!

217

Depth of mercy, 146, B*b*. 7's
Meet in bliss, 153, C. e

JESUS saves me every day,
Jesus saves me every night,
Jesus saves me all the way,
Through the darkness, through
the light.

Jesus saves, oh, bliss sublime!
Jesus saves me all the time!

2 Jesus saves when sorrows come,
Jesus ends my doubts and fears,
Jesus saves and leads me Home,
Jesus saves when death appears.

3 Jesus saves me, He is mine;
Jesus saves me, I am His;
Jesus saves while I recline
On His precious promises.

4 Jesus saves, He saves from sin;
Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh;
Jesus saves, He dwells within,
Gladly do I testify!

218

Blessedly saved, 500, A*b*.

I AM saved, blessedly saved, by the
Blood, [His might.
Sweetly kept by the power of
I am walking and talking with
Jesus, my Lord, [delight.
In His precepts I run with

Blessedly saved, saved by the Blood!
Blessedly saved by the Blood of
the Lamb!
Happy and free, Jesus with me!
Blessedly saved, blessedly kept, yes,
I am!

2 I was saved years ago by the Blood,
After striving and praying with
tears, [like a flood,
But when willing, the Spirit came in
And He washed all away sins of
years.

3 I've been fighting for God ever since
In The Salvation Army so brave.
Where He leads I will follow; I'm
at His command [save.
To go forward, poor sinners to

4 In this warfare I fight with delight,
Ever ready for service I am;
Warning sinners to flee from the
wrath that's to come,
And get washed in the Blood of
the Lamb.

219

Oh, the Lamb, 56, E*b*. C.M.
In evil long, 52, A*b*. b

A THOUSAND thousand fountains spring
Up from the Throne of God,
But none to me such blessings bring
As Jesus' precious Blood.

Oh, the Blood! the precious Blood,
that Jesus shed for me
Upon the Cross, in crimson flood,
just now by faith I see.

2 That precious Blood my freedom
won,
While I in bondage stood;
My sins were laid on God's dear Son,
Who saved me with His Blood.

3 By faith, that Blood now sweeps
away
My sins, as like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay,
All praise to Jesus' Blood!

4 This wondrous theme will best employ
My harp before my God, [joy
And make all Heaven resound with
For Jesus' cleansing Blood.

220

Vicar of Bray, 118, E*b*. D.C.M.
Canaan, 458, G. bb

MY life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation. [strife
Through all the tumult and the
I hear the music ringing,
It finds an echo in my soul.
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die?
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth!
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night He giveth!
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging,
Since Christ is Lord of Heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin,
I see the blue above it, [smooths,
And day by day this pathway
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of God makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing,
All things are mine since I am His,
How can I keep from singing?

221

Trusting alone in Jesus,
M.S., Vol. I, 37, B*b*.

ALL the joys that e'er I've known,
All the pleasures earth has shown [I own,
Are but dim compared with those
Trusting alone in Jesus!

Fully trusting in the battle's fray,
Fully trusting Jesus all the way,
Fully trusting—this the surest stay,
Trusting alone in Jesus!

2 Worldly charms to me are vain,
Worldly pleasures have their pain;
Lasting peace and joy I now obtain,
Trusting alone in Jesus!

3 Grace have I that conquers fears;
All my doubt now disappears;
Brightest joy my path to Heaven cheers,
Trusting alone in Jesus!

4 When before the Throne I fly,
When I hear the wicked cry,
Fearless I to God will then draw nigh,
Trusting alone in Jesus!

222

Old Black Joe, 326, D. 10's v

GONE are the days of wretchedness and sin, [within,
Gone are the days of conflicts fierce
Gone far away, no more my soul to know, [keeping
My Saviour's Blood my heart is
White as snow.

I'm happy, I'm happy,
For with Jesus now I live,
And constant peace and joy and
He doth give. [comfort

2 Gone are the days when a Saviour's love I spurned;
Gone are the times when from Calvary's scene I turned;
Gone, to be brought against me never more! [pardon—
My Saviour's Blood has bought my
Safe and sure.

3 Gone are the doubts of a soul that dared not trust;
Gone are the fears of a heart by sorrow crushed; [me away,
Gone, by the Blood swept far from
And now I live in constant rapture
Night and day.

4 Come are the joys of a heart in Blood washed white;
Come is the peace of a conscience pure and right; [to remain,
Come to my heart, there for ever
"For me to live is Christ" henceforth, and
"Death is gain!"

5 Come is my King, my heart and life to cheer;
Come is my Lord, to keep from doubt and fear; [belong,
Come mine to be while I to Him
And He is all my hope and comfort, Joy and song!

223

Jesus, Thou art everything to me, B.J. 952 [C].
M.S., Vol. XXXIV, 99, G.

JESUS, tender Lover of my soul,
Pard'ner of my sins, and Friend indeed,
Keeper of the garden of my heart;
Jesus, Thou art everything to me!

Jesus, Thou art everything to me!
Jesus, Thou art everything to me!
All my lasting joys are found in Thee;
Jesus, Thou art everything to me!

2 What to me are all the joys of earth?
What to me is every sight I see,
Save the sight of Thee, O Friend of mine?
Jesus, Thou art everything to me!

3 Here I lay me at Thy bleeding feet,
Deepest homage now I give to Thee, [my soul;
Hear Thy whisper'd love within
Jesus, Thou art everything to me!

224

Now I can read, 83, A*b*. C.M. b

NOW I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

So we'll stand the storm, for it won't be very long;
We will anchor by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Bold, I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Though cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
Soon I shall safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

225

Climbing up the golden stair, S.A.M., 220, C.

OH, my heart is full of music and of gladness, [upward fly!
As on wings of love and faith I
Not a shadow-cloud my Saviour's face obscuring,
While I'm climbing to my homestead in the sky.

Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair to Glory!
Oh, I'm climbing with my golden crown before me!
I am climbing in the light,
I am climbing day and night,
I shall shout with all my might when I get there!
Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair to Glory!
Oh, I'm climbing with my golden crown before me!
I am climbing in the light,
I am climbing day and night,
I am climbing up the golden stair!

2 Every day, it seems, I want to love Him better; [serve Him more;
Every day, it seems, I want to
Every day I strive to climb the ladder faster;
Every effort brings me nearer Canaan's shore!

3 Oh, the joy of getting others to climb with me! [all may come!
Lost, despairing, broken-hearted,
Calvary-love has made the stair a very wide one,
Sinners, lay your burden down and hasten home!

226

All through the night, 237, G. 8's & 4's
Lord, I believe, 236, B*b*. n

ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day kind, the next deceive us,
But this Friend will never leave us;
Oh, how He loves!

2 Blessed Jesus—wouldst thou know Him?
Give Thyself this moment to Him;
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to Glory He will guide thee.

3 'Tis eternal life to know Him.
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him!
With His precious Blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us.

4 Let us, then, this love keep viewing;
And though faint, keep on pursuing;
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And, when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our theme for ever.

227

Like the billows, F. 8's & 7's
Even me, 265 (verses only), G. r

LIKE the billows of an ocean,
Boundless, ceaseless, full and free,
Comes the Spirit of my Saviour,
Grandly rolling over me.

Oh, it comes o'er my soul like a wave,
The power of His wonderful might!
He's taken my sins right away,
And turned all my darkness to light.

2 Ah! those barriers that had hindered
Me and Jesus being one,
When that wave came o'er me sweeping,
He was left, and they were gone.

3 Grandly rolling o'er the region
Where was once but pain and woe,
Are the waves of love's pure ocean,
Which in ceaseless rapture flow.

228

Meet me at the Fountain, 317, A*b*. 8's & 7's
The vacant chair, 318, A*b*. t

I AM drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide,
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

Is not this the Land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom for ever,
And the sun is always bright?

2 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor of burdens hard to bear;
For I've found this great salvation,
Makes each burden light appear.
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross;
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

3 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've found this to be true.
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through.
And how sweetly Jesus whispers,
"Take the cross, thou need'st not fear!
For I've trod the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near."

229

The Crimson Stream, 7's & 6's
200, F. Ewing, 191, D. i

A LIGHT came out of darkness,
No light, no hope had we,
Till Jesus came from Heaven,
Our light and hope to be.
Oh, as I read the story,
From birth to dying cry,
A longing fills my bosom,
To meet Him by and by!

2 How tender His compassion!
How loving was His call!
How earnest His entreaty
To sinners, one and all!
He wooed and won them to Him
By love, and that is why
I long to be like Jesus,
And meet Him by and by.

3 Yet deeper do I ponder,
His Cross and sorrow see,
And ever gaze and wonder
Why Jesus died for me.
And shall I fear to own Him,
Can I my Lord deny?
No! Let me love Him, serve Him,
And meet Him by and by.

230

Maryland, 233, G. 8's & 3's
Christ for me, 231, D. m

WITH joy of heart I now can sing,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
He doth to me deliv'rance bring,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
I never shall forget the day
Christ saved me, when so far astray,
And sent me singing on my way.
"Jesus saves! Jesus saves!"

2 From sins that filled my life with woe,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Beneath my feet He's put my foe,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
From fear of man, from base desire,
From folly's charm, from sin's deep mire,
And from the everlasting fire,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

3 I'll shout the news where'er I go,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
His Blood doth cleanse as white as snow,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
I'll sing it when death's flood I see,
I'll sing it then, my joy 'twill be,
I'll sing it in eternity,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

231

Walking in the light, M.S., Vol. XXVIII, 151, A.

'TIS religion that can give—
In the light, in the light—
Sweetest pleasures while we live
In the light of God!

Let us walk in the light, in the light of God.

2 'Tis religion must supply—
In the light, in the light—
Solid comfort when we die,
In the light of God!

3 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light—
Lasting as eternity,
In the light of God!

4 Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light—
Then my bliss shall never end,
In the light of God!

232

Wonderful love, 431, A*b*.

JESUS came down my ransom to be,
Oh, it was wonderful love!
For out of the Father's heart He came,
To die for me on a Cross of shame,
And from sin's bondage to reclaim,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,
Coming to me from Heaven above,
Filling me, thrilling me through and through,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

2 Clear to faith's vision the Cross reveals
Beautiful actions of love,
And all that by grace e'en I may be
When saved to serve Him eternally.
He came, He died, for you and me,
Oh, it is wonderful love!

3 His death's a claim, His love has a plea,
Oh, it is wonderful love!
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call,
But, Lord, now I come, before Thee fall;
I give myself, I give up all,
All for Thy wonderful love!

233

He pardoned a rebel, 394, F minor
The old rustic bridge, 494, Ab.

I HEARD of a Saviour whose love was so great
That He laid down His life on the tree;
The thorns they were pierced on His beautiful brow,
To pardon a rebel like me.

He pardoned a rebel like me,
He pardoned a rebel like me;
The thorns they were pierced on His beautiful brow,
To pardon a rebel like me.

2 They tell me He wept over sinners one day,
Saying, "Oh, that your Saviour you knew!
How oft would I gather you under My wing,
And pardon poor rebels like you!"
3 Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard heart,
And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee!
And I know, when I came, Thou didst not cast me out,
But didst pardon a rebel like me.
4 Oh, 'tis true, that poor sinners of all kinds He saves,
And you He will not cast away!
He waits, in His mercy, sweet peace to bestow,
So come to the fountain today.

234

Canaan, 458, G.

OH, what has Jesus done for me?
He came from the Land of Canaan,
He groaned and died upon the tree,
That I might go to Canaan.
A glorious crown appears in view,
In that bright Land of Canaan;
A palm of royal victory, too.
Come, let us go to Canaan!

Canaan, bright Canaan,
The glorious Land of Canaan!
Oh, Canaan is a happy place!
Oh, will you go to Canaan?

2 When I shall join that blessed throng
In that fair Land of Canaan,
I'll sing the great Redeemer's song,
With the happy saints in Canaan:
How I've escaped the pains of Hell,
And landed in fair Canaan;
The boundless joys no tongue can tell
Of our Father's house in Canaan.

3 Come, sinners, turn and go with me,
For Jesus waits in Canaan,
With angels bright to welcome thee,
To all the joys of Canaan.
Come freely to salvation's streams,
And fight your way to Canaan,
Where everlasting glory beams,
In that bright Land of Canaan.

235

He brought me out of darkness, 361, Ab. 12's & 9's

LONG in darkness and doubt did I wander from God,
Just the slave of myself and of sin,
And I saw not the Hell at the end of the road,
Nor the danger I daily was in.

He brought me out of darkness into light,
Out of darkness into light;
He brought me out of darkness into light,
The wondrous light of God!

2 Oh, the world of the future was naught to my heart,
And the claims of my God I ignored,
While in no life but this had my soul any part,
Till I knelt at the feet of my Lord!

3 When I fully surrendered my life and my all
To my Saviour, His ever to be,
On my life all the light of His Spirit did fall,
And the next world I plainly could see.

4 Now in sunshine and faith do I travel with God,
On my way to the great Judgment seat;
Oh, I know I am saved, and that now, through the Blood,
I am ready my Maker to meet!

236

Down where the living waters flow, 433, B*b*.

ONCE I was far in sin,
But Jesus took me in,
Down where the living waters flow;
'Twas there He gave me sight,
And let me see the light,
Down where the living waters flow.

Down where the living waters flow,
Down where the tree of life does grow;
I'm living in the light,
For Jesus now I fight,
Down where the living waters flow.

2 With Jesus at my side
I need no other guide,
Down where the living waters flow.
He is my Hope and Stay;
He saves me every day,
Down where the living waters flow.

3 When fighting here is o'er,
I'll rest for ever more,
Down where the living waters flow.
I'll join the Blood-washed throng,
And sing the angels' song,
Down where the living waters flow.

237

Jesus is mine, 376, D. 6's & 4's c2

NOW I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end, Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace; Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old, Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold, Jesus is mine.
He will my wants supply,
His precious Blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy, Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away, Jesus is mine;
In the great Judgment Day, Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing,
When I behold my King,
With tuneful harp I'll sing, Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality! Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity! Jesus is mine.
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light and holiness; Jesus is mine.

238

The Friend that's ever near, 274, C. 8's & 7's r

COMRADES, I am on my journey,
Ere I reach the narrow sea
I would tell the wondrous story,
What the Lord has done for me.

There's a Friend that's ever near, never fear,
He is ever near, never, never fear;
There's a Friend that's ever near, never fear;
He is ever near, never fear.

2 I was lost but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek His face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to His fold of grace.

3 Now my soul, with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pardoning love;
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrim's Home above.

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er;
I shall cast my crown before Him;
I shall praise Him evermore.

239

Canaan, 458, G.

THE Saviour's Blood, a crimson flood—
The overflowing river—
It flows quite free for you and me,
The overflowing river.
This fountain dear is very near,
An overflowing river;
Not only here, but everywhere
Rolls on this flowing river.

The river, the river,
The overflowing river;
It flows quite free for you and me,
The overflowing river.

2 Its ceaseless flow makes white as snow,
The precious cleansing river;
The vilest of the vile may go
And wash them in this river.
Oh, joyful sound to sinners round,
The music of this river!
Though once sin-bound, I'm glad I found
The Source of this clear river.

240

I love Jesus, 282, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

I'M a soldier bound for Glory,
I'm a soldier going Home;
Come and hear me tell my story,
All who love the Saviour, come.

I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes, I do;
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour;
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2 I will tell you what induced me
In the glorious fight to start,
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness
Overcame and won my heart.

3 When I first commenced my warfare,
Many said, "He'll run away,"
But they all have been deceived;
In the fight I am today!

4 I'm a wonder unto many;
God alone the change has wrought;
Here I raise my "Ebenezer,"
Hither by His help I'm brought.

5 When to death's dark swelling river,
Like a warrior I shall come,
Then I mean to shout, "Salvation!"
And go singing "Glory!" home.

241

There is a happy land, 181, E*b*. 7's & 4's h

JESUS laid His glory by,
All, all for me!
On Calvary's tree to die,
All, all for me!
See, the fountain's opened wide,
Flowing from His wounded side,
'Tis a full salvation tide,
All, all for me!

2 Jesus hungry thousands fed,
Oh, matchless love!
Healed the sick, and raised the dead,
Oh, matchless love!
Cleansed the lepers when they cried,
Saved Bartimeus when he tried;
Sinners never were denied,
Oh, matchless love!

3 All His enemies He blest,
Oh, matchless love!
To the weary He gave rest,
Oh, matchless love!
"Whosoever" were His friends,
His is love that never ends,
From our hearts His praise ascends,
Oh, matchless love!

242

Manchester, 74, A*b*. C.M.
Jesus died for you, 88, A*b*. b

THIS is the glorious Gospel word,
If you to God will bow,
Salvation seek in Jesus' name,
Then He will save you now!

Jesus saves me now!
Yes, Jesus saves me all the time—
Jesus saves me now!

2 God speaks, who cannot lie; why,
then,
One doubt should I allow?
I doubt Him not, but take His word,
And Jesus saves me now!

3 Temptations here upon me press—
No strength is mine, I know;
Yet more than conqueror am I,
For Jesus saves me now!

4 Whate'er my future may require,
His grace will sure allow;
I live a moment at a time,
And Jesus saves me now!

5 And when, within the Pearly Gates,
I at His feet shall bow, [prove
The Heaven of heavens itself shall
That Jesus saves me now!

243

I'm the child of a King, 11's
351, E*b*. x

MY Father is rich in houses and
lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the
world in His hands;
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver
and gold, [riches untold.
His coffers are full, He has

I'm the child of a King,
I'm the child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King!

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour
of men, [poorest of them;
Once wandered on earth as the
But now He is reigning for ever on
high, [by and by.
And will give me a home in Heaven

3 I once was an outcast, a stranger
on earth, [by birth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien
But I've been adopted, my name's
written down, [a crown!
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I
care? [over there.
They're building a palace for me
Though exile from home, yet still I
may sing, [of a King!
All glory to God, I'm the child

244

Behold the Lamb, 8's & 3's
232, G. We're traveling m
home, 229, A*b*.

BY faith I view my Saviour dying
On the tree!
To every nation He is crying,
"Look to Me!"
He bids the guilty souls draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear,
Hark! as these precious words we
Mercy's free! [hear:

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pur-
Pity me? [suing,
And did He snatch my soul from
Can it be? [ruin,
Oh, yes, He did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest and King,
And now my happy soul can sing,
I am free!

3 My Lord, the mighty God, has
Peace to me! [spoken,
Now all my chains of sin are
I am free! [broken,
Soon as I in His name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul
I am free! [retrieved,

4 And every moment Christ is
Unto me! [precious
Jehovah still my soul refreshes,
Mercy's free!
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I
rove [Mercy's free!
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,

245

O my Jesus, B.J. 952 [A], *M.S., Vol. XXXV,* 111, B*b*.

O MY Jesus, my Jesus! how charming is Thy name!
Like music it falls on my ear.
Thy love to me is all my joy,
My all for Thee will I employ.
O my Jesus, my Jesus! how charming is Thy name!
Like music it falls on my ear.

2 Oh, how sweet, oh, how sweet are the hours when we meet,
When we spend them in prayer and in praise!
When Jesus fills my heart with love,
I see by faith a crown above.

3 When I die, when I die, Thou my Comforter shalt be,
Through the valley and shadow of death;
When sinks my frame and fails my heart,
Thy love from me shall ne'er depart.

4 Then to Heaven, then to Heaven I in triumph shall rise,
My Saviour to see and adore!
Thy praise my theme, Thy love my song,
Will form my bliss the whole day long.

246

Ernan, 38, B*b*. L.M.
Arizona, 21, F. a

JESUS, Thy Blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay;
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe Thy precious Blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever does for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed!

5 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus has died and lives for me!

247

Hardy Norseman, 49, A*b*. C.M.
The Judgment Day, 54, A*b*. b

JESUS, the name high over all,
In Hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before Him fall,
And devils fear and fly.

We have no other argument,
We want no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
He scatters all their guilty fear;
He turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 Oh, that the world would taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His glorious righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

248

Canaan, 458, G.

OH, what hath Jesus brought for me?
A free and full salvation!
He groaned and died upon the tree
To give me full salvation!
I'm happy now both night and day
Since I gained full salvation.
No matter what the world may say,
I'll tell of full salvation!

Salvation! Salvation!
A free and full salvation!
My Saviour died upon the tree,
To give me full salvation.

2 For old and young, for rich and poor,
A free and full salvation.
For temper there's no better cure
Than a free and full salvation.
It takes away the love of self,
A free and full salvation.
'Tis better far than fame or wealth,
A free and full salvation.

3 Oh, come and get your sins forgiven,
And have a full salvation!
You cannot hope to go to Heaven
Without a full salvation.
We'll march and sing, and tell the world
Of free and full salvation;
And fight beneath our flag unfurled,
The flag of full salvation!

249

Eden, 5, A*b*. L.M.
Arizona, 21, F. a

DEAR Lord, and can it ever be—
A sinful man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise—
Whose glory shines through endless [days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend?
Whene'er I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may,
When I've no sin to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then, I'll boast the Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

250

What a Friend, 309, G. 8's & 7's
Meet me at the Fountain, t
317, A*b*.

I'VE a Friend, of friends the fairest,
I have known and proved Him [long;
His is beauty, choicest, rarest,
His is love most pure and strong.
Ever since His kindness drew me,
And my soul first found its breath,
Jesus has been growing dearer,
Till to lose Him would be death.

Take the world, but give me Jesus;
He alone can satisfy!
Take the world, but give me Jesus;
'Neath His Cross I'll live and die!

2 When my heart with joy is glowing,
'Tis of Jesus I would sing;
When my cup is overflowing
To His feet my praises bring.
And when care and sorrow meet me,
Pain and grief and dark distress,
Still I cry, "Oh, give me Jesus,
He alone can help and bless!"

3 Would you gain this Friend so tender?
Would you find this faithful [Guide?
Come then, make a full surrender;
Yield to Jesus crucified.
Take His easy yoke upon you,
And His purpose daily learn;
Just to do His will entirely,
Pleasing Him, your chief concern.

251

I've washed my robes, L.M.
13, E*b*. a

MY robes were once all stained
with sin, [clean,
I knew not how to make them
Until a voice said, sweet and low,
"Go wash, I'll make them white as
snow."

I've washed my robes in Jesus'
Blood, [snow.
And He has made them white as

2 That promise, "Whosoever will,"
Included me—includes me still;
I came, and ever since I know
His Blood it cleanses white as snow.

3 I do not doubt, nor do I say,
"I hope the stains are washed
away:"
For in my heart I read it so:
His Blood it cleanses white as snow.

4 Oh, who will come and wash today,
Till all their sins are washed away,
Until, by faith, they see and know
Their robes are washed as white as
snow?

252

A wonderful Saviour, 484, A*b*.

I HAVE glorious tidings of Jesus
to tell, [things well;
How He unto me hath done all
And I love Him for stooping, in sin
when I fell, [did reach me.
Where His strong arm of mercy

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,
Cleansing the soul, making it whole;
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus!
I've proved He is mighty to save.

2 I have found that from fear He can
freedom bestow, [throw;
And over dark sorrow joy's radiance
As a friend He can cheer one in
grief, this I know—
He indeed is a wonderful Saviour!

3 All the wealth of the blessing in
Jesus I hold, [unfold;
No words ever spoken could e'er
Like the waves of an ocean upon me
are rolled [bounded.
Of His love all the riches un-

4 I am glad that the blessings the
Lord gives to me [free:
To all who will ask Him are just as
In His pity unmeasured He gracious
will be [vation.
Unto all who will seek His sal-

253

What a Saviour, 8's & 7's
278, A*b*. r

NONE the love of Christ can
measure,
None its depths can ever tell,
None can estimate the treasure
Held by those who with Him
dwell.

On the Cross His life did Jesus give
for me;
What a Saviour! Hallelujah!
There He died for me, who was His
enemy;
What a Saviour I have found!

2 Oh, how wondrous is the story,
That His pardon I might gain;
Jesus left the realms of Glory,
And on earth a man became!

3 Heavy-laden I approached Him,
Sorrow filled my aching heart,
But the blessed word was spoken,
Bidding all my fear depart.

4 Hope each guilty soul may cherish,
Trembling hearts need not despair;
Jesus died that none might perish;
He for all sin's curse did bear!

5 Yes, I love Him! He has conquered
My proud heart and stubborn will.
Though for years in sin I wandered,
Yet He deigns with me to dwell!

254

Blessed Assurance, 512, D*b*.

BLESSED assurance — Jesus is mine,
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His Blood!

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long!

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight.
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I, in my Saviour, am happy and blest.
Watching and waiting, looking [above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

255

Down where the living waters flow, 433, B*b*. Ascalon, 495, E*b*.

OH, happy, happy day,
When old things passed away,
Down where the Saviour died for me!
I felt my sins forgiven,
And got a sight of Heaven,
There, where the Saviour died [for me!

There, where the Saviour died for me,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!
I saw the cleansing flow;
It washes white as snow,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!

2 I laid my burden down,
And started for the crown,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!
My chains are broke at last,
My sins behind Him cast,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!

3 'Twas there I learned to pray,
And found the narrow way,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!
I saw His blessed face,
And joined the heavenly race,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!

4 He wiped away my tears,
And drove away my fears,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!
He whispered, "Go in peace,"
And bid my struggling cease,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!

5 Though Hell should me assail,
Through prayer I shall prevail,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!
I need know no retreat,
Nor suffer a defeat,
There, where the Saviour died for [me!

256

My Shepherd, 72, B*b*. C.M.
b

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie,
In pastures green He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

257 He's the Lily of the Valley,
520 (chorus only), G.

O DEAR Redeemer, dying Lamb,
O my Lord!
No music's like Thy charming name,
O my Lord!
He's the Lily of the Valley
To my soul!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
O my Lord!
And loved me notwithstanding all,
O my Lord!

3 To cleanse my sins He shed His
O my Lord! [Blood,
And died to bring me back to God,
O my Lord!

4 He conquers all my mighty foes,
O my Lord!
And saves when earth and Hell
O my Lord! [oppose.

5 Come, all ye needy, He'll relieve;
O my Lord!
Come, all ye guilty, He'll forgive;
O my Lord!

6 I'll praise Him while He lends me
O my Lord! [breath,
And then I'll praise Him after death,
O my Lord!

258 What's the news? 8's & 3's
228, A*b*. Zealley, 230, D. m

WHENE'ER we meet, you always
"What's the news? [say,
Pray, what's the order of the day?
What's the news?"
Oh, I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things
well, [That's the news!
And triumphed over death and Hell;

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
That's the news!
For us He bowed His sacred head,
For us His precious Blood was shed;
And now He's risen from the dead;
That's the news!

3 The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
That's the news!
I feel the witness now within,
That's the news!
And since He took my guilt away,
And taught me how to watch and
pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,
That's the news!

4 And Jesus Christ can save you too,
That's the news!
Your sinful heart He can renew,
That's the news!
This moment, if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,
That's the news!

259 There's no one like 11's
Jesus, 337, B*b*. x

I'VE traveled the rough paths of
life in my day, [broad way;
But Jesus, He met me upon the
He pardoned my sins, and my soul
He set free;
The broad way to death has no
charms now for me.

There's no one like Jesus can cheer
me today, [fade away;
His love and His kindness can ne'er
In Winter, in Summer, in sunshine,
in rain, [the same.
My Saviour's affections are always

2 The joys of this world I have left
far behind, [to my mind;
They brought only sorrow and care
The heart that was once in such
misery and pain, [name!
Today is rejoicing in Jesus' blest

3 Oh, turn, sinners, turn ye, for why
will ye die? [you why;
'Tis Jesus, your Saviour, is asking
For now He is waiting you pardon
to give; [and live!
Oh, turn, sinners, turn unto Jesus

260 Hiding in Thee, 338, E*b*. 11's
I know Thou art mine, 342, E*b*. x

I ONCE was a stranger to Heaven and to God,
My soul stood in danger by sin's 'whelming flood;
But Jesus in pity came wooing my soul,
I'll praise Him for ever, His Blood made me whole!

Now I am free, now I am free!
The Saviour has cleansed me, and now I am free!

2 My life was so dreary, my burden was great,
I often was weary, my sins I did [hate;
But Jesus in mercy has set my soul free,
Dispelled all my doubtings, Oh, praise Him! I'm free!

3 My shackles are broken, a bond-slave no more,
And this is the token—my heart's running o'er
With glad Hallelujahs—I'm freely forgiven,
And daily enjoying a foretaste [of Heaven!

261 Beulah Land, 39, G. L.M.
Rocked in the cradle, 15, A*b*. a

I'VE left the land of death and sin,
The road that many travel in;
And if you ask the reason why?
I'm going to seek a home on high!
O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My Heaven, my home for ever more!

2 Though many would my progress stay,
And beg me not to work or pray,
I dare not listen to their cry;
I seek a glorious home on high!

3 Say, sinner, will you go with me,
And seek that land of liberty?
Oh, do not stay, but tell me why,
You will not seek this home on high?

4 My soul, it swells with great delight
When thinking of my home of light;
The angels sing, and so will I
When I have reached my home on high!

262 Meet me at the Fountain, 317, A*b*. *An abiding salvation, G. f. S. No.* 1, 103, G. 8's & 7's t

I HAVE seen His face in blessing,
When my eyes were dimmed with tears;
I have felt His hand caressing
When my heart was torn by fears.
When the shadows gathered o'er [me,
And the gloom fell deep as night,
In the darkness just before me
There were tokens of His light.

I have victory in temptation,
Peace amid the tempest's roar;
I abide in His salvation;
We are one for evermore.

2 I was wandering, and He found me,
Brought me from the verge of Hell;
I was bruised, and He bound me;
Sick was I, He made me well!
I was wounded, and He healed me,
When awearied of the strife;
I was erring, and He sealed me;
Dead, His Spirit gave me life!

3 By His life's Blood He has claimed me,
As a jewel in His sight;
As His own child He has named me,
Brought me forth to walk in light.
So I'm fighting till He calls me,
Walking in the path He trod,
And I care not what befalls me,
Living in the life of God.

263

Vicar of Bray, 118, E*b*. D.C.M.
bb

IN golden hours of brightest joy,
When happiness comes o'er me,
And sunshine lights my every path
With rays of heavenly glory,
Then in my soul I realize
The joy of knowing Jesus,
As day and night my raptured soul
Is kept by joy most wondrous.

And this my constant joy shall be,
Though tried by sore temptation,
That Jesus lives and gives to me
A free and full salvation.

2 When sorrow's shady path I tread,
When tried by sore affliction,
When darkest shadows round me
spread,
Then I have full conviction
That all I do and all I say
Is pleasing to my Saviour,
And soon my sorrows melt away
Beneath His love and favor.

3 When in this world my days are
done,
And calm in death I'm lying,
And when at last the King has come
And for my soul is crying,
Then I shall leave the world below,
And fly away to Jesus,
True praises shouting as I go
To Him who did redeem us.

264

I feel like singing, 82, A*b*. C.M.
Around the Throne, 65, C. b

I FEEL like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away,
For Jesus is a friend of mine:
I'll serve Him every day.

Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!

2 When on the Cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but
I'm singing all the time. [now

3 When fierce temptations try my
I'll sing, "Jesus is mine!" [heart,
And so, though tears at times may
I'm singing all the time. [start,

4 The melting story of the Lamb
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.

5 The angels sing a glorious song,
But not a song like mine,
For I am washed in Jesus' Blood,
And singing all the time!

265

Open and let the Master
in, 439, G.

ONCE I heard a sound at my
heart's dark door, [of sin:
And was roused from the slumber
It was Jesus knocked, He had
knocked before; [come in!"
Now I said, "Blessed Master,

Then open, open, open, and let
the Master in!
For your heart will be bright with
the heavenly light
If you'll only let the Master in.

2 Then He spread a feast of redeem-
ing love, [guest;
And He made me His own happy
In my joy I thought that the saints
above [blest.
Could be hardly more favored or

3 In the holy war with the foes of
truth, [pares,
He's my Shield; He my table pre-
He restores my soul, He renews my
youth, [prayers.
And gives triumph in answer to

4 He will feast me still with His
presence dear, [given;
And the love He so freely hath
While His promise tells, as I serve
Him here,
Of the banquet of glory in Heaven.

266

The Light of the World is Jesus, 190, A*b*. 7's & 6's i

I ONCE was very worldly,
The same as many more,
But when I came to Jesus
He saved me, I am sure;
And if you are but willing
To give up all your sin,
The power of Christ will save you,
And give you peace within.

The light of the World is Jesus,
The Light of the World is Jesus;
And if you come to Him
He'll cleanse your soul from sin;
The Light of the World is Jesus!

2 I've pleasures true and lasting,
A life from bondage free,
A certain hope of Heaven,
Where Jesus waits for me.
My faith is daily strengthened
By promises and prayer,
And all these joys and blessings
My Saviour bids you share.

267

My Jesus, I love Thee, 340, A*b*. I know Thou art mine, 342, E*b*. 11's x

MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know
Thou art mine, [I resign.
For Thee all the pleasures of sin
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour
art Thou; ['tis now!
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus,

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first
loved me, [nailed to the tree;
And purchased my pardon when
I love Thee for wearing the thorns
on Thy brow; ['tis now!
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus,

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love
Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou
lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies
cold on my brow, ['tis now!"
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus,

4 In mansions of glory and endless
delight, [in Thy sight;
I'll ever adore Thee, and dwell
I'll sing with the glittering crown
on my brow, ['tis now!"
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus,

268

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, 170 (verses only), A*b*. Toplady, 167, B*b*. 7's f

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal.
Chart and compass come from Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

Over the sea, over the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Over life's troubled sea.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild.
Raging waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not—I will pilot thee!"

269

Oh, happy day, 25, F. Beulah Land, 39, G. L.M. a

I NEVER shall forget the day
When Jesus washed my sins
away;
I was enslaved, but Jesus saved;
And free from sin my soul was
made.

Happy day! When Jesus washed
my sins away; [pray,
He taught me how to watch and
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day! When Jesus washed
my sins away.

2 On Hell's dark brink, in sore dismay,
Through sin condemned, I trembling lay;
But on that day I heard Him say,
"My Blood has washed thy sins away."

3 Come, all ye sin-sick souls, draw near, [here;
By faith, to Christ; He now is
This is your day; why, then, delay?
His Blood now washes sins away.

4 Then you shall sing, "Oh, happy day!"
As on you tread the heavenly way,
To join the lay, shout, sing, and say,
" 'Twas Jesus washed our sins away."

270

Beethoven, 11, A*b*. L.M.
Eden, 5, A*b*. a

WITH froward heart I went astray,
In paths of sin I wandered wide,
Till Mercy met me by the way,
And gently whispered, "Jesus died."

2 Offended at this sudden sound,
Indignantly I turned aside,
But still the voice was heard around,
And gently whispered, "Jesus died."

3 Then Justice crossed my path, and stood
Erect and stern to quell my pride,
His glittering sword was dipped in blood—
Ah, well for me that Jesus died!

4 "Come forth, thou traitor to the Lord!" [cried;
His voice in thundering accents
Oppressed, I sank beneath the word,
And faintly answered, "Jesus died."

5 Trembling I stood, but Justice seemed [to hide;
In haste the blood-stained sword
Grace from his altered visage beamed,
And then I shouted, "Jesus died!"

271

Numberless as the sands,
476, A*b*.

YOU may sing of the joys over Jordan, [behold;
And the glories we then shall
But there's peace for the soldiers of Jesus
On the way to that city of gold.

Wonderful is the peace Jesus gives me; [free;
Wonderful is His power, full and
Oh, tongue can ne'er express all the glories I possess! [gives me.
Wonderful is the peace Jesus

2 You may talk of the harps of the angels, [night;
Where comes neither sorrow nor
But my heart's filled with heavenly music [delight.
While I march to that land of

3 You may long for the robes bright and shining, [the palm;
And the song, and the crown and
But your heart must be kept pure and spotless, [Lamb.
If you join in the song of the

4 Would you reign with the King in His beauty,
You must share in the cross-bearing here;
For none but the souls who have conquered [there.
Can dwell in that land over

272

This is why, 258, A*b*. 8's & 7's
r

WOULD you know why I love Jesus—
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because my blessed Saviour
From my sins has ransomed me.

This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love Him so;
He has pardoned my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow.

2 Would you know why I love Jesus—
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because the Blood of Jesus
Fully saves and cleanses me.

3 Would you know why I love Jesus—
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because amid temptation
He supports and strengthens me.

4 Would you know why I love Jesus—
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because in every conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

5 Would you know why I love Jesus—
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because my Friend and Saviour
He will ever, ever be.

273

Vicar of Bray, 118, Eb. D.C.M.
bb

I'VE found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine [sever,
Those ties which naught can
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever!

2 I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me.
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver; [all
My heart, my strength, my life, my
Are His, and His for ever!

3 I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to Heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar
To nerve my faint endeavor,
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever!

4 I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
So kind, so true, and tender;
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender! [well,
From Him who loves me now so
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life? or death? or earth? or
No! I am His for ever! [Hell?

274

Joy without alloy, 8's & 5's
M.S., Vol. II, 82, D. o
Pass me not, 240, G.

THOUGH I wandered far from Jesus,
In the paths of sin,
Yet I heard Him gently calling,
"Wanderer, come in!"

Yes, He gave me peace and pardon,
Joy without alloy.
Yes, He gave me peace and pardon,
Joy without alloy.

2 Though my burden pressed me sorely
And my needs were great,
Christ released me, free from bond-
He my soul did make. [age

3 Now I live for Christ my Saviour—
Live to do His will;
Though the path be dark and thorny,
Yet I'll conquer still.

275

Oh, that's the place, 392, E*b*.

JESUS is my Saviour, this I know,
He has given peace to my heart;
When my soul was burdened, filled full of woe,
Seeking from my sin to part,
Graciously He heard me when I prayed,
Drew me to His riven side,
There by faith I washed, and so was saved,
His Blood was there applied.

Oh, that's the place where I love to
For mighty wonders there I see! [be,
Would you be blest, then tarry
At the Cross of Jesus. [with me

2 There I came to Jesus, bound and sad,
Liberty I claimed from my sin;
Readily He gave it, and, oh, so glad
Was my heart then made by Him!
Fetters which had bound me He destroyed.
Blessed is the spot to me
Where I knelt to thank Him, overjoyed
To find my soul was free!

3 Would you know the peace which Jesus gives? [bestows?
Would you know the joy He
Would you know the strength the sinner receives [flows?
When his heart the Blood o'er-
Sinners, come along then, let us go
Where the precious fountain springs [as snow,
That can make the sinner white
Removing all his sins.

276

My soul is now united, 7's & 6's
187, A*b*. The Crimson i
Stream, 200, F.

MY soul is now united to Christ the Living Vine;
His grace I long have slighted, but now I feel Him mine;
I was to God a stranger, till Jesus took me in;
He freed my soul from danger, and pardoned all my sin.

2 Soon as my all I ventured on the atoning Blood, [born of God;
The Holy Spirit entered, and I was
My sins are all forgiven, I feel His Blood applied, [Christ abide.
And I shall go to Heaven if I in

3 By floods and flames surrounded, I still my way pursue;
Nor shall I be confounded, with Glory in my view;
Still Christ is my salvation—what can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation, my Father's wrath is o'er.

277

Robin Adair, 6's & 4's
374, A*b*. God gave c2
His Son for me, 369, C.

GOD gave His Son for me,
Oh, wondrous love!
From sin to set me free,
Oh, wondrous love!
A guilty rebel I,
Bound and condemned to die,
He did not pass me by,
Oh, wondrous love!

2 There, there at God's right hand,
Oh, wondrous love!
I see my Saviour stand,
Oh, wondrous love!
He makes my nature pure,
In Him I am secure
Whatever I endure,
Oh, wondrous love!

3 He'll give me needful grace,
Oh, wondrous love!
Soon I shall see His face,
Oh, wondrous love!
Join those who've gone before,
Sorrow and pain all o'er,
Heaven, Heaven, for evermore!
Oh, wondrous love!

278

My sins are under the
Blood, 418, D.

GOD'S anger now is turned away,
My sins are under the Blood;
My darkness He has changed to day,
My sins are under the Blood.

My sins, my sins are under the Blood,
My guilt is gone and my soul is free; [God,
My peace, my peace is made with
For the Lord has pardoned me.

2 My doubts are gone, the past for-
My sins are under the Blood; [given,
My title's clear, I'm bound for Heaven,
My sins are under the Blood.

3 How sweet the Lord's alone to be!
My sins are under the Blood.
What joy to know He cleanses me!
My sins are under the Blood.

4 When sorrow's waves around me roll,
My sins are under the Blood;
In perfect peace He keeps my soul,
My sins are under the Blood.

5 In every step His hand doth lead,
My sins are under the Blood;
And He supplies my every need,
My sins are under the Blood.

279

Jesus is my Light and Song, M.S., Vol. XI, 43, G.

WHY should life a weary journey seem?
Jesus is my light and song! [deem?
Why should I my cross a burden
Jesus is my light and song!
All the way is marked by love divine, [shine,
Round my path the rays of glory
Christ Himself companion is of mine;
Jesus is my light and song!

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light,
Jesus is my light and song;
Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him with my might,
Jesus is my light and song!

2 What though foes at every hand I meet?
Jesus is my light and song!
What though snares are ready for my feet?
Jesus is my light and song!
Christ Himself was first to lead the way,
He was first to battle in the fray;
Now on Him my every hope I stay,
Jesus is my light and song!

3 When my feet shall reach the open door,
Jesus is my light and song! [o'er,
When life's pilgrimage on earth is
Jesus is my light and song!
This through countless years my song shall be, [free,
Love for Him who sets the prisoner
Love for Him who gave His life for
Jesus is my light and song! [me,

280

St. Agnes, 106, G. C.M.
Bedford, 93, E*b*. b

ALL that I was—my sin, my guilt,
My death—was all mine own;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.

3 The grace that made me feel my sin,
Bade me in Christ believe,
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.

4 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and Glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee!

281

Before I got salvation, 441, B*b*.

BEFORE I found salvation
I was sunk in degradation,
And from my Saviour wandered far astray;
But I came to Calvary's mountain,
Where I fell into the fountain,
And from my heart the burden rolled away.

'Twas a happy day, and no mistake,
When Jesus from my heart did take
The load of sin that made it ache,
And filled my soul with joy!

2 Since I have been converted
And the devil's ranks deserted,
I've had such joy and gladness in my soul.
For Jesus I've been fighting
And in the war delighting,
And now I'm pressing on towards the goal.

3 If faithful to my Saviour
I shall enjoy His favor, [end.
And He will keep me safely to the
And when I cross the river
I'll live with Him for ever, [spend.
And one eternal day of glory

282

Now I can read, 83, *Ab.* C.M.
Mary, 61, F. b

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

So we'll stand the storm, for it won't be very long,
And we'll anchor by and by.

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's Bright Morning Star,
And Thou my Rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
For Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of Hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

283

That means me, 469, G.

WITH loads of sin upon me, a life made black by guilt,
I scarcely dared to hope that 'twas for me the Blood was spilt;
But they opened up the Bible, where I rejoiced to see
That "Whosoever will may come," and that means me.

That means me, that means me,
"Whosoever will may come," that means me;
I am so very glad, because the Master said,
"Whosoever will may come," and that means me.

2 Oh, what a mighty blessing that Jesus made it plain,
And did not say it was for James, or any other name!
'Twas one word, "Whosoever," for simple folks to see,
And even I can understand that that means me.

3 I came to Him so guilty, I came with all my sin,
Oh, freely He did pardon me, He quickly took me in!
'Twas that blessed "Whosoever" that did it, I can see
Wherever "Whosoever" comes, that that means me.

4 Now, sinner, come to Jesus, the promise is for you,
The word is "Whosoever," and what you have now to do
Is to come this very moment, and He will set you free,
For "Whosoever" means you too, as it meant me!

284

Hallelujah! 'tis done, 12's
354, G. y

'TIS the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.

Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
I am washed in the Blood of the Crucified One.

2 Though the pathway be lonely and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng—
They are safe now in Glory, and this is their song:

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:

5 There are prophets and kings in
that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through
the streets of pure gold:

6 There's a part in that chorus for
you and for me,
And the theme of our praises for
ever will be:

285

Come, comrades dear, 8's & 6's
247, A*b*. Praise, 249, D. q

COME, comrades dear, who love
the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at Home.

2 We feel that Heaven is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling Throne,
From Jesus' Throne on high.
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink
So sweet is God's supply. [again,

3 And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the Throne of Love,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth
To living streams of richest worth
That never will run dry.

4 And then we'll shine and shout and
sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get Home.
Come on, come on, my comrades
dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

5 "Amen, Amen!" my soul replies;
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there;
Now, here's my heart and here's
my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

286

Be in time, 477, E*b*.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,
unto me;
I've something good to say about
the narrow way, [soul.
For Christ the other day saved my

2 He gave me first to see what I was:
He gave me first to see my guilt and
misery, [name!
And then He set me free, bless His

3 My old companions said: "He's
undone;"
"My old companions said, "He's
surely going mad!" [name!
But Jesus made me glad, bless His

4 Oh, if they did but know what I
feel; [and misery,
Had they but eyes to see their guilt
They'd be as mad as me, I believe!

5 And now I'm marching on to the
Lord,
And now I'm marching on:
Guilty sinner, wilt thou come,
Or meet an awful doom from the
Lord?

287

He wipes the tear, D.L.M.
43 (verse only), D. aa
A crown of peace, G. f. S. No. 1, 70, C.

A CROWN of peace to me is given,
A lasting peace, though midst
of foes; [a heaven,
A peace that makes this earth
That like a constant river flows.
No power my heart can e'er molest,
No fear can rob my soul of rest,
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
He is my peace! He is my peace!

With Jesus so near me,
And His love to cheer me,
His counsel to guide,
Ill can ne'er betide.
When tempests are rolling,
Or death-bells are tolling, [side.
I'm safe while I hide in my Saviour's

2 A crown of joy by night and day
Has Christ become unto my soul;
His presence drives all gloom away,
His power has made my spirit whole.
Whate'er befalls, I've naught to fear!
Why should I pine or shed a tear?
I've joy unceasing while He's near;
He is my joy! He is my joy!

3 A crown of life there is for all
Who to the Lord their life have given;
Who have obeyed His loving call,
And in His cause have nobly striven.
For Him my all I have resigned;
His aims henceforth employ my mind;
My life with His is all entwined.
He is my life! He is my life!

288

Near the Cross, 404, G.

HAVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow.

More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, His matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.

2 Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow.
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

3 Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow.
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow.

4 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower,
Still there's more to follow.

289

The Crimson Stream, 200, F. Aurelia, 189, E*b*. 7's & 6's i

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus, I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock, within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way
From the burning of the noontide heat,
and the burden of the day.

2 Upon the Cross of Jesus mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears, two wonders I confess,
The wonder of His glorious love,
and my own sinfulness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow for my abiding place,
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,
My years of sin my only shame, my glory all the Cross.

290

In evil long, 52, A*b*. C.M.
Oh, the Lamb, 56, E*b*. b

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth again
To intercede for me!

2 I saw One hanging on a tree
In agony and blood,
Who fixed His dying eyes on me
As near the Cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look!
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned my
guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His Blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive!
This Blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayest live."

291

Glory to His name, 391, A*b*.

DOWN at the Cross where my
Saviour died, [I cried;
Down where for cleansing from sin
There to my heart was the Blood
Glory to His name! [applied,
Glory to His name! Glory to His
name! [applied,
Now to my heart is the Blood
Glory to His name!

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus does always abide within,
And, by the Cross, I a crown shall
Glory to His name! [win,

3 O precious fountain, that saves from
sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me
Glory to His name! [clean,

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and
sweet, [feet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's
Plunge in today, and be made
Glory to His name! [complete,

292

My God, I am Thine, 355, G. 12's
I am saved, 356, F. y

MY God, I am Thine; what a
comfort divine!
What a blessing to know that my
Jesus is mine!
Hallelujah! send the glory! Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! send the glory! Revive us again.

2 In the Heavenly Lamb thrice happy
I am, [sound of His name.
And my heart it doth dance at the

3 True pleasures abound in the
rapturous sound,
And whoever has found it has
Paradise found.

4 My Jesus to know, and feel His
Blood flow, [below.
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven

5 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly
feast, [is the taste.
That, that is the fullness, but this

6 And this I shall prove, till with joy
I remove [love.
To the Heaven of heavens in Jesus'

293

Vicar of Bray, 118 D.C.M.
(verses only), E*b*. bb
Bless His name! G.f.S. No. 2, 59, G.

I WAS a slave for many years,
And conquered by my sin;
I tried and prayed in doubts and
fears,
But still was wrong within.
I heard that Jesus died to save,
From every sin set free;
I gave up trying there and then,
And, oh, He set me free!

Oh, bless His name, He set me free!
Bless His name, He set me free!
Oh, the Blood, the precious Blood,
I'm trusting in the cleansing flood!
Bless His name, He set me free!
Bless His name, He set me free!
I know my sins are washed away,
And now in Jesus I am free!

2 And now I live to God alone,
I live to do His will;
I give myself to God away,
That He my soul may fill.
He takes the offering as it is,
And blends it with His will,
And in the Lamb I've constant peace,
For Jesus says, "Be still!"

3 And though the world and Hell
My peace to overflow, [unite
My trust is in the living God,
Who makes me white as snow.
The precious Blood now cleanses me,
And Jesus keeps me right;
My will is swallowed up in God;
I'm walking in the light.

4 Now in my soul there's constant
A peace I cannot tell; [peace,
The living waters bubble up,
And Jesus is the Well!
The conflict's o'er, the battle won,
And Jesus is the King;
Where'er I go and while I breath
I always mean to sing.

294

Begone, vain world, 419, A*b*.

BEGONE, vain world! Thou hast
no charms for me, [by thee;
My captive soul has long been held
I listened long to thy vain song,
And thought thy music sweet,
And thus my soul lay groveling at
thy feet.

2 What are thy charms, could I command the whole? [a soul.
Thy mingled sweets could never feed
A nobler prize attracts mine eyes,
Where trees immortal grow,
A fruitful land where milk and
honey flow.

3 My soul, through grace, on wings
of faith shall rise
T'wards that dear place where my
possession lies; [hand,
That sacred land at God's right
My dear Redeemer's Throne,
Where Jesus pleads, and makes my
cause His own.

4 Amazing grace! Does Jesus plead
for me? [free,
Then sure I am the captive must be
For while He does for sinners
He's anxious to prevail [plead,
And I believe His Blood can never
fail.

295

At the Cross, 528, A*b*.
Are you washed? 434, B*b*.

WHEN my heart was so hard
That I ne'er would regard
The salvation held up to my sight,
To the Cross when I came
In my darkness and shame,
It was there where I first saw the
light.

At the Cross, at the Cross, where I
first saw the light
And the burden of my heart
rolled away, [sight,
It was there by faith I received my
And now I am happy all the day.

2 For my blindness I thought
That no power could have
wrought
Such a marvel of wonder and might;
But 'twas done, for I felt
At the Cross as I knelt [light.
That my darkness was turned into

3 Then the gloom had all passed,
And, rejoicing at last, [right;
I was sure that my soul was made
For my Lord, I could see,
In His love died for me [light.
On the Cross, where I first saw the

296

My Saviour suffered on
the tree, 387, C.

MY Saviour suffered on the tree,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
Oh, come and praise the Lord with
me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding
Lamb!
I love the sound of Jesus' name,
It sets my spirit all in a flame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

2 He bore my sins and curse and
shame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
And I am saved through Jesus' name,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

3 I know my sins are all forgiven,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
And I am on my way to Heaven,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

4 And when the storms of life are o'er,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

5 And this my ceaseless song shall be,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
That Jesus tasted death for me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

297

Jesus is mine, 376, D. 6's & 4's
Kind words can never die, 370, C. c2

WHEN fade my earthly joys,
Jesus is mine!
When break earth's tender ties,
Jesus is mine!
Though dark this wilderness,
Though here no resting-place,
Jesus will surely bless,
Jesus is mine!
Jesus is mine!
Jesus does satisfy,
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
He's my unfailing stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief stay,
Turn not my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet Heaven of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

298

I bring my heart to Jesus, 407, G.

I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought Him and
my woe. [tree,
When by faith I saw Him on the
Heard His loving whisper, " 'Tis
for thee," [away,
From my heart the burden rolled
Happy day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He
knows [woes;
How to steal the bitter from life's
How to gild the teardrop with His
smile, [awhile,
Make the desert garden bloom
When my weakness leaneth on His
All is light! [might,

3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day,
Faith can firmly trust Him, come
what may; [her rest,
Hope has dropped her anchor, found
In the calm, sure haven of His
breast.
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At His side!

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus, needy
soul, [whole.
Tell not half the story, but the
Worlds on worlds are hanging on
His hand, [command,
Life and death are waiting His
Yet His tender mercy makes thee
Oh, come home! [room!

299

Silver threads, 284, A*b*. 8's & 7's
Isle of Beauty, 261, E*b*. r

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinners' dying Friend.

I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes, I do!
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour;
Jesus smiles and loves me too!

2 Here I sit in wonder viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze.
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace!

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

5 May I still enjoy this blessing,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His death each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know?

300

Christ for me, 231, D. 8's & 3's
Zealley, 230, D. m

MY heart is fixed, Eternal God—
Fixed on Thee—
And my unchanging choice is made,
Christ for me.
He is my Prophet, Priest and King,
Who did for me salvation bring,
And while I've breath I mean to sing, "Christ for me."

2 Let others boast of heaps of gold:
Christ for me.
His riches never can be told: Christ for me.
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day;
My portion never can decay: Christ for me.

3 In pining sickness or in health,
Christ for me.
In deepest poverty or wealth, Christ for me.
And in that all-important day,
When I the call of death obey,
And pass from this dark world away, Christ for me.

4 At home, abroad, by night, by day,
Christ for me.
Where'er I speak, or sing, or pray,
Christ for me.
Him first and last, Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song;
I'll send the ringing cry along,
"Christ for me!"

5 Now, who can sing my song and say, "Christ for me?"
My life and truth, my light and way: Christ for me!
Then here's my heart and here's my hand,
We'll form a brave Salvation band,
And shout aloud throughout the land, "Christ for me!"

PRAISE

301 Abridge, 94, E*b*. C.M.
Bedford, 93, E*b*. b

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts He hath bestowed
And humbly ask for more.

2 The sacred cup of saving grace
I will with thanks receive,
And all His promises embrace,
And to His glory live.

3 My vows I will to His great name
Before His people pay,
And all I have, and all I am,
Upon His altar lay.

4 Thy hands created me, Thy hands
From sin have set me free;
Thy mercy, that hath loosed my bands
Hath bound me fast to Thee.

5 The God of all-redeeming grace,
My God, I will proclaim;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
And call upon His name!

302 Hanover, 329, A*b*. 10's & 11's
Houghton, 330, A*b*. w

OH, what shall I do
My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem
The weakest believer
That hangs upon Him?

2 How happy the man
Whose heart is set free,
The people that can
Be joyful in Thee!
Their joy is to walk in
The light of Thy face,
And still they are talking
Of Jesus' grace.

3 Their daily delight
Shall be in Thy name;
They shall as their right
Thy righteousness claim.
Thy righteousness wearing
And cleansed by Thy Blood,
Bold shall they appear in
The presence of God.

4 Yes, Lord, I shall see
The bliss of Thine own;
Thy secret to me
Shall soon be made known.
For sorrow and sadness
I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness
Of all that believe.

303 Triumph, 306, C. 8's & 7's
Harps, 301, D. s

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing!
Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.
Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows,
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

304 Now thank we all our God, 422, F.

NOW thank we all our God,
With hearts, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices!
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God,
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts,
And blessed peace to cheer us!
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 Let all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending;
On His most Holy Word,
Redeemed from woe, depending.
He gracious is and just;
From childhood doth He lead;
In Him we place our trust,
And hope in time of need.

305

We'll all shout Hallelujah, 358, B*b*. 12's & 9's
z

OH, how happy are they who the Saviour obey, [above;
And have laid up their treasures
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with Jesus' love.

We'll all shout Hallelujah!
As we march along the way,
And we'll sing redeeming love
With the shining hosts above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

2 That sweet comfort is mine; now the favor divine
I've received through the Blood of the Lamb.
With my heart I believe, and what joy I receive,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know, [more
And the angels can do nothing
Than fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long is my Sun and my Song; [see!
Oh, that all His salvation might
He doth love me, I cry; He did suffer and die,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 Oh, the rapturous height of the holy delight [Blood!
Which I feel in the life-giving
Of my Saviour possest, I am perfectly blest, [God.
As if filled with the heaven of

306

Hanover, 329, A*b*. 10's & 11's
Montgomery, 331, D. w

YE servants of God! your Master proclaim, [name!
And publish abroad His wonderful
The name all victorious of Jesus extol, [over all.
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save, [we have.
And still He is nigh; His presence
The great congregation His triumphs shall sing, [King.
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our

3 Then let us adore, and give Him His right, [and might!
All honor, and power, and wisdom,
All glory, and blessing, with angels above, [infinite love!
And strength neverceasing, and

307

Miles Lane, 60, A*b*. C.M.
Diadem, 75, A*b*. b

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
All nations great and small,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye sinners lost of Adam's race,
Partakers of the Fall,
Come, and be saved by Jesus' grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before His face who formed their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the power of Jesus' Blood,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

308

Oh, happy day, 25, F. L.M.
Beulah Land, 39, G. a

OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful praises fill His house,
While to His blessed Throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possest.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

309

Austria, 296, E*b*. 8's & 7's
Regent Square, 297, B*b*. s

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor,
And within me doth appear;
Soul and body
Then His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM!"
I with them will still be vying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wondering at the love that found us,
Glad to join our holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong.

310

Falcon Street, 128, B*b*. S.M.
Cranbrook, 131, C. c

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His Throne.

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But soldiers of the Heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad.

3 Soon we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

5 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground

311

Hallelujah to the Lamb, 51, C.M.
E*b*. Charming name, 55, A*b*. b

JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear!
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and Heaven should hear.
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who died on Mount Calvary!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah, Amen!

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath,
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
The Conqueror of death!

312

I've found the Pearl, 67, F. C.M.
Nativity, 100, G. b

I'VE found the Pearl of Greatest Price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
Oh, what a Christ have I!

2 My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

3 My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal;
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

4 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My medicine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory and my wealth.

5 Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love,
My bread, my hope, my Counselor,
My Advocate above.

6 My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens,
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all-in-all.

313

And above the rest, L.M.
1, E*b*. a

GOD of my life, through all my days [Thy praise,
My grateful powers shall sound
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well!

2 When anxious cares would break my rest, [breast,
And griefs would tear my throbbing
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity!

314

Lift up the Banner, 68, B*b*. C.M.
Hardy Norseman, 49, A*b*. b

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

So we'll lift up the banner on high,
The Salvation banner of love;
We'll fight beneath its colors till we die,
Then go to our Home above.

We have no other argument,
We want no other plea,
'Tis quite enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

315

Darwell's, 142, D. 4-6's & 2-8's
St. John, 143, D. d

LET earth and Heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and Heaven;
No other help is found;
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory!
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

4 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor, expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole.
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

5 Oh, for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

316

The Cross now covers my sins, 207, E*b*. 8's
Thou Shepherd of Israel, 206, G. k

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

We'll praise Him, who died on the Cross, [grave;
And Conqueror, rose from the
We'll sing of His infinite love,
Proclaim Him the Mighty to Save!

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe Home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

317

God is love, 227, D. 8's & 3's
Zealley, 230, D. m

COME, let us all unite to sing,
God is love. [bring;
Let Heaven and earth their praises
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,
God is love!

2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
In Christ we have redemption found!
His Blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day,
And now we can rejoice and say,
God is love.

3 How happy is our portion here!
His promises our spirits cheer.
He is our Sun and Shield by day,
Our Help, our Hope, our Strength
and Stay;
He will be with us all the way;
God is love.

4 What though our heart and flesh
should fail?
Through Christ we shall o'er death
prevail.
Through Jordan's swell we will not
fear,
Our Jesus will be with us there;
Our heads above the waves He'll
bear;
God is love.

5 In Canaan we will sing again,
And this shall be our loudest strain.
Whilst endless ages roll along,
We'll triumph with the Heavenly
throng, [song,
And this shall be our sweetest
God is love.

318

Oh, turn ye, 362, A*b*. 12's & 11's
The Ash Grove, 363, A*b*. a2

O JESUS, my Saviour, I know
Thou art mine, [resign.
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I
Of objects most pleasing, I love
Thee the best,
Without Thee I'm wretched, but
with Thee I'm blest.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know
I was blind, [to find;
And showed me the way of salvation
And when I was sinking in gloomy
despair, [not fear.
My Jesus was gracious, and bid me

3 I love Thee, my Saviour; I love
Thee, my Lord;
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways
and Thy word.
With tender affection I love sinners
too, [from woe.
For Jesus hath died to redeem them

4 I find Him in secret, I find Him in
prayer, [there.
In sweet meditation He always is
My constant Companion, we never
will part; [my heart!
All glory to Jesus who reigns in

319

Saints of God, 235, B*b*. 8's & 4's
Lord, I believe, 236, B*b*. n

SAINTS of God, lift up your voices,
Praise ye the Lord!
While the host of Heaven rejoices,
Praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him, as ye onward go
To the realms of endless glory,
Let His praise each heart o'erflow,
Praise ye the Lord!

2 For the hope of every nation,
He has wrought for us salvation.
Jesus died for you and me,
Died for all on Calvary's mountain,
Every sinner may be free,
Praise ye the Lord!

3 Thousands have in Christ believed,
And His pardoning love received.
We have joined the happy throng,
God is with us, we're His soldiers,
Jesus shall be all our song,
Praise ye the Lord!

4 Sinners, you may all go with us,
Turn from sin, believe on Jesus.
Now's the time, no more delay,
Hasten to the cleansing Fountain;
Will you start for Heaven today?
Praise ye the Lord!

5 Hallelujah! We are rising,
And the work of God's reviving,
See our numbers how they swell,
Onward! The Salvation Army
Triumphs o'er the powers of Hell,
Praise ye the Lord!

320

I love the Saviour's name, C.M.
50, E*b*. Abridge, 94, E*b*. b

HOW sweet the name of Jesus
sounds
In a believer's ear! [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.
Oh, how I love the Saviour's name!
So do I; I love the Saviour's name!

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I
build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I will Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

321

The blue bells of Scotland, 11's
346, D. Cossar, 345, E*b*. x

O JESUS! O Jesus! how vast Thy
love to me! [eternity;
I'll bathe in its full ocean to all
And, wending on to Glory, this all
my song shall be:
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus
died for me!

2 O Calvary! O Calvary! the thorn,
the crown, the spear!
'Tis there Thy love, my Jesus, in
flowing wounds appears!
O depths of love and mercy, to
those dear wounds I flee;
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus
died for me!

3 I'm coming, I'm coming, dear Jesus,
to Thy Throne,
A few more fleeting hours and I
shall be at Home.
And when I reach those pearly gates
then I'll put in this plea,
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus
died for me!

4 In Glory, in Glory, for ever with
the Lord,
I'll tune my harp and with the saints
will sing with sweet accord.
And as I strike those golden strings,
this all my theme shall be,
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus
pardoned me!

322

Old hundredth, 2, A*b*. L.M.
Tallis, 41, G. a

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful
voice, [forth tell;
Him serve with fear, His praise
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us
take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts
unto; [always,
Praise, laud, and bless His name
For it is seemly so to do!

4 For why? The Lord our God is
good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

323 Crown the Saviour, 272, 8's & 7's
G. Triumph, 306, C. r

LOOK, ye saints! The sight is
glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him, crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown
Him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings.
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of Heaven rings.
Crown Him, crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him, crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant
chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of
lords!

324 Falcon Street, 128, B*b*. S.M.
New parting, 135, A*b*. c

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your
God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah!

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And bless and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought!

4 God is our Strength and Song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious
Henceforth for evermore. [name,

325 The Lion of Judah, 348, D. 11's
My Jesus, I love Thee, 340, A*b*. x

OH, bliss of the purified! Bliss of
the free! [for me.
I plunge in the crimson tide opened
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I
stand, [His hand.
And point to the print of the nails in

Oh, sing of His goodness, His mercy
and grace,
Through whom we have found in
His Kingdom a place!

2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is
mine! [I pine;
No longer in dread condemnation
Quite sure of salvation I sing of
His grace, [His face.
Who lifted upon me the smile of

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! Bliss of
the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His
Blood cannot cure!
No sorrow-bowed head but may
sweetly find rest,
No mourner whose tears can't be
dried on His breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified, of Thee I'll
sing, [my King!
My blessed Redeemer, my God, and
My soul filled with rapture shall
shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the Mighty
to Save!

326 And above the rest, 1, E*b*. L.M.
Job, 27, A*b*. a

PRAISE God for what He's done for me!
Once I was blind, but now I see;
I on the brink of ruin fell—
Glory to God, I'm out of Hell!

For what the Lord has done for me,
I'll praise Him through eternity.

2 The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
And now to praise Him I'll begin;
I never praised the Lord before,
But now I'll praise Him more and more.

3 I spurned His grace, I broke His laws,
But Jesus undertook my cause;
Bad as I was, He cleansed my soul,
Healed my disease, and made me whole.

4 Praise God for what He's done for us! [thus.
He's tuned our hearts to praise Him
And now He cries, "Go on, go on;
I'll crown you when your work is done!"

327 Ernan, 38, B*b*. Alstone, L.M.
22, C. a

BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye peoples bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid, [men;
Made us of clay, and formed us
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, [raise;
High as the heavens our voices
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, [ing praise.
Shall fill Thy courts with sound-

4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

328 Mary, 61, F. C.M
My Shepherd, 72, B*b*. b

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free:
His Blood can make the foulest
His Blood avails for me. [clean,

5 See, all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

329 Glory to the Lamb, 287, 8's & 7's
A*b*. I love Jesus, 282, E*b*. r

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh! the cleansing Blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious Blood.

4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

330

I love the Saviour's name, 50, E*b*. C.M. b

THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

Oh, how I love the Saviour's name!
So do I, so do I, so do I!
I love the Saviour's name!

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who gave His life for me,
That I and all who come to Him,
From sin may be set free.

3 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 In Heaven with all the Blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

331

Accrington, 35, F. L.M.
Boston, 8, G. a

WHAT shall we offer to our Lord
In gratitude for all His grace?
Fain would we His great name record, [praise.
And worthily set forth His

2 O Thou who callest forth our love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let Thy love our souls o'erflow!

3 So shall our lives Thy power proclaim
Thy grace for every sinner free;
Till all mankind shall learn Thy name— [Thee.
Shall all stretch out their hands to

4 Open a door which earth and Hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Let Thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain.

5 We all, in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of Thy power;
Stand in the temple of our God,
As pillars, and go out no more.

332

St. Agnes, 106, G. C.M.
French, 91, E*b*. b

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But better far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek! [art;
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our greatest joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

333 Hallelujah to the Lamb, 51, C.M.
E*b*. Jerusalem, 47, E*b*. b

COME, let us join our cheerful
songs
With angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who died
on Mount Calvary!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelu-
jah! Amen.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry,
"To be exalted thus!" [reply.
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts
"For He was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can
give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

334 Euphony, 212, E*b*. Ye 6-8's
banks and braes, 223, G. 1

WHAT am I, O Thou glorious
God, [Thee.
And what my father's house to
That Thou such mercies hast be-
stowed
On me, the chief of sinners, me?
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at Thy boundless love.

2 Honor, and might, and thanks, and
praise
I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of Thy grace,
And spread Thy saving name
abroad;
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying souls to
Heaven.

3 Jesus, I bless Thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts Thy
name!
Thy name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue pro-
claim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven
below.

335 Houghton, 330, A*b*, 10's & 11's
Hanover, 329, A*b*. w

THE people of God, Jehovah we
praise, [by His grace.
As bought by His Blood and saved
Who daily delivers and ransoms His
own, [His Throne.
And waters with rivers of life from

2 Redeemed from the foe, we Jesus
proclaim, [of His name;
And triumph to know the power
Preserved from evil through God
the Most High, [defy.
The world and the devil and sin we

3 Much more than our sin His grace
doth abound; [is found.
His Kingdom within our bosom
His Blood's application the blessing
imparts, [our hearts.
The inward salvation, and hallows

4 Triumphing we go to triumph again,
Till death, the last foe, by Jesus is
slain. [out of our graves,
His death shall release us, called
To witness that Jesus eternally saves.

336 My God, I am Thine, 12's
355, G. y

WE praise Thee, O God, for the
Son of Thy love; [above!
For Jesus who died and is now gone

Hallelujah! 'tis done, I believe on
the Son; [Crucified One.
I am saved by the Blood of the

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy
Spirit of Light;
Who has shown us our Saviour, and
scattered our night!

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain;
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain!

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways!

5 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above!

337

Darwell's, 142, D. 4-6's & 2-8's
Weymouth, 145, A*b*. d

YE ransomed souls draw near
The Throne of Christ your Lord,
And wait till He appear,
According to His word.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free!

2 In God we put our trust
If we our sins confess;
Faithful is He, and just
From all unrighteousness,
To cleanse us all, that gladly we
May soon from all our sins be free.

3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love.
Rejoice in hope, and claim with me
That Christ from all our sins sets free!

4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in His grace.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We now from all our sins are free!

338

Abridge, 94, E*b*. C.M.
Martyrdom, 86, A*b*. b

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
Awake, my voice and sing,
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the unchanging God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

5 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice
To know Thy favor sure;
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

339

And above the rest, 1, E*b*. L.M.
Simeon, 36, F. a

NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But, oh! His love what tongue can tell?
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, powerful, and free
Has been His love to sinful me!
He plucked me from the jaws of Hell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 Though many a fiery, flaming dart
The tempter levels at my heart,
With this I all his rage repel—
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in His arms resign my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And claim my mansion in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

HOLINESS

THE CALL TO HOLINESS

340 Jesus is strong to deliver, 413, A*b*.

WHY are you doubting and fearing?
Why are you still under sin?
Have you not found that His grace doth abound?
He's mighty to save; let Him in.

Jesus is strong to deliver,
Mighty to save! Mighty to save!
Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save!

2 You say, "I am weak, I am helpless,
I've tried again and again;"
Well, this may be true, but it's not what *you* do,
'Tis *He* who's the "Mighty to Save!"

3 When in my sorrow He found me,
Found me and bade me be whole;
Turned all my night into heavenly light,
And from me my burden did roll.

4 When in the tempest He hides me,
When in the storm He is near;
All the way 'long He carries me on,
And now I have nothing to fear.

341 Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's
Praise, 249, D. q

THERE is a dwelling-place above—
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go;
There is a paradise of rest—
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

2 There is a voice to mercy true—
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart:
There is a sight from man concealed—
That sight—the face of God revealed—
Shall bless the pure in heart.

3 There is a name in Heaven bestowed—
That name which hails them sons of God,
That friends of peace shall know:
There is a Kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high
Who serve Him here below.

4 Lord, be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given:
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in Heaven.

342 Shall we gather at the River? 256, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

YES, there flows a wondrous river,
That can make the foulest clean,
To the soul it is the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.

Round us flows the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,
That can make a saint of a sinner,
It flows from the Throne of God.

2 All who seek this cleansing river
Have their deepest need supplied,
From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

3 Have you proved this precious river,
Perfect cleansing gaining there,
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care?

4 On the margin of this river,
In your stains why still delay?
Why not now be free for ever,
And the voice of God obey?

343

To the uttermost He saves, 192, G. 7's & 6's i
Calvary's Stream is flowing, 188, A*b*.

COME with me, visit Calvary,
Where our Redeemer died;
His Blood now fills the fountain,
'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide.
He died from sin to sever
Our hearts and lives complete;
He saves and keeps for ever
Those living at His feet.

To the uttermost He saves,
To the uttermost He saves,
Dare you now believe,
And His love receive?
To the uttermost He saves.

Calvary's stream is flowing,
Calvary's stream is flowing;
'Tis flowing so free,
For you and for me;
Calvary's stream is flowing.

2 God's great, free, full salvation
Is offered here and now;
Complete Blood-bought redemption
Can be obtained by you.
Reach out faith's hand, now claim-
The cleansing flood will flow; [ing,
Look up just now, believing,
His fullness you shall know.

3 I will surrender fully,
And do my Saviour's will;
He shall now make me holy,
And with Himself me fill.
He's saving, I'm believing,
This blessing I now claim,
His Spirit I'm receiving,
My heart is in a flame.

4 I've wondrous peace through trust-
A well of joy within; [ing,
This rest is everlasting,
My days fresh triumphs win.
He gives me heavenly measure,
Pressed down and running o'er;
Oh, what a priceless treasure,
Glory for evermore!

344

Living beneath the shade of the Cross, 518, C.

IF you want pardon, if you want
peace, [to cease,
If you want sorrow and sighing
Look up to Jesus, who died on the
To gain you a full salvation. [tree,

Living beneath the shade of the
Cross, [dross;
Counting the jewels of earth but
Cleansed in the Blood that flows
from His side,
Enjoying a full salvation!

2 If you want Jesus to reign in your
soul, [be whole;
Plunge in the fountain, and you shall
Washed in the Blood of the Cru-
cified One,
Enjoying a full salvation.

3 If you want boldness, take part in
the fight, [light;
If you want purity, walk in the
If you want liberty, shout and be
Enjoying a full salvation. [free,

4 If you want holiness, cling to the
Cross, [dross;
Counting the riches of earth as
Down at His feet you'll be cleansed
and made free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

345 Oh, turn ye, 362, A*b*. 12's & 11's a2

BELIEVE Him! Believe Him!
The Holy One is waiting
To perfect within you what grace
has begun. [most salvation,
God wills for His people an utter-
To sanctify you wholly the
Spirit will come.

2 Surrender! Surrender! Neglect
the call no longer,
But say, "Blessed Master, Thy
will shall be done,
I cease from my striving, Thy love
shall be the conqueror,
To sanctify me wholly make
haste, Lord, and come."

3 Salvation! Salvation! Oh, tell to
all the story, [and gone!
The thraldom of evil is broken
My Sun and my Shield, the Lord
gives grace and glory,
He sanctifies me wholly; the
Spirit has come.

346 Thou Shepherd of Israel, 206, G. The Cross now covers my sins, 207, E*b*. 8's k

HOW tasteless and tedious the
hours
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and
sweet flowers [me;
Have lost all their sweetness to
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look
But when I am happy in Him. [gay;
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His
voice—
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My Summer would last all the
year.

3 Content with beholding His face—
My all to His pleasure resigned;
No changes in season or place
Could make any change in my
mind. [love,
While blessed with a sense of His
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus but dwelt with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine—
If Thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my Winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from
my sky, [store;
Thy soul-cheering presence re-
Then take me to Thee up on high,
Where Winter and storms are no
more!

347 Hyfrydol, 312, G. Salvator, 310, G. 8's & 7's t

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven, to earth come
down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love. [ing,

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

348

Darwell's, 142, D. 4-6's & 2-8's
St. John, 143, D. d

SAVIOUR, we know Thou art
In every age the same;
Now, Lord, in ours exert
The virtue of Thy name; [crease
And daily through Thy word, in-
Thy Blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 Thy people saved below
From every sinful stain,
Shall multiply and grow
If Thy command ordain;
And one into a thousand rise,
And spread Thy praise through
earth and skies.

3 In many a soul, and mine
Thou hast displayed Thy power;
But to Thy people join
Ten thousand thousand more,
Saved from the guilt and strength
of sin,
In life and heart entirely clean.

349

I will guide thee, 8's & 7's
255, G. Room for r
Jesus, 252, B*b*

THOUGH your sins may be as
scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though they now be red as crimson,
Full salvation you may know.
Hallelujah! He is able,
Able now to set you free,
With an uttermost salvation;
Then victorious you shall be.

2 Christ is here to save you fully
From all inward, hidden strife;
Jesus' Blood can make you holy,
Power impart for spotless life.

3 Worldly, narrow, selfish feeling
In your heart has had the sway;
Horrid sins God is revealing—
These can all be swept away.

4 You have never dared to venture,
Fearing what the world would say;
You're a timid, doubting creature—
This can all be changed today.

350

Stand like the brave, 11's
349, A*b*. Lord Jesus, I x
long, 344, A*b*.

O SOLDIER of Jesus, how blessed
art thou, [thee now!
For Jesus is waiting to strengthen
Fear not to rely on the word of
thy God, [in the Blood.
Step out on the promise—get washed
Washed in the Blood, washed in the
Blood; [in the Blood.
Stand on the promise—get washed

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty,
rejoice! [sweet voice
For ye shall be filled; oh, hear that
Inviting you now to the banquet
of God, [in the Blood!
Step out on the promise—get washed

3 Who sighs for a heart from in-
iquity free?
O poor, troubled soul, there's a
promise for thee!
There's rest, weary one, in the
bosom of God; [in the Blood.
Step out on the promise—get washed

4 The promise can't save, though each
promise is true;
'Tis the Blood of the Lamb that does
cleanse us right through;
It cleanses us now, oh, glory to
God!
We rest on the promise—we're
washed in the Blood.

351

The precious Blood is
flowing, 480, B*b*.

"THERE flows a stream from My
riven side,"
Tenderly the Lord is speaking;
"For sin-stained hearts is the cleans-
ing tide," [words?
Will you heed the gracious
The precious Blood is flowing o'er
my heart,
It is cleansing, it is cleansing;
Before its waves my sin and fear
It is flowing o'er my heart. [depart,

2 "Your will as throne will you yield to Me?"
Tenderly the Lord is speaking;
"As King am I o'er your soul to be?"
Will you heed the gracious words?

3 "My peace I'll give, it shall guard your heart!"
Tenderly the Lord is speaking;
"My presence ne'er shall from you depart,"
Will you heed the gracious words?

4 "Upon your heart I My laws will write,"
Tenderly the Lord is speaking;
"Your darkened soul I will fill with light,"
Will you heed the gracious words?

5 "I trod a path thorn-strewn for thee,"
Tenderly the Lord is speaking;
"The cross-bound way wilt thou tread for Me?"
Will you heed the gracious words?

6 "In love My life was laid down for thee,"
Tenderly the Lord is speaking;
"A sin-cleansed heart wilt thou give to Me?"
Will you heed the gracious words?

352

We are out on the ocean, 279, D. 8's & 7's r
For I'm going, 273, G.

YE who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read the gracious promise
Which is left upon record?

He will sprinkle you with water,
Sanctify and make you holy;
He will reign and dwell within you,
He will cleanse you from all sin.

2 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus, know.

3 Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find;
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.

4 Pray, and the refining fire
Will come streaming from above;
Now believe and gain the blessing,
Nothing less than perfect love.

5 Oh, may every soul be filled;
With the Holy Ghost today!
He is coming, He is coming,
Oh, prepare, prepare the way!

Now He sprinkles me with water,
Sanctifies and makes me holy;
Now He dwells and reigns within me,
Now He cleanses from all sin.

353

Love one another, Eb. Always cheerful, 257, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

ANGRY words, oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever,
Check them ere they soil the lip!
"Love one another," thus saith the Saviour;
Soldiers, obey your Father's blest command;
"Love one another," thus saith the Saviour;
Soldiers, obey His blest command.
Always cheerful, always cheerful,
All our words let love control;
Always cheerful, always cheerful,
Constant sunshine in the soul.

2 Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly,
Thus to desolate and mar.

3 Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

354 Lascelles, 127, E*b*. S.M.
Trentham, 130, G. c

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the Heavens,
Our life and peace to bring;
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King.

3 Still to the lowly soul,
He doth Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His Throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

355 Are you washed? 434, B*b*.

HAVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb? [this hour?
Are you fully trusting in His grace
Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

Are you washed in the Blood?
In the soul-cleansing Blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side? [the Lamb?
Are you washed in the Blood of
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? [the Lamb?
Are you washed in the Blood of

3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the Blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansion bright,
And be washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

SEEKING HOLINESS

356 None of self, 264, G. 8's & 7's
r

LORD, I come to Thee beseeching
For a heart-renewing here;
Up to Thee my hands are stretching,
After Thee my heart is reaching;
Saviour, in Thy power draw near.

2 Holy Spirit, come, revealing
All I must forsake, confess;
'Tis for light, Lord, I'm appealing;
I am here to seek Thy healing;
Thou art here to save and bless.

3 'Neath the searching light of Heaven,
Here a deeper truth I see;
Though the past was long forgiven,
One more chain must yet be riven,
Lord, from self I am not free.

4 Though Thy light some pain is bringing,
Thou art answering my prayer;
To Thy promises I'm clinging,
At Thy Cross myself I'm flinging,
For the Blood is flowing there.

5 'Tis the Blood—oh, wondrous river!
Now its power has touched my soul;
'Tis the Blood from sin can sever,
'Tis the Blood that doth deliver,
Here and now it makes me whole!

357 Simeon, 36, F. L.M.
Wareham, 32, B*b*. a

JESUS, Thy great and glorious fame,
My drooping soul exults to hear
Thy name, Thy all-restoring name
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Faith in Thy changeless name I have,
The good, the kind Physician, Thou
Art able now to fully save;
Art willing, Lord, to do it now.

3 All my disease, my every sin,
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

4 That token of Thine utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with Thy Blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

358

Oh, speak, 204, G. We speak of the realms, 210, C. 8's k

I BRING Thee, dear Jesus, my all,
Nor hold back from Thee any part;
Obedient to Thy welcome call,
I yield Thee the whole of my heart!

Oh, speak, while before Thee I pray!
And, O Lord, just what seems to Thee good,
Reveal, and my heart shall obey!

2 Perverse, stubborn once was my will,
My feet ran in self-chosen ways;
Thy pleasure henceforth to fulfil,
I'll spend all the rest of my days.

3 The doubts that have darkened my soul,
The shame and the fear that I hate,
Oh, banish, and bid me be whole,
A clean heart within me create!

4 A heart that beats loyal and true,
Unspotted and pure in Thy sight;
A love that would anything do,
A life given up to the fight.

5 Lord, make me, I pray Thee, a saint!
As holy I'd be as I ought;
With Thee, since there is no retraint,
Oh, give me this blessing Blood-bought!

359

While the days are going by, Salv. Sol. No. 1, 242, F. Scatter seeds, 316, G. 8's & 7's t

THERE are wants my heart is telling,
While the Spirit passes by;
And with hope my soul is swelling,
While the Spirit passes by.
Oh, what prospects now I see!
What a life my life may be!
If Thy seal is placed on me,
While the Spirit passes by.

While the Spirit passes by,
While the Spirit passes by,
Let my heart be sealed for Thee,
While the Spirit passes by.

2 Here I stand, my self disdaining,
While the Spirit passes by;
Stand in faith, Thy mercy claiming,
While the Spirit passes by.
Let Thy power my soul refine,
Let Thy grace my will incline;
Take my all and make it Thine,
While the Spirit passes by.

360

Belmont, 106, G. My Shepherd, 72, Bb. C.M. b

THE depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell?
Oh, may I to the utmost prove,
The gift unspeakable!

2 Deeper than Hell, it plucked me thence,
Deeper than inbred sin;
My Saviour's love my heart shall cleanse,
When He has entered in.

3 Come, gracious Lord, and wholly take
Possession of Thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make,
Thine everlasting throne!

4 Assert Thy claim, maintain Thy right,
Come quickly from above,
And lead me to perfection's height—
The depth of humble love.

361 *Oh, live Thy life in me, G.f.S. No.* 1, 78, G. 8.8.8.6.
Misericordia, 467 (verse only), E*b*.

SAVIOUR, I want Thy love to know
That I in love may be like Thee;
Oh, let it now my heart o'erflow,
And live Thy life in me!

I give my heart to Thee,
Thy dwelling-place to be;
I want Thee ever in my heart,
Oh, live Thy life in me!

2 I want Thy spotless purity,
For ever in my heart to be
A reflex of Thy holiness;
Oh, live Thy life in me!

3 I want Thy wisdom from above,
That I Thy perfect way may see;
To follow Thee unblamable,
Live Thou Thy life in me.

4 I want Thy constant presence, Lord,
Then e'en a dark adversity
Will be a blessing in disguise;
Live Thou Thy life in me.

5 Then to faith's vision Thou shalt be
Ever a bright reality,
Keeping my heart in purity,
Living Thy life in me.

362 Ernan, 38, B*b*. L.M.
Neapolis, 17, A*b*. a

GOD of all power and truth and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when Heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure—

2 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

3 Purge me from every sinful blot,
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

4 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt and fear and sorrow free;
The mind that was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

5 Oh, that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of Thy perfect love!

363 I hear Thy welcome voice, 137, D. S.M. c

BEFORE Thy face, dear Lord,
Myself I want to see,
And while I every question sing,
I want to answer Thee.

While I speak to Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness show;
Am I what I ought to be?
O Saviour, let me know!

2 Am I what once I was?
Have I that ground maintained,
Wherein I walked in power with Thee,
And Thou my soul sustained?

3 Do I possess a heart
In thought and action clean?
From Monday morn till Sunday eve
Has my salvation been?

4 Have I the zeal I had
When Thou didst me ordain
To preach Thy Word and seek Thy lost,
Or do I feel it pain?

5 Am I the one to go
Where all is big and bright?
Or have I lost the zeal I knew,
To share the hardest fight?

364 Come, comrades dear, 247, A*b*. 8's & 6's q
Pembroke, 251, G.

COME, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire,
Come, and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious Blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

2 Let nothing now my heart divide.
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be.

3 Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give!
In might Thyself within me live,
Come, all Thou hast and art!

4 My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see,
In Thine unclouded face.
Called the full strength of trust to prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

365

Come on, my partners, 248, A*b*. He lives, 250, C.
8's & 6's
q

OH, glorious hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings!
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast,
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below.
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise,
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn and wine and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest.
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 Oh, that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins and doubts and fears;
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Jesus, bring me in;
Cast out Thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide;
Give me, with all the sanctified,
The heritage of love!

366

Sweet Heaven, 424, B*b*. Ready to die, 360, A*b*.
12's & 9's
z

WITH my faint, weary soul,
To be made fully whole,
And Thy perfect salvation to see;
With my heart all aglow
To be washed white as snow,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

I'm coming, I'm coming, dear Saviour, to Thee,
With my heart all aglow
To be washed white as snow;
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

Coming to Thee, coming to Thee!
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

2 Oh, how long I have tried
To resist nature's tide!
All in vain have I sighed to be
In myself all undone, [free;
'Neath the waves sinking down,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

3 I Thy promise believe
That in Thee I shall live,
Through Thy Blood shed so freely
To obtain a pure heart [for me!
And secure the good part, [Thee.
I am coming, dear Saviour, to

4 All to Thee now I give,
Thine to die, Thine to live,
Crucified to the world e'er to be;
To be dead unto sin,
With a new life within, [Thee.
I am coming, dear Saviour, to

5 Now I'm Thine, wholly Thine;
Precious Saviour divine,
With my all consecrated to Thee;
To be kept every hour
By Thy love's wondrous power,
I have come, my dear Saviour, to Thee.

367

Belmont, 105, G. C.M.
Conference, 117, B*b*. b

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my longing soul reveal
The virtue of Thy love.

2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,
To be redeemed from sin.

3 For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt;
Remove from hence! to sin I say,
Be cast this moment out!

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's Blood.

5 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour Thou;
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done: Thou dost this moment
With full salvation bless; [save,
Redemption through Thy Blood I have,
And perfect love and peace.

368

Oh, the voice, 84, E*b*. C.M.
Draw me nearer, 401, G, b

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

Draw me nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin;
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy Blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

369

No home on earth, have I, S. A. M., 72 G. D.S.M.
cc
Chalvey, 138 (verse only), F.

COME in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home,
Come in and cleanse my soul from
And dwell with me alone. [sin,
Thyself to me be given,
In fullness of Thy love;
Thyself alone will make my heaven,
Though all Thy gifts remove.

Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home,
Come in and cleanse my soul from
And dwell with me alone. [sin,

2 Come in, my Lord, come in,
Show forth Thy saving power!
Restore, renew, release from sin—
Oh, save this very hour!
Thy promise now I claim,
By faith put in my plea,
And trust in that almighty name,
Immanuel, in Thee.

3 My Lord, Thou dost come in,
I feel it in my soul!
I hear Thy words, my Saviour-King,
"Be every whit made whole,"
Glory to God on high!
Let Heaven and earth agree,
My risen Christ to magnify,
For lo! He lives with me.

370

Rousseau, 162, F. Wells, 163, C. 7's f

OH, disclose Thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers.
Haste, my Lord, no more delay!
Come, my Saviour, come away!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiance divine;
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

371

Spanish Chant, 169, A*b*. 7's
Depth of mercy, 146, B*b*. e

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now,
At the Cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief away;
Hear and heal me now, I pray.

Bless me now, bless me now,
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord, this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord.

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

372

I need Thee, 479, A*b*.

I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That I may cleansed be
In Thy once opened fount.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; every hour I need Thee!
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour; I come to Thee!

2 My heart to Thee I bring—
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing
An evil heart indeed.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all from me.

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer Heaven.

6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine, ever Thine alone!

373

I bring my heart to Jesus, 407, G.

I BRING my heart to Jesus, with its fears, [its tears;
With its hopes and feelings, and
Him it seeks, and finding, it is blest,
Him it loves, and loving, is at rest.
Walking with my Saviour, heart in
None can part. [heart,

2 I bring my life to Jesus, with its care, [there.
And before His footstool leave it
Faded are its treasures, poor and dim,
It is not worth living without Him,
More than life is Jesus, love and
Ne'er to cease. [peace,

3 I bring my sins to Jesus, as I pray
That His Blood will wash them all away;
While I seek for favor at His feet,
And with tears His promise still repeat;
He doth tell me plainly, Jesus lives
And forgives.

4 I bring my all to Jesus; He hath seen
How my soul desireth to be clean;
Nothing from His altar I would keep.
To His Cross of suffering I would leap,
And the fire descending brings to me
Liberty.

374

Southport, 129, G. S.M.
Lascelles, 127, E*b*. c

CALLED from above, I rise,
To wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide,
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side.

3 Deep in my soul I feel
The living waters spring,
And joy the wondrous news to tell,
And full salvation sing.

4 My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this,
To know that Jesus fully saves
And I am fully His.

375

Confidence, 3, *Eb*. L.M.
Silver Hill, 37, F. a

I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God
To wash me in Thy cleansing Blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength do thence derive,
And for Thee fight, and in Thee live.

4 O conquering Jesus, Saviour Thou,
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give,
Thine we will die; Thine we will live!

376

Spanish Chant, 169, A*b*. 7's
Dix, 164, G. f

BLESSED Lamb of Calvary,
Let Thy Spirit fall on me;
Let the cleansing, healing flow
Wash and keep me white as snow,
That henceforth my life may be
Bright and beautiful for Thee.

2 Burn out every selfish thought,
Let Thy will in me be wrought;
Fan my love into a flame,
Send a Pentecostal rain,
That henceforth my life may be
Spent in winning souls for Thee.

3 Teach me how to fight and win
Perfect victory over sin;
Give me a compassion deep,
That will for lost sinners weep,
That henceforth my life may prove
That I serve Thee out of love.

377

The Cross now covers my sins, 207, E*b*. 8's
Thou Shepherd of Israel, 206, G. k

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the Heavenly Lamb,
And after His image aspire.
I'm coming, dear Saviour, to Thee,
Who knowest my longing desire;
Impart Thy blest Spirit to me,
And fill me this hour with the fire.

2 My hope is all centered in Thee;
I trust to receive all Thy love,

On earth Thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.
3 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God who on Calvary died,
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gushed from Immanuel's
side!
4 I long for the stream of Thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the Throne.

378

Stella, 217, D. 6-8's
Eaton, 214, E*b*. 1

THOU hidden love of God, whose
height, [knows;
Whose depth unfathomed no man
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.
2 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast
brought [Thee;
My mind to seek her peace in
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall
see: [end,
Oh, when shall all my wanderings
And all my steps to Thee, Lord,
tend?
3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart
to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be
free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
4 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may
My vile affections crucify, [live;
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!
5 Each moment draw from earth
away [call;
My heart, that lowly waits Thy
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Lord, thy God, thy
All!" [voice,
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy
To share Thy Cross be all my choice.

379

Long, long ago, 400, G.
Cleansing for me, 471, G.

LORD, through the Blood of the
Lamb that was slain,
Cleansing for me, [I claim
From all the guilt of my sins now
Cleansing from Thee.
Sinful and black though the past
may have been, [seen,
Many the crushing defeats I have
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now
Cleansing for me. [I lean,

2 From all the sins over which I have
Cleansing for me. [wept,
Far, far away by the Blood-current
Cleansing for me. [swept,
Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,
And as I come Thou wilt surely
receive, [grieve,
That over sin I may never more
Cleansing for me.

3 From all the doubts that have filled
Cleansing for me. [me with gloom,
From all the fears that would point
Cleansing for me. [me to doom,
Jesus, although I may not under-
stand, [my hand,
In childlike faith now I stretch forth
And through Thy word and Thy
grace I shall stand,
Cleansed by Thee.

4 From all the care of what men
Cleansing for me. [think or say,
From ever fearing to speak, sing,
Cleansing for me. [or pray,
Lord, in Thy love and Thy power
make me strong, [belong;
That all may know that to Thee I
When I am tempted let this be my
Cleansing for me. [song—

380

Madrid, 213, B*b*. 6-8's
St. Matthias, 222, G. 1

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,
Be Thou, O Lord, my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown!
Strange loves far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies,
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

4 Oh, that I as a little child
May follow Thee, and never rest
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be
Till I am one, my Lord, with Thee.

381

My beautiful Home, 29, D. L.M. a

WHY should I be a slave to sin,
To foes without or foes within?
Sometimes I mount, sometimes cast down,
Sometimes all smile, sometimes all frown,

There's victory for me! There's victory for me!
Through the Blood of the Lamb there is victory for me;
He came to set His people free,
And give them perfect victory.

2 Sin will abound till grace comes in,
Then grace shall triumph over sin;
Just now, dear Saviour, let it be,
Now give me perfect victory.

3 Be Thou my strength, be Thou my all,
Then surely I shall never fall;
If none can pluck me from Thy hand,
I more than conqueror shall stand.

4 'Tis true I have no room to boast,
When most I'm saved I'm humbled most;
Kept low by grace, and not by sin,
My soul shall make her boast in Him.

382

Martyrdom, 86, A*b*. C.M.
Wiltshire, 92, A*b*. b

WHAT is salvation's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till He shall touch me clean.
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall in me take place,
The chief of sinners me.

4 From all iniquity, from all
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Now cast my soul on Him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart His home
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! He saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!

6 Be it according to Thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

383

Mary, 61, F. C.M.
St. Stephen, 79, G. b

MY God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in Thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 Love can bow down the stubborn
The stone to flesh convert, [neck,
Soften and melt, and pierce and
The very hardest heart. [break

5 Oh, that in me the sacred Fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

6 Oh, that it now from Heaven might
And all my sins consume! [fall,
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of Burning, come!

7 Refining Fire, go through my heart
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

384

Holly, 40, F. Thy will L.M.
be done, 14, A*b*. a

O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy, [be
That silent, secret thought shall
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eyes pervadeth space,
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the shelter of Thy wing;
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

385

Tell me the old, old 7's & 6's
story, 201, C. i

TELL me about the glory,
The sanctifying power,
The fullness of salvation,
The Spirit's mighty power.
Tell me, can I be holy?
Can I be cleansed from sin?
Can I be filled with glory?
Can I be pure within?

Tell me about the glory,
Tell me about the glory,
Tell me about the glory,
The sanctifying power.

2 Tell me about the glory,
That does the Army good,
Salvation for the nations,
The power of Fire and Blood.
Tell me about the soldiers
Who march with flags unfurled,
To conquer with salvation
A lost and rebel world.

3 Tell me of Jesus' glory,
Of Jesus' truth and grace,
Of Jesus' glist'ning raiment,
Of Jesus' shining face.
Tell me about the glory,
The glory love has given;
The light for death's dark valley,
The light of earth and Heaven.

4 Saviour, I claim the glory,
For glory I believe;
The glory makes me happy,
The glory I receive.
The glory now I'm feeling,
The glory I shall see,
From glory unto glory,
The glory changing me.

386

Sovereignty, 221, D. 6-8's
Euphony, 212, E*b*. 1

SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove,
That Jesus is Thy healing name,
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am.
I stay me on Thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

2 Fulfill that gracious end in me,
For which Thy precious life was given;
Redeem from all iniquity,
Restore, and make me meet for Heaven.
Unless Thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst Thou not die that I might live,
No longer to myself, but Thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To Him who gave Himself for me?
Come, then, my Master and my God;
Take the dear purchase of Thy Blood.

4 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For Thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me Thy glorious name,
Me for Thine own this moment take,
And change and thoroughly purify,
Thine only may I live and die.

387

Oh, wash me now, 10, L.M.
G. Rocked in the cradle. a
15, A*b*.

WITHIN my heart, O Lord, fulfill
The purpose of Thy death and pain, [still,
That all may know Thou livest
In Blood-washed hearts to rule and reign.

The fountain now is open wide,
I plunge into the cleansing tide;
Lord, let me now be pure within,
And wash my soul from every sin!

2 O Lord, I gaze upon Thy face,
That suffering face so marred for me, [grace,
Touched by the wonders of Thy
My heart in love goes out to Thee!

3 O Saviour, by Thy bleeding form
The world is crucified to me,
Thy loving heart, so rent and torn,
Thy suffering bids me share with Thee!

4 'Twas on the Cross Thou didst redeem [despair;
My soul from sin and dark
'Tis near the Cross I would be seen,
And welcome every sinner there!

388

Give me a heart like C.M.
Thine, 81, G. b
Nativity, 100, G.

GIVE me a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the Blood
So freely spilt for me!

Give me a heart like Thine!
By Thy wonderful power,
And Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine; [good,
Perfect and right, and pure and
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

389

Congress, 99, C. C.M.
Jerusalem, 47, E*b*. b

OH, joyful sound of Gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see His face;
I shall be holy here!

2 This heart shall be His constant home,
I hear His Spirit's cry,
"Surely," He saith, "I quickly come,"
He saith who cannot lie.

3 The glorious crown of righteousness,
To me held out I view;
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

4 He visits now this heart of mine;
He shakes His future home;
Oh, wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into Thy temple come!

5 With me I know, I feel, Thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

390

Lord, Jesus, I long, 11's
344, A*b*. x

LORD Jesus, my heart has been hard and unclean,
Its struggles against Thee Thou often hast seen;
But Thy Blood can cleanse me entirely, I know; [than snow.
Lord, wash me, and I shall be whiter

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; [than snow.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter

2 Lord Jesus, I often have promised before
To serve Thee alone, and to grieve Thee no more;
But only from pure hearts can pure service flow; [than snow.
Lord, wash me, and I shall be whiter

3 Lord Jesus, if still I do not fully bow,
If anything wrong in myself I allow. [ways show;
Oh, search out and to me my evil
Lord, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!

4 Lord Jesus, my all now to Thee I resign,
To know no more life, no more pleasure but Thine;
Whatever Thou hatest in me now o'erthrow; [than snow.
Lord, wash me, and I shall be whiter

5 Lord Jesus, I'm trusting entirely in Thee,
From sin, fear, and doubt, I am fully set free;
Thy Blood cleanses perfectly, Saviour, I know,
For me Thou hast washed and made whiter than snow.

391

Almighty to save, 8's
211, C. Oh, speak, 204, G. k

OH, when shall my soul find her rest, [o'er;
My strugglings and wrestlings be
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more?

2 Now search me, and try me, O Lord,
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry;
See! helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

3 My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, who gave!
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save!

4 O Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy Blood for my cleansing I see,
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present and free.

5 O Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy so high and so deep;
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep!

392

Whiter than the snow,
410, E*b*.

TELL me what to do to be pure
In the sight of the All-seeing Eyes;
Tell me, is there no thorough cure,
No escape from the sins I despise?
Tell me, can I never be free
From this dreadful bondage within?
Is there no deliverance for me;
Must I always have sin dwell within?

Whiter than the snow!
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

2 Will my Saviour only pass by,
Only show me how faulty I've been?
Will He not attend to my cry?
Can I not at this moment be clean?
Blessed Lord, almighty to heal,
I know that Thy power cannot fail;
Here and now I know—yes, I feel
The prayer of my heart does prevail.

3 Now I know to me Thou wilt show
What before I never could see;
Now I know in me Thou wilt dwell,
And united to Thee I shall be.
Surely now Thy smile is on me,
And Thy love to my heart is made known;
Now the face of my God I shall see,
And His power in my life shall be shown.

393

Dennis, 121, G. S.M.
Shirland, 122, G. c

WHEN shall these conflicts cease,
Tamed be this rebel will?
When shall Thy promised perfect
My troubled bosom fill? [peace

2 See, tossed with doubt and fear,
I o'er life's ocean roam;
When wilt Thou, Lord, Thyself appear,
And make my heart Thy home?

3 The price, dear Lord, I'll pay,
Surrender Thee my all!
I'll quickly go, or patient stay,
Wherever Thou shalt call.

4 Thy will to do I'll run,
Thy happy, loving slave;
Now let Thy perfect work be done;
Fit me the lost to save!

5 I plunge into the flood
Again and yet again; [Blood,
And washed in Thy all-cleansing
I'm free from every stain.

394

At Thy feet I fall,
395, E*b*.

O LAMB of God, Thou wonderful Sin-bearer, [on;
Hard after Thee my soul doth follow
As pants the hart for streams in desert dreary,
So pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life-giving One!

At Thy feet I fall,
Yield Thee up my all [crucified.
To suffer, live or die for my Lord

2 I mourn, I mourn, the sin that drove Thee from me, [into my soul;
And blackest darkness brought
Now I renounce the cursed thing that hindered,
And come once more to Thee to be made fully whole.

3 Descend the heavens, Thou whom my soul adoreth,
Exchange Thy Throne for my poor longing heart;
For Thee, for Thee I watch as for the morning,
No rest, no joy I find when from Thee I'm apart

4 Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestowing,
Destroy the works of sin, the self, the pride; [throwing;
Burn, burn in me, my idols over-
Prepare my heart for Him—for my Lord crucified!

395

Come on, my partners, 248, A*b*. Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's q

O JESUS, Saviour, Christ Divine,
When shall I know and feel Thee mine,
Without a doubt or fear?
With anxious, longing thirst I come
To beg Thee make my heart Thy
And keep me holy here. [home,

2 What is there that I will not give
To have Thee ever with me live—
A conquering Christ within?
My life, my all, this blessed day,
Down at Thy precious feet I lay,
To be redeemed from sin.

3 O God of Pentecostal fame,
Can I not have that living flame
Burning where'er I go?
From sin and self and shame set free,
Can I not lead lost souls to Thee,
And conquer every foe?

4 I can, I do just now believe,
I do the heavenly grace receive,
The Spirit makes me clean.
Christ takes the whole of my poor heart,
No sins shall ever from me part
My Lord who reigns supreme.

396

Sad and weary with my longing, S. A. M., 154, G. I will follow Thee, my Saviour, 259, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

SAD and weary with my longing,
Filled with shame because of sin;
As I am in conscious weakness,
Here I must salvation win.
All I have I leave for Jesus,
I am counting it but dross;
I am coming to the Master,
I am clinging to the Cross.

2 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus!
It is dawning on my soul;
I am finding His salvation
And the power that makes me whole!

397

I know Thou art mine, 342, E*b*. The Lion of Judah, 348, D. 11's x

O SAVIOUR, dear Saviour, to Thee I am bringing
My body and soul to be made fully Thine!
The past has been darkened by doubting and sinning,
Oh, come, sin remove from this sad heart of mine!

2 Too long have I struggled—o'er sin I've been grieving,
Too long I've held back, Lord, from yielding my all;
But now, fully trusting, the past failures leaving, [I fall.
I come, blessed Jesus, before Thee

3 The Blood it is cleansing! Thy Spirit is filling! [all washed away;
My doubts and my sins now are
I know Thou hast freed me, now, Lord, come and lead me;
Speak out all Thy wishes and I will obey.

398

Rocked in the cradle, 15, A*b*. Oh, wash me now, 10, G. L.M. a

O LORD, I come just now to Thee,
Bound down by fear and doubt and sin;
Thou only canst my spirit free,
And make me pure and clean within.

I can, I do believe in Thee,
For Thou hast shed Thy Blood for me; [free.
The cleansing stream now sets me
The Blood, the Blood of Calvary!

2 My idols now I cast aside,
All doubtful things I put away;
My life I place at Thy command,
Thy voice in all things to obey.

3 I give myself to Thee to save, [me;
And cast out all that's wrong in
That I no other aim may have,
But live to serve and honor Thee.

399

My mind upon Thee, M. S., Vol. I, 11, G.

MY mind upon Thee, Lord, is stayed,
My all upon Thy altar laid,
Oh, hear my prayer!
And since, in singleness of aim,
I part with all Thy power to gain,
O God, draw near!

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer,
Humble in spirit, I kneel at Thy Cross;
Speak out Thy wishes still clearer,
And I will obey at all cost.

2 By every promise Thou hast made,
And by the price Thy love has paid
For my release,
I claim the power to make me whole,
And keep through every hour my
In perfect peace. [soul

3 And now by faith the deed is done,
And Thou again to live hast come
Within my heart. [Lord,
And rising now with Thee, my
To lose the world I can afford,
For mine Thou art.

400

Christ receiveth sinful 7's
men, 159, D. e
Maidstone, 176, G.

I AM coming to the Cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy Cross I bow,
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse thee from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the Blood applied.
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfected in love I am!
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

401

Clinging to the Cross, C.M.
104, D. If the Cross, b
69, B*b*.

FOR Thee, dear Lord, my spirit longs,
With earnest strong desire;
I seek Thee now with all my heart,
I'm waiting for the fire.

I am clinging to the Cross.

Now I yield myself to Thee,
Thine alone I'll ever be;
All because Thou lovest me,
Saviour, I'll be fully Thine!

2 None else my soul can satisfy,
Or give the rest I seek;
Thy voice, O Lord, I wait to hear,
Now to Thy servant speak.

3 Let grace my longing soul supply,
This hunger, Saviour, meet;
Thy fullness, Lord, to me impart,
Whilst waiting at Thy feet.

4 O Lord, in willingness of love,
I'll tread the Cross-bound way!
'Tis fellowship with Thee I crave,
To serve Thee and obey.

402

Stella, 217, D. 6-8's
St. Matthias, 222, G. 1

O CHRIST of pure and perfect love,
Look on this sin-stained heart of mine,
I thirst Thy cleansing grace to prove,
I want my life to be like Thine.
Oh, see me at Thy footstool bow,
And come and sanctify me now!

2 What is it keeps me out of all
The love and faith and fire I need?
Oh, drive Thy foes from out my soul,
Whate'er it cost, howe'er I bleed!
No sin-cursed thing shall I allow,
If Thou wilt sanctify me now.

3 In vain my fearful heart points back
To failures in dark days gone by;
These shall not drive me from the track
Of heavenly flame, once more brought nigh.
To keep Thy grace Thou'lt show me how,
So come and sanctify me now.

4 Oh, pour on me the cleansing flood,
Nor let Thy side be cleft in vain!
'Tis done, I feel the precious Blood
Does purge and keep from every stain;
To all the world I dare avow
That Jesus sanctifies me now.

403

Blessed Lord, 294, A*b*. Saviour, like a Shepherd, 291, E*b*. 8's & 7's

SPOTLESS Lamb, oh, wilt Thou make me
Always holy in Thy sight,
That the dying world may see me
With my life and actions right?
Blessed Jesus,
Cleanse and make me spotless white.

2 Spotless Lamb, I bring my weakness,
All my failures to the light;
To the Blood for perfect cleansing,
Strengthen me with holy might.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou canst make me spotless white.

3 Spotless Lamb, Thou perfect Cleanser,
Thou didst fit me for the fight;
Healing, cleansing, and renewing,
Now Thy will is my delight.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast made me spotless white.

404

Lord Jesus, I long, 344, A*b*. Hiding in Thee, 338, E*b*. 11's

LORD JESUS, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own Blood and remove every stain;
To get this blest washing, I all things forego;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, come down from Thy Throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Saviour, at Thy pierced feet;
By faith for my cleansing I see Thy Blood flow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

5 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create!
To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst No!
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

6 Thy blessing by faith I receive from above;
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The Blood is applied—I am whiter than snow.

405 Come, comrades dear, 247, A*b*. Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's q

I BRING to Thee my heart to fill,
I feel how weak I am, but still
To Thee for help I call;
In joy or grief, to live or die,
For earth or Heaven, this is my cry,
Be Thou my All-in-all.

2 Around me in the world I see
No joy that charms me out of Thee,
Its honors fade and fall;
But with Thee, though I mount the cross,
I count it gain to suffer loss,
For Thou art All-in-all.

3 I've little strength to call my own,
And what I've done, before Thy Throne,
I here confess is small;
But on Thy strength, O God, I lean,
And through the Blood that makes me clean
Thou art my All-in-all!

4 No tempest can my courage shake,
No pain from Thee my love can take,
No fear my heart appal;
And where I cannot see I'll trust,
For then I know Thou surely must
Be still my All-in-all.

406 I hear Thy welcome voice, 137, D. Lascelles, 127, E*b*. S.M. c

OH, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From evil, doubt and sin.

Hear my pleading, Lord!
Make my spirit free,
Fill my soul with perfect love,
Oh, come and dwell in me!

2 The whole of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove;
Spirit of perfect holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to Thy will and word,
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

4 I ask no higher state,
But give me grace for this,
And then, at last, dear Lord, trans-
Me to eternal bliss. [late

407 Ye banks and braes, 223, G. Cardiff, 219, D. 6-8's 1

FATHER of Jesus Christ the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with Thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In Him who lived and died for me! [known,
But only Thou canst make Him
And in my heart reveal Thy Son.

2 If, drawn by Thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ Thy smiling face;
What flesh and blood can ne'er
Thy co-eternal Son display, [reveal,
And turn my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to shine, [heart,
To shine in my dark, drooping
And fill me with the life divine;
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me!

4 Thee without faith I cannot please,
Faith without Thee I cannot have;
But Thou hast sent the Prince of Peace [save;
To seek my wandering soul, and
O Father, glorify Thy Son,
And save me for His sake alone!

5 Save me through faith in Jesus' Blood, [shed;
That Blood which He for all did
For me, for me, Thou knowest it flowed, [plead;
For me, for me, Thou hearest it
Assure me now my soul is Thine,
And all Thou art in Christ is mine!

408

Boston, 8, G. L.M.
Confidence, 3, E*b*. a

O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds and set it free!

2 Wash out its stain, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean!

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow Thee!
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

409

Regent Square, 297, 8's & 7's
B*b*. Austria, 296, E*b*. s

O THOU God of full salvation,
King of righteousness divine,
Author of the new creation,
Light of life, within us shine!
Make us holy! With Thy blessing make us Thine!

2 From all self and sin deliver,
With Thy nature make us good;
Make us kings and priests for ever,
Wash our garments in Thy Blood.
O'er our Army send a great salvation flood.

3 Sun of righteousness arising,
Cheer us while we bear the cross,
Living, dying, sacrificing,
Purify from sinful dross
Thy disciples; teach us how to gain by loss.

4 Thou art love's unfathomed ocean,
Wisdom's deepest, clearest sea,
Heaven's and earth's salvation portion,
Parent of eternity;
Grace and glory in abundance flow from Thee.

410

Speak, Saviour, speak, 315, A*b*. 8's & 7's
t

LET me hear Thy voice now speaking,
Let me hear and I'll obey;
While before Thy Cross I'm seeking,
Oh, chase my fears away!
Oh, let the light now falling,
Reveal my every need!
Now hear me while I'm calling;
Oh, speak, and I will heed!

Speak, Saviour, speak!
Obey Thee I will ever;
Down at Thy Cross I seek
From all that's wrong to sever.

2 Let me hear and I will follow,
Though the path be strewed with thorns;
It is joy to share Thy sorrow,
Thou makest calm the storm.
Now my heart Thy temple making,
In Thy fullness dwell with me;
Every evil way forsaking,
Thine only I will be.

3 Let the Blood of Christ for ever
Flood and cleanse my heart within,
That to grieve Thee I may never
More stain my soul with sin.
Farewell to worldly pleasure,
Farewell to self and pride;
How wondrous is my treasure,
With Jesus at my side!

411

Oh, happy day, 25, F. L.M.
Beulah Land, 39, G. a

WITH panting heart that dares to seek
The fullness of Thy love divine;
I lay me at Thy bleeding feet,
And claim Thy promises as mine.

I believe, I believe,
The priceless gift I now receive!
Thy Blood does cleanse and make me whole;
Thy perfect love fills all my soul;
I believe, I believe,
The priceless gift I now receive!

2 My groans and tears no change have wrought,
They fail my nature to refine;
The power and love Thy groans have brought
By simple faith henceforth are mine.

3 Oh, let my heart for ever be
The home in which Thou lovest to dwell!
Renewed, and filled with love to Thee;
Endued with power that love to tell.

412

Pleasure in His service, 319, E*b*. 8's & 7's
t

WHAT are now those burning longings,
Oh, so strong within my breast!
Longings for the smile of Jesus,
Longings to be set at rest?
When I see my sin and sorrow,
Tears of bitter anguish fall;
For I know, I once loved Jesus
More than all, yes, more than all.

2 What are now these doubts that hinder,
Fears that point my soul to doom?
Darkening tempests o'er me gather,
In my heart peace has no room.
Can, oh, can I not find refuge,
Where no terror can appal?
Yes, just now I'll turn to Jesus,
And I'll love Him more than all.

3 Where are now those chains that bound me—
Chains of sin and self and pride?
Hallelujah! Jesus broke them
When I sought His riven side.
Now a sweeter, nobler bondage
Doth my raptured soul enthral;
For there's pleasure in His service
More than all, yes, more than all.

4 Where are now the golden fancies
That were mine in days of yore?
They are gone like fleeting shadows,
And I feel their charms no more;
For I left my idle dreaming,
When I heard the Master's call;
There is pleasure in His service
More than all, yes, more than all.

413

Nearer my home, 132, C. S.M.
For ever with the Lord, 140, G. c

JESUS, Thy fullness give,
My soul and body bless;
Cleanse me from sin that I may live
The life of holiness.

In white, in white, walking in white;
He makes me worthy, through His Blood,
To walk with Him in white.

I dare to leave it there,
Before Thy Cross my all I cast,
And dare to leave it there.

2 With full salvation might
My heart and mind make strong,
Help me to live and do the right
And part with all that's wrong.

3 Give me full joy and peace,
Eternal inward rest;
Lead me to Calvary's holy feast,
There let my soul be blest.

4 Saved from the power of sin,
Kept by Thy grace secure,
Let all without and all within
Be pure as Thou art pure.

414

Arnold's, 71, E♭. C.M.
French, 91, E♭. b

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now this rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my
This unbelief remove; [heart,
To me the rest of faith impart,
The heaven of Thy love.

5 I would be Thine, Thou knowest I would,
And have Thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
I want, and Thee alone!

415

Near the Cross, 404, G.

JESUS, save me through and through,
Save me from self-mending;
Self-salvation will not do,
Pass me through the cleansing!

Through and through, through and
Jesus, make me holy; [through,
Save me to the uttermost,
All the way to Glory!

2 Through temptations save from sin,
Self and pride subduing;
Save me through and through within,
Save me by renewing.

3 Through the tempest, through the
With the Master talking; [calm,
On my own Beloved's arm,
Oft with Jesus walking.

4 Through my thoughts and through my heart,
Through my flesh and spirit;
Save me, Lord, through every part,
Through Thy saving merit.

416

Rockingham, 16, E♭. L.M.
Ernan, 38, B♭. a

HE wills that I should holy be,
That holiness I long to feel,
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing in the Blood!
I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood!
Tell the world there is cleansing,
All the world, there is cleansing,
There is cleansing in the Saviour's Blood!

2 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
The promise, by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt in me fulfil.

3 Thy loving Spirit, Christ, alone
Can lead me forth and make me free;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

4 Now let Thy Spirit bring me in,
And give Thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

5 Lord, I believe Thy power the same,
The same Thy grace and truth endure;
And in Thy blessed hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure.

6 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole;
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

417

Better world, 226, D. 8's & 3's
Christ for me, 231, D. mr

JESUS, Thy purity bestow,
Through the Blood!
The power of perfect cleansing show,
Through the Blood!
Take every spot of sin away,
Within my heart for ever stay,
Give me full victory every day,
Through the Blood!

2 Increase the faith that conquers
Through the Blood! [doubt,
Cast every evil passion out,
Through the Blood!
Give me the power to master wrong,
Against the foe to march along,
With holy valor make me strong,
Through the Blood!

3 Give me the love that never dies,
Through the Blood!
That will Thy Cross and passion
prize,
Through the Blood!
Help me to conquer Satan's host,
And keep me faithful at my post,
Anoint me with the Holy Ghost,
Through the Blood!

418

St. Matthew, 114, B*b*. D.C.M.
Conference, 117, B*b*. bb

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe and go in peace,
And never grieve Thee more.
I ask the Blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The Kingdom fixed within.

2 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
Thou seest my heart's desire,
Made ready in Thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.
My longing soul cries out opprest,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest
Till I am saved indeed.

3 Art Thou not able to convert?
Art Thou not willing too,
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?
Thou canst, Thou wilt, I dare believe!
So arm me with Thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never serve it more.

419

French, 91, E*b*. C.M.
Wiltshire, 92, A*b*. b

COMPARED with Christ in all be-
No fairer charm I see; [side,
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.

2 The sweetness of Thy dying love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow, for Thee alone,
My All-in-all, I pray.

3 Less than Thyself will not suffice,
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst Thou give me more.

4 Whate'er conforms not with Thy
Oh, teach me to resign! [will,
I'm rich to all intents of bliss,
Since Thou, O God, art mine.

420

Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's
q

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou
art!
When shall I find my willing heart,
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love;
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or
Its riches are unsearchable! [Hell,
The first-born sons of light;
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery;
The length and breadth and
height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad,
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

421

Take all my sins away, 242, G. 8.8.8.6. p
Misericordia, 467, E*b*.

O SPOTLESS Lamb! I come to Thee,
No longer can I from Thee stay;
Break every chain, now set me free,
Take all my sins away!

Take all my sins away;
Take all my sins away;
O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee—
Take all my sins away!

2 My hungry soul cries out for Thee,
Come and for ever seal my breast;
To Thy dear arms at last I flee,
There only can I rest.

3 Weary I am of inbred sin,
Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release?
Enter and speak me pure within,
Give me Thy perfect peace.

4 I plunge beneath Thy precious Blood,
My hand in faith takes hold of Thee;
Salvation full just now I claim—
Thy Spirit sets me free.

422

I hear Thy welcome voice, 137, D. S.M. c

I HEAR Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious Blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy Blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 Still Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and Heaven above.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

423

Oh, for a heart, 397, D.

OH, for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Kept, ever kept 'neath the life-giving flow,
Cleansed from all evil, self-seeking, and pride,
Kept pure and holy by Calvary's tide.

Oh, for a heart whiter than snow!
Saviour divine, to whom else shall I go?
Thou who didst die, loving me so,
Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

2 Oh, for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Calm in the peace that He loves to bestow;
Daily refreshed by the heavenly dews,
Ready for service whene'er He shall choose.

3 Oh, for a heart that is whiter than snow!
With the pure flame of the Spirit aglow;
Filled with the love that is true and sincere,
Love that is able to banish all fear.

4 Oh, for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Then in His grace and His knowledge to grow,
Growing like Him who my pattern shall be,
Till in His beauty my King I shall see.

424

Walk with me, 270, F. Shall we meet, 271, B*b*. 8's & 7's r

JESUS, Saviour, I am waiting—
Waiting to be cleansed from sin;
Now for Thee my all forsaking,
Come and speak me pure within.

Walk with me!
All the way from earth to Heaven,
Blessed Master, walk with me!

2 Jesus, Saviour, I am praying—
Praying Thou wilt every day,
Never leaving, ever staying,
Walk beside me all the way.

3 Jesus, Saviour, I will follow—
Follow just where Thou shalt lead;
Though the path bring pain and sorrow,
Yet supply my every need.

4 Jesus, Saviour, I am leaving—
Leaving all to follow Thee;
Now, by faith, Thy peace receiving,
Thou art living one with me!

425

Nottingham, 160, G. 7's e

O ALMIGHTY God of love,
Now Thy holy arm display;
Send me succor from above,
Me to keep from day to day!

2 Could I of Thy strength take hold,
Could I always feel Thee near,
Confident, divinely bold;
Then my soul would scorn to fear.

3 Nothing should my firmness shock,
Though the hosts of Hell assail;
While I build upon this rock,
Satan never shall prevail.

4 Set upon Thyself my feet,
Let me there securely stand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Oh, protect me with Thy hand!

5 Let me in the cleft be placed,
Never from Thy side remove;
In the mighty arms embraced
Of Thine everlasting love.

426

Begone, vain world, 419, A*b*.

I WANT, dear Lord, a heart that's true and clean,
A sun-lit heart, with not a cloud between,
A heart like Thine, a heart divine,
A heart as white as snow;
On me, dear Lord, a heart like this [bestow.

2 I want, dear Lord, a love that cares for all,
A deep, strong love that answers every call,
A love like Thine, a love divine,
A love to come or go;
On me, dear Lord, a love like this [bestow.

3 I want, dear Lord, a soul on fire for Thee,
A soul baptized with heavenly [energy,
A willing mind, a ready hand,
To do whate'er I know;
To spread Thy light wherever I may go.

427

For ever with the Lord, 140, G. D.S.M. cc
Diademata, 139, E*b*.

FROM every stain made clean,
From every sin set free;
O blessed Lord, this is the gift
That Thou hast promised me.
And pressing through the past
Of failure, fault, and fear,
Before Thy Cross my soul I cast,
And dare to leave it there.

2 From Thee I would not hide
My sin, because of fear
What men may think; I hate my [pride,
And as I am appear—
Just as I am, O Lord,
Not what I'm thought to be;
Just as I am, a struggling soul,
For life and liberty!

3 While in Thy light I stand,
My heart, I seem to see,
Has failed to take from Thy own hand,
The gifts it offers me.
O Lord, Thy plenteous grace,
Thy wisdom and Thy power,
I here proclaim, before Thy face,
Can keep me every hour!

4 Upon the altar here,
I lay my treasure down;
I only want to have Thee near,
King of my heart to crown.
The fire doth surely burn
My every selfish claim;
And while from them to Thee I turn,
I trust in Thy great name.

5 A heart by Blood made clean,
In every wish and thought,
A heart that by God's power has been
Into subjection brought;
To walk, to weep, to sing,
Within the light of Heaven;
This is the blessing, Saviour King,
That Thou to me hast given.

428

For ever with the Lord, 140, G. Chalvey, 138, F. D.S.M. cc

THOU faithful sinners' Friend,
In grief I turn to Thee;
In vain, alas! I tried to end
My grief and misery.
I would be pure within,
And wish my doubts were o'er;
I would be saved from every sin,
And never grieve Thee more.

2 Bid envy leave my soul,
Drive selfishness away;
Dear Saviour, take complete control,
And evil passions slay.
Come in this very hour
With all Thou hast to give,
And help me by Thy grace and power,
A holy life to live.

3 Let cleansing waters flow,
Till all my sins depart;
Till I am whiter than the snow,
And have a perfect heart.
Let naught but love remain,
Remove all else beside;
Purge out the dross, wash out the stain
And speak me sanctified.

4 A consecrated life;
Thy Kingdom first to seek;
With Thee, dear Lord, I'll have no strife,
But heed when Thou dost speak;
This shall my glory be,
Thy glorious Cross to bear;
Till face to face I Thee shall see,
And crown of glory wear.

429

St. Catherine, 216, A♭. 6-8's
Melita, 224, C. 1

O GOD of light! O God of love!
Shine on our souls from Heaven above;
Let sin appear in Thy pure ray,
As black as on the Judgment Day;
Let perfect love apply the test,
And all that's wrong make manifest.

2 Oh, take Thy plummet and Thy line!
Apply them to this heart of mine,
And thus reveal each crooked place,
By contrast with true righteousness.
Let holy truth condemn each sham;
Show what Thou art, and what I am.

3 Oh, smite and spare not, faithful God!
A Father's hand still holds the rod.
Oh, make each sin-stained conscience smart,
And write Thy law upon my heart,
So plainly that my will shall bow
In full surrender here and now!

4 Work on in me Thy perfect will,
In me Thy promise, Lord, fulfil;
Oh, make me quick to fight for Thee,
And set my soul at liberty!
My soul can rest in nothing less
Than in a spotless holiness.

430

St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 6-8's
Sovereignty, 221, D. l

JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of Thee;
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and Thyself on me.
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;
Now let me find Thee in my heart.

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more,
For drops of fleeting happiness
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power; [peace,
In streams of pure unfailing
In joy that none can take away,
In life which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
And make me blameless in Thy sight; [flow,
When all the streams of mercy
Mercy, Thine own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesus' sake, impart,
And root Thy nature in my heart.

431

Robin Adair, 374, A*b*. 6's & 4's c2
Nearer to Thee, 377, G.

GIVE me a holy life,
Spotless and free;
Cleansed by the crystal flow,
Coming from Thee.
Purge the dark halls of thought,
Here let Thy work be wrought,
Each wish and feeling brought
Captive to Thee.

2 Cleanse, Thou refining flame,
All that is mine;
Self only may remain,
If Thou refine!
Fix the intention sure,
Make my desire secure,
With love my heart keep pure,
Rooted in Thee.

3 All my best works are naught;
Please they not Thee;
Far past my busy hands
Thine eye doth see,
Into the depths of mind,
Searching the plan designed,
Gladdened when Thou dost find
First of all—Thee.

4 Now is my will resigned,
Struggles are quelled.
Clay on the wheel am I,
Nothing withheld;
Master, I yield to Thee!
Crumble, then fashion me,
Flawless and fit to be
Indwelt by Thee.

432

Yes, oh, yes, 322, F. 9's u

I WANT that adorning divine,
Thou only, my God, canst bestow;
I want in those garments to shine,
Which mark out Thy household below.

Yes, oh! yes,
Thy grace is sufficient for me.

2 I want, oh! I want to attain
More likeness, my Saviour, to Thee;
That longed-for resemblance to gain
Thy comeliness put upon me.

3 I want to be marked for Thine own,
Thy seal in my forehead to wear;
Each talent and grace Thine alone,
Each act Thy approval to bear.

433

Thy will fulfil in me, Lord, M. S., Vol. XXXIV, 58, G. Govaars, 263, G. 8's & 7's r

TOUCH me with Thy healing hand, Lord,
Take the life I fully yield;
Teach Thy word and tell Thy will, Lord, [sealed.
Test the heart that Thou hast

In me, Lord, in me, Lord,
Thy will fulfil in me, Lord!
In me, Lord, in me, Lord,
Thy will fulfil in me, Lord!

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus, [sealed.
Test the heart that Thou hast

2 Melt the hardness and the coldness,
Mould the life I yield to Thee;
Mark for pureness and for boldness,
Make Thy presence felt in me.

3 Show me how to win the lost ones,
Send me where I ought to go;
Satisfy my deepest longings,
Sanctifying power bestow.

4 Feed me with the bread of Heaven,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Fit me for yet wider service,
Finish, Lord, this work of Thine.

434

Silver Hill, 37, F. L.M.
Ernan, 38, B*b*. a

FAIN would I go to Thee, my
Lord;
Thy mercies and my wants to tell.
To feel my union sealed in Blood,
Saviour, Thy love I wait to feel!

2 Freed from the power of cancelled
sin, [prove?
When shall my soul triumphant
Why breaks not out the fire within
In flames of joy, and praise, and
love?

3 Give me, oh, give me fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go!

4 Jesus, to Thee my soul aspires,
Jesus, to Thee I plight my vows;
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my
spouse.

435

Silchester, 123, D. S.M.
Downham, 126, E*b*. c

BEHOLD the Throne of Grace;
The promise calls me near.
There Jesus shows a smiling face
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own Blood for thee He
What else can He withhold? [spilt,

3 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He surely grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death
And then in Glory shine.

436

Jesus is looking for
thee, 485, E*b*.

SEND out Thy light and Thy
truth, Lord,
Into my heart let them shine;
Here while I'm waiting in faith,
Lord,
Hark to this pleading of mine!
Search now my heart, do not spare it,
Pour in Thy Spirit's pure light;
Tell me the truth, I will bear it,
Hide not the worst from my sight!

Saviour, my all I will bring,
How can I offer Thee less?
Widely the doors now I fling,
Come and Thy temple possess.

2 Now I can see they are cursed,
Things that looked fair for a
while; [vice,
Since they have weakened my ser-
Hidden the light of Thy smile.
How can I dwell in Thy presence,
Lift up my face without spot,
If in my heart there are treasures
Which I have yielded Thee not?

3 Send out Thy light, let it lead me!
Bring me to Thy holy hill,
When from all sin Thou hast freed
I shall delight in Thy will. [me,
Jesus, Thy wounding is tender;
Kind is the light that reveals;
Waiting until I surrender,
Pouring the balm then that heals.

4 Fullness of joy in Thy presence,
Bliss at Thy side ever more;
This is the life that I enter,
Now that my struggles are o'er.
When with Thy Spirit's rich treasure,
My earthen vessel is stored
Mine is the service of pleasure,
Thine all the glory, dear Lord.

5 If Thou should'st call me, my Saviour,
Into the darkness of night,
Love will obey and not waver,
Faith is more blessed than sight.
Still I shall know Thou art near me,
Still to Thy hand I shall cling,
Still this sweet knowledge will cheer me:
Morning the sunlight will bring.

437

Fellowship with Thee, 499, E*b*.

SPIRIT of Eternal Love,
Guide me, or I blindly rove;
Set my heart on things above,
Draw me after Thee.
Earthly things are paltry show,
Phantom charms, they come and go;
Give me constantly to know
Fellowship with Thee!
Fellowship with Thee,
Fellowship with Thee;
Give me constantly to know
Fellowship with Thee!

2 Come, O Spirit, take control
Where the fires of passion roll;
Let the yearnings of my soul
Center all in Thee!
Call into Thy fold of peace
Thoughts that seek forbidden ways;
Calm and order all my days,
Hide my life in Thee.

3 Thus supported, even I,
Knowing Thee for ever nigh,
Shall attain that deepest joy,
Living unto Thee.
No distracting thoughts within,
No surviving hidden sin,
Thus shall Heaven indeed begin
Here and now in me!

438

Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6-8's
Old 23rd, 225, A*b*. 1

COME, O Thou universal Good,
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food;
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the weakest in;
My everlasting rest from sin.

2 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast and confidence and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown,
My glorious hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

3 The secret of the Lord Thou art,
The mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The name inscribed in the white stone,
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

439

Behold the Saviour, 85, E*b*. C.M. b

THERE is a holy hill of God,
Its heights by faith I see;
Now to ascend my soul aspires
To leave earth's vanity.
Lord, cleanse my hands, and cleanse my heart,
All selfish aims I flee;
My faith reward, Thy love impart,
And let me dwell with Thee.

2 Though great the world's attractions be,
I pass contented by;
Gladly I sacrifice their charm
For those enjoyed on high.

3 I seek the blessing from the Lord
That humble saints receive;
And righteousness, His own reward,
To all who dare believe.

4 Oh, let me now Thy hill ascend,
Made worthy by Thy grace;
There in Thy strength to stand and
Within the holy place! [serve

440 Silver Hill, 37, F. L.M.
Hursley, 31, F. a

THOU Lamb of God, Thou Prince
of Peace, [doth pine;
For Thee my thirsty soul
My longing heart implores Thy
grace, [shine!
Oh, make me in Thy likeness

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned
And hallowed my whole heart in
Thee.

3 Close by Thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents
flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast
won, [trod,
Alone Thou hast the winepress
In me Thy strengthening grace be
shown! [Blood!
Oh, may I conquer through Thy

5 So when on Zion Thou shalt stand,
And all Heaven's host adore their
King,
I shall be found at Thy right hand,
And free from pain Thy glories
sing.

CONSECRATION

441 My soul is now 7's & 6's
united, 187, A*b*. Aurelia, 189, E*b*. i

I'M set apart for Jesus,
To be a king and priest;
His life in me increases,
Upon His love I feast.
From evil separated,
Made holy by His Blood,
My all is consecrated
Unto the living God.

2 I'm set apart for Jesus,
His goodness I have seen;
He makes my heart His altar,
He keeps His temple clean.
Our union none can sever,
Together every hour;
His life is mine for ever,
With resurrection power.

3 I'm set apart for Jesus,
With Him to ever stay;
My spirit He releases,
He drives my foes away.
He gives full strength for trial,
And shields when darts are
With Him and self-denial [hurled;
I overcome the world.

442 Full surrender. 428, A*b*.

LORD, I make a full surrender,
All I have I yield to Thee;
For Thy love, so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.
Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own;
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I have given my all to God!
And I now have full salvation
Through the precious Blood!

2 Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly, now no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear this hour the sacred vow!
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

3 Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me
Thus my will to Thee to give!
For the Blood of Christ has bought
And by faith I live. [me,
Show Thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging, loving Friend;
Keep me till, in death's glad hour,
Faith in sight shall end.

443 A charge to keep, S.M.
124, A*b*. Southport, c
129, G.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

444 I will follow Thee, 8's & 7's
my Saviour, 259, E*b*. r
The vacant chair, 318, A*b*.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Though I be despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou hast shed Thy Blood for me;
And though all the world forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I will follow Thee.

2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still my own.

3 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them, untrue.

4 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

445 Triumph, 306, C. 8's & 7's
Come and worship, s
298, D.

KING of love so condescending,
Spurning not our sinful race;
Bearing death, our cause defending,
Lavishing Thy gifts of grace:
We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
And Thy Kingdom's cause embrace.

2 Spurning now the world's enticing,
Love of ease and passing show,
Heavenly grace our souls sufficing;
We obey Thy word to go,
Bearing tidings, precious tidings
That the world may Jesus know.

3 When the toils of life are over
And the realms of Glory won,
We shall reap in Heaven the harvest,
Hear the Saviour's glad, "Well [done!"
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hear the Saviour's glad, "Well [done!"

446 *I'll follow Thee, G. f. S.*
No. 1, 67, G. I'll follow
Thee, 516 (chorus only).

I HEARD a voice, so gently calling,
Take up thy cross and follow Me!
A tempest on my heart was falling,
A living cross was this to be?
I struggled sore, I struggled vainly;
No other light my eyes could see.

I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver;
I'll follow Thee, suff'ring Redeemer;
I'll follow Thee, deny Thee never;
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

2 The world allured, but vain its pleasure,
My weary heart knew all was [drear;
What passing joys and fading treasure
Could now avail my soul to [cheer?
Thus sad at heart, and heavy laden,
I cried for help—and help was near!

3 I saw the poor, the maimed, the lowly,
Look unto Jesus, look and live.
He called me forth to serve Him
wholly, [give;
And said the past He would for-
I stood awhile, then hasted onward;
His love to own—my love to give.

4 To follow Christ the road is thorny,
And worldlings scoff, the Cross
is there!
'Tis narrow too, and often stormy,
But not too dark for faith and
prayer. [me,
My blessed Lord has gone before
And in His Cross I gladly share!

447

Lord, with my all I part,
502, D.

SAVIOUR, my all I'm bringing to
Thee, [obey;
Speak, Lord, and I Thy voice will
Seal me just now Thy servant to be,
For more of Thy power, dear
Lord, I pray.

Lord, with my all I part,
Closer to Thee I'll cling; [heart
All earthly things that bind my
Dear Lord, to Thy feet I bring.

2 Give me more love, dear Lord, that
I may [proclaim
Rush forth Thy blessed news to
To all lost sinners that there's one
way [obtain.
By which they eternal life may

3 Give me more power, that sinners
around [dost live;
May feel that Thou in me now
Let my light shine that souls who
are bound [myself I give.
May say—To Thee, Lord, now

4 Sometimes, O Lord, the way may
seem rough, [wilt be near;
Then that's the time when Thou
Help me in Thee for ever to trust,
Then in death's dark valley I'll
have no fear.

448

Take Salvation, 8's & 7's
289, G. s
Come and worship, 298, D.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Re-
deemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine.
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be
Thine entirely; [Thine—
Through eternal ages Thine.

2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and Hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is there.
Shout salvation!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

449

Draw me nearer, 401, G.

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard
Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee!

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,
blessed Lord, [died;
To the Cross where Thou hast
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,
blessed Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side!

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service,
Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul be washed from its
every stain,
And my will be lost in Thine!

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour,
That before Thy Throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with
Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend!

4 There are depths of love that I can-
not know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may
not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

450

Southport, 129, G. S.M.
Shirland, 122, G. c

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which Thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counselor Thou art.
Oh, never let me leave Thy side
Or from Thy paths depart!

3 I never will remove
Out of Thy hands my cause,
But rest in Thy redeeming love,
And hang upon Thy Cross.

4 Go on to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all Thy power.

5 Let me Thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed,
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

451

Clinging to the Cross, C.M.
104, D. If the Cross, b
69, B*b*.

MUST Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

I am clinging to the Cross.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to
wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! Oh, glorious
Oh, resurrection day! [crown!
Ye angels, from the Heavens come
And bear my soul away. [down

452

Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6-8's
St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 1

O LOVE, who formedst me to
wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild
and drear!
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be!

2 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with
bitter woe! [gain
O Love, who wrestling thus did
That we eternal life might know!
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be!

3 O Love, whose voice shall bid me
rise
From out this dying life of ours!
O Love, whose hand o'er yonder
skies [bowers!
Shall set me in the fadeless
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be!

453

O Saviour, I am 8's & 7's
coming, 320, E*b*. t

WITH my heart so full of sadness
I am coming, Lord, to Thee,
Coming now to find Thy gladness,
And Thy grace, so rich and free.
Empty is the world's enjoyment,
Fleeting is its glittering show;
When I see my Saviour's brightness
All is darkness here below.

O Saviour, I am coming,
I'm coming now to Thee!

2 Coming with my heart of sorrow,
Coming with my life of care,
Coming to the Lord of mercy,
Coming to the God of prayer;
Leaving all the world behind me,
Leaving all my doubts and fears,
Pressing on to find my Saviour,
Who will wipe away my tears.

3 Giving now my soul and body,
As an offering, Lord, to Thee;
I would follow in Thy footsteps,
Living, dying, Thine to be.
Oh, in mercy let Thy blessing
Fill and overflow my heart!
All my ways and thoughts possessing,
Come, dear Lord, no more to part.

4 Till I close my earthly story,
Till I rest within my grave,
Till I see Thee in Thy glory,
Thou, the Mighty One to save,
Keep me still to Calvary clinging,
Walking, talking, Lord, with Thee,
Then my soul to Glory bringing,
There eternally to be.

454

I surrender all, 283, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

ALL to Jesus, I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.

I surrender all,
All to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
I surrender all.

2 All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken;
Take me, Jesus, take me now.

3 All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
Let the Holy Spirit witness
I am Thine and Thou art mine.

4 All to Jesus I surrender.
Lord, I give myself to Thee!
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing rest on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
Oh, the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

455

Spohr, 97, F. C.M.
Conference, 117, B*b*. b

I ASK Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

2 Briers beset our every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer,
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee,
Are peaceful everywhere.

3 In service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free.
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

456

Chalvey, 138, F. D.S.M.
Diademata, 139, E*b*. cc

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek Thy face.
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My best desires receive,
And let me in Thy goodness trust,
And to Thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim,
My offerings all be offered through
That ever-blessed name.
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on Thee alone;
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
With all Thou hast and art.
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renewed,
Into a saint exalt a worm—
A saint to fight for God!

457

Martyrdom, 86, A*b*. C.M.
Belmont, 105, G. b

DRAW me, oh, draw me, gracious Lord,
Thy love is all divine; [word,
Men's hearts obey Thy sovereign
Come, triumph over mine.

2 Amidst Thy thunders, Lord, I slept,
Against Thy rod rebelled;
I looked upon the Cross and wept
To see my sins revealed.

3 My melting heart its power confessed,
The stone to flesh was turned;
Repentance kindled in my breast;
I gazed, rejoiced, and mourned.

4 There I beheld a Saviour's love,
There saw my sins forgiven;
Thence sprang my soul to hopes above,
By faith laid up in Heaven.

5 Now, Saviour, now, I come to Thee,
Drawn by Thy love divine;
I yield me to Thy will to be
For ever, ever Thine.

458

Anything for Jesus, 6's & 5's
378, E*b*. Rachie, 383, G. d2

JESUS, precious Saviour, Thou hast saved my soul, [fully whole;
From sin's foul corruption made me
Every hour I'll serve Thee, whate'er may befall,
Till in Heaven I crown Thee King and Lord of all.

All my heart I give Thee,
Day by day, come what may;
All my life I give Thee,
Dying men to save.

2 From the lowly manger I will follow Thee,
In the desert and the strife near Thee I will be;
E'en the sufferings of the Cross I will gladly bear,
If with Thee in Heaven I a crown may wear.

3 In the toils and conflicts faithful I will be,
All things I will gladly bear, they'll be good for me;
To be a saviour of mankind, slaves of sin to bring;
Give me holy courage, mighty, mighty King.

4 Precious souls are dying, nerve me for the fight;
Help me spread the glorious news—liberty and light;
Fiercer gets the contest, Satan's power shall fall,
Then on earth I'll crown Thee glorious Lord of all.

459

Almighty to save, 211, C. 8's
Oh, speak, 204, G. k

AT last this vain world shall all go,
Its charms I now see are but dross;
For none but my Saviour I'll know,
I'll glory alone in the Cross.

2 I am Thine, blessed Jesus, all Thine,
The witness impart unto me;
The death that I die is to sin,
The life that I live is to Thee.

3 Go, friends that would keep me from Him; [His love;
Go, joys that would share with
Go, hopes that would draw me to sin; [move.
Go, all that from Him would re-

4 Come, sorrow, if only in thee [God;
I shall cling to my Saviour and
From doubting and fearing set free,
To rejoice evermore in my Lord.

5 I have loved ones before the white Throne, [praise;
Shouting anthems of gladness and
Their raptures I'd join as my own,
Exultant in heavenly grace.

6 I'll sit on the banks of the stream
And tell of that wonderful name;
I'll bathe in the glories that beam
From the presence of God and the Lamb.

460

Belmont, 105, G. C.M.
Colne, 107, E*b*. b

SEE, Lord, before Thine altar bowed,
Prostrate my humble soul,
Till from above Thy mercy cloud
Thy voice shall speak me whole.

2 A willing sacrifice, at last
Myself to Thee I give;
The weary, painful strife is past;
I die that I may live.

3 I yield Thee all my hallowed powers,
Thine only will I be;
Contented if I may but know
Thou givest Thyself to me.

4 Yet not for these, but for Thy Son,
That better Sacrifice;
Oh, to my longing soul send down
An answer from the skies!

461

Shall we meet? 8's & 7's
271, B*b*. Saviour, like r
a shepherd, 291, E*b*.

JESUS calls me, I am going,
Where He opens up the way,
To the toiling in His vineyard,
Shrinking not a single day.

Where He leads me, where He leads,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I will follow all the way.

2 Friends may shun me, toils await me,
Care and sorrow be my lot,
But I've chosen Christ my Saviour,
I am going, call me not.

3 Jesus calls me, I am going
To the life He wills for me;
This poor world can't still the aching
Of my heart, or set it free.

4 Oh, what anxious, bitter sorrow
Does the world give with its strife!
But with Jesus—oh, what glory!
Ending in eternal life.

462

My all is on the 7's & 6's
altar, 194, E*b*. 1
Missionary, 185, E*b*.

MY body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee;
A consecrated offering
Thine evermore to be.

My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name;
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3 Oh, let the fire, descending,
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole!

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious Blood;
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

463

Be Thou my guiding 8.8.8.6.
Star, G. f. S. No. 2, p
106, F. Take me as I am, 243, E*b*.

LORD, see me kneeling at Thy feet,
Oh, stoop my every need to meet;
I rise, and in Thy strength I greet
Thy chosen cross for me!

Dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee,
Thine only evermore to be.
Oh, make me all I ought to be,
To lead poor sinners home!

2 Dear Lord, I feel Thee drawing near,
With Thee no tempest I will fear,
Through Thee I'm sure to triumph here,
For Thou art All-in-all.

3 Though storms and waves blow o'er my head,
To bring me through Thy Blood was shed,
I murmur not, but say instead,
"Thy will, Thy will be done."

464

Breathe upon me, 281, A*b*. Saviour, like a Shepherd, 291, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

BLESSED Saviour, now behold me,
Waiting at Thy bleeding feet;
In Thy mercy breathe upon me,
Make me for Thyself complete.

Breathe upon me, even me,
Make me what I ought to be!
In Thy mercy breathe upon me,
Make me for Thyself complete.

2 Take my undivided being,
Thou hast bought me with Thy Blood;
All my sins Thou hast forgiven,
Let my future be for God.

3 Should my days be few or many,
Should my strength be great or small;
Be my talents two or fifty,
Jesus, Thou shalt have them all.

4 While I live be Thou my Leader,
When I die be Thou my share;
In Thy strength I'm bound to conquer,
While for Thee my cross I bear.

465

Ernan, 38, B*b*. Accrington, 35, F. L.M. a

THE love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

2 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun; I fear no shame;
All hail reproach, and welcome pain,
Thy terrors, Lord, alone restrain.

3 To Thee I all my powers present,
That for Thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill Thy sovereign counsel, Lord,
Thy will be done, Thy name adored.

4 Give me Thy strength, O God of power,
Then winds may blow, or thunders roar;
Thy faithful witness will I be,
'Tis fixed: I can do all through Thee!

466

My all is on the altar, 194, E*b*. My soul is now united, 187, A*b*. 7's & 6's i

IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee;
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be.

My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire;
Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Son of God, who lovest me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have and all I am
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
Oh, make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

467

All I have I am bringing to Thee, 522, E*b*.

ALL I have by Thy Blood Thou dost claim,
Blessed Lord, who for me once was slain;
Now Thine own I will give Thee,
I know Thou wilt take me,
Though long Thou hast pleaded in vain.

All I have I am bringing to Thee,
All I have I am bringing to Thee;
In Thy steps I will follow, come joy or come sorrow,
Dear Saviour, I will follow Thee.

2 With my all at Thy Cross, Lord, I part,
See, I bring Thee my mind and my heart;
Here's my body and spirit,
My all Thou shalt have it,
I'll live for Thy glory alone.

3 All I have—it shall be nothing less—
All I have Thou shalt own, Lord, and bless;
Loss and pain shall not hinder;
I'll keep back no longer
From being Thine fully, my Lord.

4 Days of darkness there may be for me,
Rough and steep, too, my pathway may be,
But the joy or the sorrow
That comes with tomorrow
Will just be the fittest for me.

5 Though by darkness my future is veiled,
Here's my all, for Thy love has prevailed:
I no longer will doubt Thee,
I know Thou dost save me,
My life shall be wholly for Thee.

468

I will follow Thee, 8's' & 7's
my Saviour, 259, E*b*. r
Mine and Thine, M. S., Vol. XLI,
81 E*b*.

MINE to rise when Thou dost call me,
Lifelong though the journey be;
Thine to measure all its windings,
Leading step by step to Thee.

I am Thine, O Lord and Master,
Thine to follow to the end!
Thou art mine, O Christ, my Saviour,
Guide and Helper, Lover, Friend.

2 Mine to follow, even blindly,
Thine, O Christ, to go before!
Mine to try and scale the barrier,
Thine to fling an open door.

3 Mine to smile in face of failure,
Thine to gladden my defeat;
Mine to kneel and drink of Marah,
Thine to make its waters sweet.

4 Thine the sealing and revealing
All the outcome of my vow,
As I give Thee soul and body,
Mine no longer—Thine just now.

469

Rousseau, 162, F. 7's
Wells, 163, C. f

IF so poor a soul as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

2 Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think or speak or do;
Take my heart—but make it new!

3 Now, my God, Thine own I am;
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
For souls to fight, for Christ to die.

470

Whitburn, 30, F. L.M.
Boston, 8, G. a

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

471

Tossing like a troubled ocean, 156, F. St. Bees, 152, G. 7's e

JESUS, Saviour, Thou art mine,
Saviour, Jesus, I am Thine;
At this moment mine is Thine,
And for ever Thine is mine!

Since I brought my all to Jesus,
Jesus gives Himself to me.

2 Still I'm crying, give to me,
Living, dying, none but Thee!
Now and ever live with me,
Let me live by living Thee!

3 Thus united, I in Thee,
Never parted, Thou in me!
Everlasting praises bring
To Thee, Jesus, Saviour-King!

472

Cwm Rhondda 300, A*b*. Austria, 296, E*b*. 8's & 7's s

LOVE divine, from Jesus flowing,
Living waters, rich and free;
Wondrous love, without a limit,
Flowing from eternity;
Boundless ocean,
I would cast myself on Thee!

2 Love surpassing understanding,
Angels would the mystery scan,
Yet so tender that it reaches
To the lowest child of man.
Let me, Jesus,
Fuller know redemption's plan.

3 Love that pardons past transgression,
Love that cleanses every stain,
Love that fills to overflowing,
Yet invites to drink again,
Precious fountain!
Which to open, Christ was slain.

4 From my soul break every fetter,
Thee to know is all my cry;
Saviour, I am Thine for ever,
Thine I'll live, and Thine I'll die,
Only asking,
More and more of love's supply.

473

Dennis, 121, G. Silchester, 123, D. S.M. c

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days
I sacrifice to Thee.

2 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

3 Thy ransomed soldier, I
Restore to Thee Thy own,
And from this moment, live or die,
I'll serve my God alone.

474

Confidence, 3, E*b*. Holly, 40, F. L.M. a

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare a place.

2 Oh, let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which wants to have no other will
But day and night to feast on Thee.

3 While in this region here below
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 Henceforth may no unclean delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, Thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

5 Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what else,
This short-enduring world can give;
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire
But Thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, do I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

475

Theodora, 148, E*b*. 7's
St. Bees, 152, G. e

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only Thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give Thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again;
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to worldly happiness.

4 All my treasure is above,
All my riches in Thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

5 Nothing else can I require;
Love fills up my whole desire;
All Thy other gifts remove,
Still Thou givest all in love.

476

Nearer, my God, to Thee, 371, G. 6's & 4's c2
Robin Adair, 374, A*b*.

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfils its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now;
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee!
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer;
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won;
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear, Lord, for Thee;
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity,
All, all for Thee.

477

I bring my all to Thee, 525, A*b* D.C.M. bb
Mercy still for thee, 119 (verse only), A*b*.

OFT have I heard Thy tender voice,
Which calls, dear Lord, to me,
It asks a quick yet lasting choice
'Twixt worldly joys and Thee.
It stirs my heart's deep fountain springs,
And breaks the barriers down;
It bids me rise on faith's strong wings,
And cries, "No cross, no crown!"
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
I wish 'twere more, but all my store
I bring just now to Thee.
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal,
And give Thyself to me.

2 And yet, alas, a storm-tossed sea
Of care and doubt and fear [Thee,
Still parts me, Saviour Lord, from
Although Thou art so near.
Oh, speak again and bid me come,
From every fear set free;
In spite of self, and sin, and storm,
Over the waves to Thee!

3 O Lord, I dare to trust in Thee,
Who maketh all things new;
My sins to slay, my tears to stay,
My sorrows to subdue;
And in the battle's blazing heat,
When flesh and blood would quail,
I'll fight and trust and still repeat
That Jesus cannot fail.

478

Let me love Thee, 8's & 7's
314, E*b*. Hyfrydol, 312, G. t

LET me love Thee, Thou art claiming
Every feeling of my soul;
Let that love, in power prevailing,
Render Thee my life, my all.
For life's burdens they are easy,
And life's sorrows lose their sting,
If they're carried, Lord, to please Thee,
If their pain Thy smile but win.

Let me love Thee, Saviour,
Take my heart for ever;
Nothing but Thy favor
My soul can satisfy.

2 Let me love Thee, come revealing
All Thy power has done for me;
Help my heart so unbelieving,
By the sight of Calvary.
Let me see Thy love despising
All the shame my sin has brought;
By Thy torments realizing
What a price my pardon bought!

3 Let me love Thee, I am gladdest
When I'm loving Thee the best;
For in sunshine or in sadness
I can find in Thee my rest.
Love will soften every sorrow,
Love will lighten every care,
Love unquestioning will follow,
Love will triumph, love will dare.

479

Glory to the Lamb, 8's & 7's
287, A*b*. I love Jesus, r
282, E*b*.

PRECIOUS Jesus, oh, to love Thee!
Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,
If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb;
Oh, the cleansing Blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

2 Take my warmest, best affection,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
Then with all Thy loving Spirit
All my emptied nature fill.

3 Bold I touch Thy sacred garment,
Fearless stretch my eager hand;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.

4 Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul!
It is done, the word is spoken,
"Be thou every whit made whole."

5 Lo, a new creation dawning,
Lo, I rise to life divine;
In my soul an Easter morning,
I am Christ's and Christ is mine.

480

Nottingham, 160, G. 7's
Weber, 151, G. e

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

481 Monmouth, 28, E*b*.
Creation, 220, A*b*.

O GOD, my God, in whom combine [divine,
The heights and depths of love
With thankful heart to Thee I sing;
To Thee my longing soul aspires
In fervent flames, in strong desires;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.

2 O Powerful Love, to Thee I bow,
Object of all my wishes, Thou;
My heart is open to Thine eye.
To Thee who from the Eternal Throne [down,
Camest emptied of Thy glory
For me to groan, to bleed, to die.

3 Grace I implore, when billows roll,
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal.
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain aspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

4 Be Heaven, e'en now, my soul's abode,
Hid be my life with Christ in God;
My spirit, Lord, be one with Thine!
Let all my works in Thee be wrought, [thought,
And filled with Thee be all my
Until in me Thy likeness shine.

482 When the swallows homeward fly, 496, A*b*.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With thy store of worthless good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who has bought me with His Blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
Count but dross thy wealth and pride!
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus crucified!

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
All it yields is vanity;
Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
He has tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
On the Cross my Saviour died;
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus crucified!

3 Now my soul has freedom found
From its sin, its grief and pain;
Heavenly treasures now abound
Greater than all worldly gain.
Calvary's stream doth o'er me flow,
Life and love, an endless tide;
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus crucified!

4 For His love that fills my soul,
For His gift of grace divine;
He shall have my life, my all,
And His will henceforth is mine.
Where He calls me I will go,
Serving Him who for me died;
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus crucified!

483 The Cross now covers my sins, 207, E*b*. 8's k
Thou Shepherd of Israel, 206, G.

O JESUS, the mighty to save,
I seek Thy great mercy to prove;
To plunge 'neath the all-cleansing wave,
And rise to Thy fullness of love.
The unclouded light of Thy face
Pour into my weak, fearful heart;
Oh, come and Thyself fill the place,
And never, oh, never depart!

2 I come, precious Saviour, today,
Embracing Thy beautiful will,
Thy every word to obey,
Thy every wish to fulfil!
Oh, never, no, never to sin!
Oh, never, no, never to doubt!
To always have peace dwell within,
And triumph o'er devils without.

Jesus, I come to Thy feet
For help in this glorious strife;
More courage—more faith I entreat,
To live the all-conquering life.
The burden of souls then I'll bear,
The cup of Thy sufferings drink,
And perishing crowds I shall dare
To rescue from Hell's awful brink.

4 O Jesus, I hear Thy glad voice,
The fire, now descending, I feel;
The Spirit has honored my choice,
In me Thou dost Heaven reveal!
Once more all I have is Thine own,
Once more I shall walk in the light;
By Thee shall my foes be o'erthrown,
With God I must win in the fight.

FAITH AND TRUST

484

Sandon, 453, G. Lead, kindly Light (Lux Benigna), 393, A*b*.

LORD, I am Thine, I rest my soul in Thee,
Lord, I am Thine!
Thy precious Blood was shed on Calvary
To make me Thine.
My scarlet sins have met a crimson tide,
And I am pardoned, saved, and satisfied.

2 Lord, I am Thine, what love unfathomed this,
That I am Thine!
A sinner tasting now of Heaven's bliss,
What love divine!
Oh, depth of love, God's mighty, boundless sea;
Love full, love vast, as God's eternity!

3 Yes, I am Thine, my home with Thee above,
Thine, ever Thine!
The precious purchase of redeeming love,
Love, deep, divine!
A love surpassing measure or degree,
That gives the sinner such a place with Thee.

485

Chalvey, 138, F. D.S.M.
Diademata, 139, E*b*. cc

MY faith looks up to Thee,
My faith so small, so slow;
It lifts its drooping eyes to Thee,
And claims the blessing now.
Thy wondrous gift, O Lord, by faith it sees afar;
Thy perfect love, it claims to share;
It doth not, cannot fear.

2 My faith takes hold of Thee,
My faith so weak, so faint;
It lifts its trembling hands to Thee,
Trembling, but violent.
The Kingdom of Thy love, e'en now, it takes by force,
And waits till Thou, its last resource,
Shall seal and sanctify.

3 My faith holds fast on Thee,
My faith still small, but sure;
Its anchor holds alone to Thee,
Whose presence keeps me pure.
And Thou all-conquering Lord, always to see and hear,
By night, by day, art ever near,
Art ever near to me.

486

Eaton, 214, E*b*. L.M.
Monmouth, 28 (verse only), E*b*. a

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' Blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, and Blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way;
He then is all my Hope and Stay.

487

Depth of mercy, 146, B*b*. 7's
Theodora, 148, E*b*. e

WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with Him is never night,
Where He is there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.

488

Thou art enough for me, 20, G. L.M.
a

I KNEEL beside Thy sacred Cross,
And count for Thee my life as dross;
Oh, satisfy my soul this hour
With Thy dear love, my healing power!
Thou art enough for me;
Thou art enough for me.
O precious, living, loving Lord,
Yes, Thou art enough for me!

2 My helpless soul, rest thou in God,
And lean upon His faithful word;
So in my heart, Lord, Thou shalt find
That I am to Thy will resigned.

3 At times 'tis hard for flesh and blood
To say, "Thy will be done, my God;"
But if my grief means others' gain,
Oh, what to me are loss and pain?

489

Spanish Chant, 169, A*b*. 7's
Rousseau, 162, F. f

THOU, Lord, art a shield for me,
Succor still I find in Thee.
Now Thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in Thine aid,
Confident in Thy defense,
Strong in Thine omnipotence.

2 Thine it is, O Lord, to save;
Strength in Thee Thy people have;
Safe from sin in Thee they rest
With the Gospel blessing blest.
Wait to see the perfect grace,
Heaven on earth in Jesus' face.

490

Lord, I believe, 236, B*b*. All through the night, 237, G. 8's & 4's
n

JESUS CHRIST is now amongst us,
Lord, I believe!
He is here to bless and save us,
Lord, I believe!
He is loving, kind and gracious
And His Blood is efficacious;
Every soul may feel Him precious,
Lord, I believe!

2 Jesus gives the invitation,
He now grants a full salvation,
Now my soul on Him I venture,
In the cleansing Fountain enter
And my hopes in Him I center;
Lord, I believe!

3 On the Cross He died to save me,
From my guilt He now relieves me,
Richly flowed the crimson river;
Now it does my soul deliver,
Takes away my guilt for ever,
Lord, I believe!

4 In temptation's darkest hour
I will believe.
Christ will break the tempter's power,
Lord, I believe!
Though with mighty foes engaging
War with sin and Satan waging,
Storms of trial fiercely raging
Still I'll believe.

491

Blessed Lord, 294, A*b*. 8's & 7's
Helmsley, 299, A*b*. s

BLESSED Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping
'Midst the angry billows' roll.
I will trust Thee,
All my life Thou shalt control.

2 In the past too unbelieving
'Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen.
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.

3 Oh, for trust that brings the
triumph [near!
When defeat seems strangely
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer—
Faith triumphant,
Knowing not defeat or fear!

492

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
Madrid, 213, B*b*. 1

YE longing souls, lift up your
heads,
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear.
The Lord will to His temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make Him
room.

2 Ye all shall find whom in His word
Himself hath caused to put your
trust;
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to His promise just.
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Ye longing souls, be strong, be bold!
Cast off your doubts, disdain to
fear;
Dare to believe, on Christ lay hold;
Wrestle with Christ in mighty
prayer.
Tell Him, "We will not let Thee go,
Till we Thy name, Thy nature
know!"

4 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all Thy great salvation
brings; [power
The spirit of love and health and
Shall come and make us priests
and kings. [word,
Thou wilt perform Thy faithful
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

5 Faithful and true, we now receive
The promise ratified by Thee;
To Thee the when and how we leave,
In time and in eternity.
We only hang upon Thy word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

493

Sovereignty, 221, D. 6—8's
Newcastle, 215, A*b* 1

SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee nor strong to op-
pose,
Single against Hell, earth and sin;
Single, yet undismayed I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

2 What though a thousand hosts en-
gage [shake,
A thousand worlds my soul to
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from Heaven He
came;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

4 Salvation in His name there is—
Salvation from sin, death and
Salvation into glorious bliss; [Hell—
How great salvation who can tell?
But all He hath for mine I claim:
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

494 Dennis, 121, G. S.M.
Shirland, 122, G. c

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known;
And witness with the Blood.

2 'Tis Thine the Blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see;
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His Blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes.

5 The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

495 Ye banks and braes, 6—8's
223, G. St. Catherine, 1
216, A*b*.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe;
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
Is that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be? I know it shall;
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

3 Though earth and Hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible;
The thing impossible shall be,
All things are possible to me.

4 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought
I here shall in Thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed or word or thought;
Let men exclaim and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree:
All things are possible to me.

5 Thy mouth, O Lord, to me hath sworn
That I shall serve Thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn;
Holy and pure and perfect here,
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.

6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man;
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

496 Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6—8's
Old 23rd, 225, A*b*. 1

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' Blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest.
Hither, when Hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast,
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

5 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

497

Thou Shepherd of Israel, 206, G. 8's k

I'LL go in the strength of the Lord,
In paths He has marked for my feet;
I'll follow the light of His Word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
His presence my steps shall attend,
His fullness my wants shall supply
On Him, till my journey shall end,
My unwav'ring faith shall rely.

2 I'll go in the strength of the Lord
To work He appoints me to do,
In joy which His smile doth afford,
My soul shall her vigor renew.
His wisdom shall guard me from harm,
His power my sufficiency prove;
I'll trust His omnipotent arm
And prove His unchangeable love.

3 I'll go in the strength of the Lord
To conflicts which faith will require;
His grace as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire!
Since He gives the word of command,
To meet and encounter the foe;
With His sword of truth in my hand
To suffer and triumph I'll go.

498

Yesterday, today, for ever, G. f. S. No. 160, B*b*. Death is coming, 238, B*b*. 8's & 5's o

OFT our trust has known betrayal,
Oft our hopes were vain,
But there's One in every trial;
Proves Himself the same.

Yesterday, today, forever,
Jesus is the same;
We may change, but Jesus never,
Glory to His name!

2 Like a rock midst dashing billows
Holding fast its place,
Jesus is in all life's sorrows,
When we trust His grace.

3 Do your duty, shirk it never,
Leave the rest with God;
Right must win, it has done ever,
Victory through the Blood.

499

Jerusalem, 47, E*b*. Manchester, 74, A*b*. C.M. b

O GOD, Thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive,
The Christ, the promised Seed.

2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt Thy Spirit give.

3 The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

4 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

5 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

500

Arizona, 21, F. L.M.
Whitburn, 30, F. a

JESUS, my King, to Thee I bow,
Enlisted under Thy command;
Captain of my salvation, Thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
Doubt, my old dreadful, tyrant foe
I see cast down on every side,
And conquering, I to conquer go.

3 My Lord in my behalf appears,
Jesus, Thy strength-inspiring eye,
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears
And makes the host of aliens fly.

4 High over all is Thy right hand,
And might and majesty are Thine;
Who can before my Saviour stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?

501

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
Eaton, 214, E*b*. 1

GIVE me the faith that can remove,
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love
Which longs to build Thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' Blood.

3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy Word
And let me to Thy glory live.
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinners' Friend.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

502

Trust and obey, F. The Beautiful Stream, 501, A*b* (verse only).

WHEN we walk with the Lord,
In the light of His Word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey.

2 Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief nor a loss,
Not a crown nor a cross,
But is blest if we trust and obey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go;
Never fear, only trust and obey.

503

Praise, 249, D. Come, comrades dear, 247, A*b*. 8's & 6's q

LORD JESUS, Thou dost keep Thy child
Through sunshine or through tempests wild;
Jesus, I trust in Thee.
Thine is such wondrous power to save;
Thine is the mighty love that gave
Its all on Calvary.

2 O glorious Saviour! Thee I praise,
To Thee my new glad song I raise,
And tell of what Thou art.
Thy grace is boundless in its store,
Thy face of love shines evermore,
Thou givest me Thy heart.

3 Upon Thy promises I stand,
Trusting in Thee: Thine own right hand
Doth keep and comfort me.
My soul doth triumph in Thy word,
Thine, Thine be all the praise, dear Lord,
As Thine the victory.

4 Love perfecteth what it begins,
Thy power doth save me from my sins,
Thy grace upholdeth me.
This life of trust, how glad, how sweet,
My need and Thy great fullness meet,
And I have all in Thee.

504

He lives, 250, C. Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's q

BUT can it be that I should prove
For ever faithful to Thy love,
From sin for ever cease?
I thank Thee for the blessed hope,
It lifts my drooping spirit up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty and merciful and just.
Thy sacred word is passed;
And I, who dare Thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live;
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in Thine almighty power,
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, Thou wilt my Helper be:
My confidence is all in Thee;
The faithful God of love.

505

Stephanos, 461, G. Bullinger, 465, A*b*.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy Blood.

4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

5 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead;
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all!

506

Christ receiveth sinful men, 159, D. 7's e

SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I need not fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way be clear,
Praying, if the path be drear,
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth be past,
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

507

Sandon, 453, G.

THOUGH thunders roll and
darkened be the sky,
I'll trust in Thee.
Though joys may fade and prospects
droop and die,
I'll trust in Thee. [way,
No light may shine upon life's rugged
Sufficient is Thy grace from day to
day.

2 I'm not outside Thy providential care,
I'll trust in Thee! [to bear,
I'll walk by faith Thy chosen cross
I'll trust in Thee! [the best;
Thy will and wish I know are for
This gives to me abundant peace
and rest.

3 Thy word is sure, Thy promise
never fails,
I'll trust in Thee! [Hell assails,
A hiding-place Thou art when
I'll trust in Thee!
I conquer all while hiding 'neath
Thy wing, [triumph sing.
And in the storm sweet songs of

4 I'm pressing on towards my home
in Heaven,
I'll trust in Thee! [are given,
Where crowns of life to faithful ones
I'll trust in Thee!
This hope is mine, through Jesus
crucified,
And all through grace I shall be
glorified.

508

Ernan, 38, B*b*. L.M.
Simeon, 36, F. a

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience
showed;
He with the hard command
complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 Oh, for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue,
And gladly give up all to Thee,
To whom our all is ever due!

3 Is there a thing than life more dear,
A thing from which we cannot
part;
We now, through mighty faith,
can tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

4 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for Thee we count but
loss;
Lo! at Thy word our idol dies
Upon the altar of Thy Cross!

5 For what to Thee, O Lord, we give
A hundredfold we here obtain,
And soon with Thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

509

Sovereignty, 221, D. 6—8's
Creation, 220, A*b*. 1

GIVE me the faith that Jesus had,
The faith that can great mountains
move, [glad,
That makes the mournful spirit
The saving faith that works by love,
The faith for which the saints have
striven,
The faith that pulls the fire from
Heaven.

2 Give me the faith that gets the
power,
That stubborn devils cannot turn;
That lion-teeth cannot devour,
That furnace-fires can never burn;
That never fears the tyrant's frown,
That wins and wears the martyr's
crown.

3 Give me the faith that lives to trust,
That in the child-like spirit dwells,
That buries self and slaughters lust,
That keeps out all that Christ expels;
That gives no quarter to the foe,
That sternly says, "You'll have to go!"

4 Give me the faith that clearly sees
What worldly eyes cannot behold,
That knows the way the Lord to please,
That can His secret ways unfold;
That gives up greatness for the good,
That wins the fight with Fire and Blood!

510

Trentham, 130, G. S.M.
Silchester, 123, D. c

I WANT the faith of God,
Great mountains to remove,
Full confidence in Jesus' Blood,
The faith that works by love.

2 The faith that will rejoice,
To saints by Jesus given,
That turns the key of Paradise,
And saves from earth to Heaven.

3 I want the faith that wears,
That can Jehovah see;
That glad life's heaviest burden bears,
That grips eternity.

4 The faith that cannot fail,
That makes salvation sure;
Anchored within the heavenly veil;
The faith that will endure.

5 I want the faith that fires,
That gives me heat and light;
That all my soul with zeal inspires;
That makes me love to fight.

6 The faith that saves from sin,
That will for victory strive;
That brings the power of God within,
And keeps my soul alive.

511

All through the night, 8's & 4's
237, G. Lord, I believe, 236, B*b*. n

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well!
Free and changeless is His favor,
All, all is well!
Precious is the Blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well!
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well!
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well!

3 We expect a bright tomorrow,
All will be well!
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well!

512

Pleasure in His service, 319, Eb. 8's & 7's t

WHERE are now those doubts that hindered
All His will from being done?
Ah, they vanished when I saw Him,
Like a mist before the sun!
No one now to me is dearer,
Daily I obey His call,
And I've pleasure in His service
More than all.

I have pleasure in His service
More than all.

2 What would now be life without Him?
I can scarcely dare to think;
Empty, purposeless, and worthless,
In despair my heart would sink!
No, I'll never leave my Saviour,
I am His whate'er befall,
And I'll live with Him for ever
After all.

3 Yes, the happiness He gives me
Far outweighs the toil and loss;
Sweetest joy I find in leading
Weary sinners to the Cross.
Sore temptations may beset me,
Sorrow on my heart may fall,
But there's pleasure in His service
More than all.

513 Spohr, 97, F. C.M.
Conference, 117, B*b*. b

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes.
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know.
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate.
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

514 Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6—8's
Cardiff, 219, D. 1

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
Oh, come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix Thy sacred presence there.

2 If now Thy influence I feel,
If now in Thee begin to live,
Still to my heart Thyself reveal,
Give me Thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 My Peace, my Life, my Comfort Thou,
My Treasure, and my All Thou art,
True Witness of my sonship now,
Engraving pardon on my heart;
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and Pledge of Heaven.

4 Come, then, my God, mark out Thine heir,
Of Heaven a larger earnest give,
With clearer light Thy witness bear,
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers Thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.

515 Arizona, 21, F. L.M.
Beethoven, 11, A*b*. a

COME, Holy Ghost, all-sacred fire,
Come, fill Thy earthly temples now;
Emptied of every base desire,
Reign Thou within, and only Thou.

2 Fill every chamber of the soul,
Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill,
Till under Thy supreme control
Submissive rests our cheerful will.

3 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment come,
My longing soul is all Thine own;
My heart is Thy abiding home,
Henceforth I live for Thee alone.

4 The altar sanctifies the gift,
The Blood insures the boon divine,
My outstretched hands to Heaven I lift,
And claim the Father's promise mine.

516

Holy Spirit, come, oh, come, 489, G.

ALL the guilty past is washed away,
From its penalties I'm free;
Holy Spirit, now Thy might display,
Lead me on to full salvation.

Holy Spirit, come, oh, come,
Let Thy work in me be done;
All that hinders shall be thrown aside,
Make me fit to be Thy dwelling!

2 Come, O Spirit, come to sanctify
All my body, mind, and will;
Come, oh, come, and self now crucify,
Let me henceforth be like Jesus!

3 Make me, Holy Spirit, strong to fight
For the Lord who died for me;
Help me point the lost to Calvary's height,
Where for sinners there is mercy.

4 Perfect joy and perfect peace is mine,
For my plea is heard by Thee;
Thou art filling me with grace divine,
Fitted now for Thy indwelling.

517

I will guide thee, 255, G. I will follow Thee, my Saviour, 259, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

COME Thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind!

All I have I leave for Jesus,
I am counting all but dross;
I am coming to the Master,
I am clinging to the Cross.

2 True Recorder of His passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal His great salvation,
Preach His gospel to my heart.

3 Come, Thou Witness of His dying,
Come, Remembrancer Divine,
Let us feel Thy power applying,
Christ to every soul—and mine!

4 Let us groan Thine inward groaning,
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled Blood receive.

518

Weber, 151, G. 7's
St. Bees, 152, G. e

HOLY SPIRIT, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive!

4 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

5 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

519

'Tis the very same Power, A*b*.

'TIS the very same power
That they had at Pentecost.
'Tis the power, 'Tis the power,
'Tis the power Jesus promised should come down.

2 While with one accord assembled,
All in an upper room,
Came the power.

3 With cloven tongues of fire,
And a rushing, mighty wind,
Came the power.

4 It was while they all were praying,
And believing it would come,
Came the power.

5 Our fathers had this power,
And we may have it too!
'Tis the power!

6 'Tis the very same power,
For I feel it in my soul,
'Tis the power!

520

Tucker, 234, F. What's the news? 228, Ab. 8's & 3's m

THOU Christ of burning, cleansing flame,
Send the fire!
Thy Blood-bought gift today we claim,
Send the fire!
Look down and see this waiting host,
Give us the promised Holy Ghost,
We want another Pentecost,
Send the fire!

2 God of Elijah, hear our cry,
Send the fire!
'Twill make us fit to live or die,
Send the fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in;
The revolution now begin,
Send the fire!

3 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead,
Send the fire!
The fire will meet our every need,
Send the fire!
For strength to ever do the right,
For grace to conquer in the fight,
For power to walk the world in white, Send the fire!

4 To make our weak hearts strong and brave, Send the fire!
To live a dying world to save,
Send the fire!
Oh, see us on Thy altar lay
Our lives, our all, this very day,
To crown the offering now we pray,
Send the fire!

521

I am coming to the Cross, 7's
S. A. M., 81, Ab. e
Christ receiveth sinful men, 159, D.

COME, Thou burning Spirit, come,
Lo, we stretch our hands to Thee;
From the Father and the Son
Let us now Thy glory see.

Come, oh, come, Great Spirit, come,
Let the mighty deed be done!
Satisfy our soul's desire,
Now we trust Thee for the fire!

2 On the altar now we lay
Soul and body, mind and will!
All the evil passions slay,
Come, and every corner fill.

3 Now the sacrifice we make,
Though as dear as a right eye,
For our blessed Saviour's sake,
Who for us did bleed and die.

4 Now by faith the gift I claim,
Bought for me by Blood divine;
Through the all-prevailing name,
All the promises are mine.

522

Monmouth, 28, Eb. L.M.
Alstone, 22, C. a

LORD, we believe to us and ours
Thy precious promises were given;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost send down from Heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace;
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place!

3 If every one that asks may find,
If still Thou dost on soldiers fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind,
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Behold, to Thee our souls aspire,
And languish Thy descent to meet;
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart Thy seat.

523

Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6—8's
St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 1

I WANT the gift of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power, to conquer inbred sin,
Of love to Thee and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter.
Oh, come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 Oh, that the Comforter would come,
Not visit as a passing guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And take possession of my breast;
And fix in me His loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Where is the sure, the certain seal,
That ascertains the Kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine.
Oh, shed it in my heart abroad,
Fullness of love, of Heaven, of God!

524

St. Cuthbert, E*b*.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread;
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest;
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see!
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee!

525

What a Friend, 309, G. 8's & 7's
Hyfrydol, 312, G. t

COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart;
Won for us by Jesus' merit,
Now Thy blissful Self impart.
Sign our uncontested pardon,
Wash us in the atoning Blood,
Make our hearts a watered garden,
Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If Thou gavest the enlarged desire
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancelled sin reveal.
Claim us for Thy habitation,
Dwell within our hallowed breast,
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all Thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet.
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fixed to live and die for Thee!

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,
All Thy grace on us bestow.
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy and perfect love impart,
Present everlasting Heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art!

526

Pour Thy Spirit, 269, G. 8's & 7's
Silver Threads, 284, A*b*. r

PRECIOUS Saviour, we are coming,
At Thy feet just now we fall;
Waiting to receive Thy blessing,
Come and now baptize us all.

Pour Thy Spirit, pour Thy Spirit
Into this my longing breast,
And go on from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

2 Mighty Lord, our hearts are open
To Thy penetrating gaze;
Now, oh, let the fire descending,
Fill our hearts with power and praise!

3 Time and talents I surrender,
Freely all I give to Thee;
Faith lays hold of Thy great promise,
Brings the fire just now on me.

4 Hallelujah! It is falling,
Burning all my dross and sin,
Purifying all my nature;
Now I know I'm clean within.

527

Innocents, 147, E*b*. 7's
Nottingham, 160, G. e

HOLY SPIRIT, Heavenly Dove,
Lift my heart to things above;
Teach me how to do God's will,
In my life His plan fulfil.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
O'er life's path Thy radiance shine;
Purify my every thought,
Help me love Thee, as I ought.

3 Holy Spirit, Heavenly Light,
Banish from my mind the night;
To my soul true comfort give,
In Thy love I long to live.

4 Holy Spirit, Gift of Power,
I will love Thee more and more;
Be my never-failing Friend,
I will love Thee to the end.

528

Praise, 249, D. Come, 8's & 6's
comrades dear, 247, A*b*. q

LORD, give me more soul-saving love,
Send a revival from above,
Thy mighty Spirit pour;
The Army of Salvation bless,
And keep it full of holiness,
Pressed down and running o'er.

2 Spread Calvary's great salvation fame,
Make every tongue a living flame,
Soul-saving truth inspire.
With zeal inflame Thy fighting host,
Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,
And set us all on fire.

3 Give power to speak Thy conquering word,
To wield the Spirit's two-edged sword,
With fire Hell's legions rout.
Now with the Seraph's living coal,
Kindle a fire in every soul
That never will go out.

529

Arnold's, 71, E*b*. C.M.
Martyrdom, 86, A*b*. b

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the Sacred Book.

3 Expand Thy wings, Celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below
The depths of love divine.

530

Trentham, 130, G. S.M.
Dennis, 121, G. c

BREATHE on me, breath of God,
Fill me with life anew;
That I may love what Thou dost love
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe upon me, even me,
Make me all I ought to be;
In Thy mercy breathe upon me,
Make me for Thyself complete.

2 Breathe on me, breath of God
Until my heart is pure;
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, breath of God,
Blend all my soul with Thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

531

Martyrdom, 86, A*b*. C.M.
Wiltshire, 92, A*b*. b

SPIRIT divine! Oh, hear our prayers
And make this house Thy home,
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

3 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

4 Come as the dove and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love,
And let Thy host on earth become
Blest as the host above.

532

Boston, 8, G. L.M.
Neapolis, 17, A*b*. a

COME, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display
That we may know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blessed.

533

Darwell's, 142, D. 4-6's & 2-8's
St. John, 143, D. d

JESUS is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all His servants here.
The Holy Ghost to man is given,
Rejoice in God sent down from Heaven!

2 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's work destroy,
He brings His Kingdom in—
Peace, righteousness, and joy.
The Holy Ghost to us is given,
Rejoice in God sent down from Heaven.

3 The cleansing Blood to apply,
The heavenly life display,
And wholly sanctify,
And seal us to that day.
The Holy Ghost to us is given,
Rejoice in God sent down from Heaven.

4 Sent down to make us meet,
To see His glorious face;
And grant us each a seat
In that thrice happy place.

The Holy Ghost to us is given,
Rejoice in God sent down from Heaven.

534

Arizona, 21, F. L.M.
Eden, 5, A*b*. a

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old,
Over the waters' darkened face;
Come, when our lukewarm hearts are cold,
And warm them with Thy inward grace!

2 Thou art the peace, the hope, the joy;
All highest might, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove.

3 Oh, give us, Lord, Thy loving help!
Oh, stir us up and keep us Thine!
Shine in our hearts until they are
Fit temples for Thy grace divine!

4 Oh, guide us with Thy inward light,
With softest breathings deeply stir;
And thrill our waiting souls with life,
Spirit of God, the Comforter!

535

Wells, 163, G. 7's
Spanish Chant, 169, A*b*. f

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear.
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would tender be;
Tender in my love for men,
Wooing them to God again,
With compassion pure and sweet,
Lead the lost to Jesus' feet.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope,
Pressing on, and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would;
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

536

Sardis, 267, G. 8's & 7's
Pour Thy Spirit, 269, G. r

HOLY GHOST, we bid Thee welcome,
Source of life and power Thou art;
Promise of our Heavenly Father,
Now thrice welcome in our heart.

2 Come like dew from Heaven falling;
Come like Spring's refreshing shower;
Holy Ghost, for Thee we're calling,
Come in all Thy quickening power.

3 Hearts are open to receive Thee,
Though we've grieved Thee o'er and o'er;
Holy Ghost, we greatly need Thee.
Come, abide for evermore!

HOLINESS ENJOYED

537

I need Thee, 479,
A*b*.

I LOVE Thee every hour, Thou loving One;
Because Thou first loved me, Thou suffering Son.
I love Thee, oh, I love Thee,
Live to love and serve Thee;
All I have, my Saviour,
I give to Thee!

2 I love Thee every hour, and Thee alone;
My love, my life, my Lord, my All-in-one.

3 I love Thee every hour, and never
fear;
Temptations lose their power, for
Thou art here.

4 I love Thee every hour; to hear Thy
voice [choice.
And do Thy blessed will is all my

5 I love Thee every hour, and I am
Thine; [art mine.
And I have All-in-all, for Thou

538

Oh, the voice, 84, E*b*. c.m.
If the Cross, 69, B*b*. ♭

IT is the Blood that washes white,
That makes me pure within,
That keeps the inward witness
That cleanses from all sin. [right,

Oh, the Blood to me so dear,
Saving now from guilt and fear,
Cleansing now my heart within,
Making free from self and sin!

2 It is the Blood that sweeps away
The power of Satan's rod,
That shows the new and living way
That leads to Heaven and God.

3 It is the Blood that brings us nigh
To holiness and Heaven,
The source of victory and joy—
God's life for rebels given.

539

Only Thee, 262, A*b*. 8's & 7's
Even me, 265, G. r

ONLY Thee, my soul's Redeemer!
Whom have I in Heaven beside?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wandering steps will guide?

Only Thee, only Thee!
Loving Saviour, only Thee!

2 Only Thee! No joy I covet
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance
Thou hast owned and sealed me
Thine.

3 Only Thee! I ask no other,
Thou art more than all to me;
Life or health or creature comfort—
I would give them all for Thee.

4 Only Thee, whose Blood has cleansed
me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

540

One with my Lord, G.f.S.
No. 2, 101, E*b*.

ONE with my Lord! 'tis glorious
to know [gone;
The barriers are broken and
Wherever He leadeth, there gladly
Yes, I and my Jesus are one. [I'll go;

Jesus with me is united,
Doubtings and fears all are gone;
With Him now my soul is delighted,
I and King Jesus are one.

2 One with my Lord! with His purpose and will—
So one that I ne'er can complain;
My business down here His words
to fulfil,
My purpose to honor His name.

3 One with my Lord! with His toil
and His care,
In seeking and saving the lost,
Remembering, when looking on
those in despair, [it cost.
How to save them His life-Blood

4 One with my Lord! with His Cross
and His shame, [thorn;
The mocking, the spear, and the
Won by His love, I have taken
His name— [earth's scorn?
Should I leave Him because of

5 One with my Lord! when time has
gone by,
And eternity opens to view,
On His grace and His strength I
then will rely, [through.
And trust Him to carry me

541

St. Agnes, 106, G. C.M.
Lydia, 77, D. b

TALK with me, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth I rove;
Speak to my heart and let it feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing I forget,
All time, and toil, and care;
Service is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art there.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice;
My longing heart shall own Thy
And echo to Thy voice. [sway,

4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy
And find my heaven in Thee.

542

The vacant chair, 8's & 7's
318, A*b*. t

IN the secret of Thy presence,
Where the pure in heart may dwell,
Are the springs of sacred service,
And a power that none can tell;
There my love must bring its off'ring, [praise;
There my heart must yield its
And my Lord will come, revealing
All the secrets of His ways.

In the secret of Thy presence,
In the hiding of Thy power;
Let me love Thee, let me serve Thee
Every consecrated hour.

2 More than all my lips may utter,
More than all I do or bring,
Is the depth of my devotion
To my Saviour, Lord, and King.
Nothing less can keep me tender,
Nothing less will keep me true,
Nothing less will keep the fragrance
And the joy in all I do.

3 Blessed Lord, to see Thee truly,
Then to tell as I have seen;
Thou shalt rule my life supremely,
This will give the sacred gleam.
Sealed again is all the sealing,
Pledged again my willing heart;
First to know Thee, then to serve Thee,
Then to see Thee as Thou art.

543

Take Salvation, 289, G. 8's & 7's
Bithynia, 293, A*b* s

FULL salvation! Full salvation!
Lo! the fountain, opened wide,
Streams through every land and nation
From the Saviour's wounded side.
Full salvation!
Streams an endless crimson tide.

2 Oh, the glorious revelation!
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow.
Full salvation!
Oh, the rapturous bliss to know!

3 Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within; [ing
Thought and wish and senses keep-
Now, and every moment clean!
Full salvation!
From the guilt and power of sin.

4 Life immortal, Heaven descending,
Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in Christ to life divine!

5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
Fear and grief, are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark tomorrow,
For my Saviour goes before!
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore.

544

Ernan, 38, B*b*. L.M.
Melcombe, 33, E*b*. a

QUICKENED with our immortal head,
We daily, Lord, ascend with Thee;
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of Hell and death, [above;
With joy we seek the things
With all Thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, and purity, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin, [feel
We through Thy gracious Spirit
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all Thy righteous will.

545

Oh, the peace, 254, C. 8's & 7's
Walk with me, 270, F. r

ONCE I thought I walked with Jesus,
Yet such changeful feelings had,
Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting
Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.

Oh, the peace my Saviour gives,
Peace I never knew before;
And my way has brighter grown
Since I learned to trust Him more.

2 But He called me closer to Him,
Bade my doubts and fears all cease,
And when I had fully yielded
Filled my soul with perfect peace.

3 Now I'm trusting every moment,
Nothing less can be enough;
And my Saviour bears me gently
O'er the places once so rough.

4 Blessed Saviour, Thou dost keep me
By Thy power from day to day,
And my heart is full of gladness,
For Thou'lt keep me all the way.

546

None but Christ can satisfy, 102, G. C.M. b
Ten thousand souls, 115, B*b*.

O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown!

Now none but Christ can satisfy,
No other name for me! [joy,
There's love, and life, and lasting
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!

2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah! the water failed;
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace my sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

547

Living beneath the shade of the Cross, 518, C.

'TIS best to be saved by Fire and Blood,
'Tis best to be doing what's right and good,
'Tis best to wear garments whiter than snow,
'Tis best to be saved all over.

Saving the world by Blood and by Fire,
Living more holy, getting saved higher,
I never felt saved so much before,
I know I am saved all over.

2 'Tis best to be holy, best to be clean,
'Tis best for no spots of sin to be seen, [soul,
'Tis best to be pure in body and
'Tis best to be saved all over.

3 'Tis best to be perfect, best to be
whole; [soul;
'Tis best to have glory filling the
'Tis best to be trusting, best to have
rest;
'Tis best to be saved all over.

4 All-over blessing, all-over joy,
All-over cleansing, sin to destroy;
All-over brightness, all-over white;
'Tis best to be saved all over.

5 Over the Jordan, over the grave,
Over to Glory, Jesus will save;
Angels will cheer with music and
song
The saints who are saved all over.

548

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
Sagina, 218, A*b*. 1

FOUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus, Thy mercies I embrace;
The breath Thou giv'st for Thee
employ, [grace.
And wait to taste Thy perfect
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

2 Preserved through faith by power
divine,
A miracle of grace I stand!
I prove the strength of Jesus mine;
Jesus, upheld by Thy right hand,
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power;
When as a flood the foe comes in
My soul is more than conqueror;
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

4 Come, Lord, and make me pure
within, [God!
And let me now be filled with
Live to declare I'm saved from sin;
And if I seal the truth with Blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born.

549

French, 91, E*b*. C.M.
Wiltshire, 92, A*b*. b

O BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love,
So great, so full, so free!
Behold we give our thoughts, our
Our lives, our all, to Thee. [hearts,

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see,
We love Thee for that Cross of
Endured so patiently. [shame,

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain,
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Make us like Thee in meekness, love,
And every beauteous grace;
From glory unto glory changed,
Till we behold Thy face.

550

Good King Wenceslas, Ab. (*Mus. for Spec. Occ., No.* 30, *p.* 6.)

NOW I feel the sacred fire
Kindling, flaming, glowing,
Higher still, and rising higher,
All my soul o'erflowing.
Life immortal I receive;
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was dead, but now I live,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as Heaven.
'Tis a glorious liberty
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I live,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

3 Let the glorious message roll,
Roll through every nation,
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation.
Now I know it's full and free,
Oh, the wondrous story,
For I feel it's saving me,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

551 Sovereignty, 221, D. 6—8's
Eaton, 214, E*b*. 1

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My Help and Refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine.
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name Salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love.
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and Heaven.

3 Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war my peace, in loss my gain;
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my All-in-all.

552 Glory to the Lamb, 287, 8's & 7's
A*b*. I love Jesus, 282, E*b*. r

PRECIOUS Saviour, Thou dost save me;
Thine, and only Thine, I am;
Oh, the cleansing Blood has reached me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing Blood has reached me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was striving
To obtain this precious rest;
But, when all my struggles ended,
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the Blood applied;
Living in the cleansing fountain,
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to Thy service,
I will live and die for Thee;
I will witness to Thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.

5 Yes, I'll boldly stand for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed my soul from sin's corruption,
Sanctified and made me whole.

553 The Lion of Judah, 348, D. 11's
The Conquering Saviour, x
350, A*b*.

THE conflict is over, the tempest is past,
I'm resting in Jesus, I'm resting at last;
The billows that filled my poor soul with alarm
Are hushed at His word into stillness and calm.

The conquering Saviour will break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

2 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that He maketh me perfectly whole;
There's joy everlasting to feel His Blood flow,
'Tis life from the dead my Redeemer to know.

3 Oh, hinder me not while His love I proclaim,
My soul makes her boast in His wonderful name;
I stand with my foot on the neck of my foe,
Then, bounding with gladness, triumphant I go.

554 We shall win, 321, 9's
A*b*. u

LET us sing of His love once again—
Of the love that can never decay,
Of the Blood of the Lamb who was slain,
Till we praise Him again in that day.

I believe Jesus saves,
And His Blood makes me whiter than snow.

2 There is cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving
flood;
There is perfect deliverance and joy
To be had in this world through
the Blood.

3 Here and now while we taste of His
love, [His name;
We are filled with delight through
But what will it be when above
We shall join in the song of the
Lamb?

4 Then we'll march in His name till
we come [fight;
At His bidding to cease from the
And our Saviour shall welcome us
home [light.
To the mansions of glory and

5 So with banners unfurled to the
breeze,
Our motto shall "Holiness" be,
Till the crown from His hand we
shall seize,
And the King in His glory we see.

555

Not my own, 253, F. 8's & 7's
I will guide thee, 255, G. r

I MUST have the Saviour with me,
For I dare not walk alone;
I must know His presence near me
And His arm around me thrown.
Then my soul shall fear no ill,
Let Him lead me where He will;
I will go without a murmur,
And His footsteps follow still.

2 I must have the Saviour with me,
For my faith so oft is weak;
He can whisper words of comfort
That no other voice can speak.

3 I must have the Saviour with me
In the onward march of life;
Through the tempest and the
sunshine, [strife.
Through the battle and the

556

Accrington, 35, F. L.M.
Beethoven, 11, A*b*. a

LORD, I was blind! I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace,
But now the beauty of Thy face,
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf! I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice,
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And sweet are all Thy words and
dear!

3 Lord, I was dumb! I could not speak,
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now as touched with living
flame
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to
speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

557

At peace with God, G.f.S.
No. 1, 109, F.

AT peace with God! How great
the blessing
In fellowship with Him to be,
And from all stains of sin set
free; [ing!
How rich am I such wealth possess-
My soul has found a resting place,
And I am now, through heavenly
At peace with God, [grace
At peace with God.

2 The fear of death has gone for ever,
No more to cause my heart to
grieve;
There is a place, I dare believe,
In Heaven for me beyond the river.

3 At peace with God! No change can
harm me, [run.
Whichever way my course may
One wish alone, God's will be
done, [mercy.
I seek, since I have known His

558

The Cross now covers my sins, 207, E*b*. Thou Shepherd of Israel, 206, G. 8's k

I STAND all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

The Cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the Blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free,
But when I had ceased from my struggling
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched the hem of His garment
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh,
"My peace I will give unto thee."

559

Thou Shepherd of Israel, 206, G. The Cross now covers my sins, 207, E*b*. 8's k

ALL glory to Jesus be given
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
For Jesus has cleansed even me.

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all full salvation may know;
Come, plunge in the sin-cleansing wave,
His Blood washes whiter than snow.

2 From darkness, from sin, and despair,
Out into the light of His love,
He brought me, and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, rapturous heights of His love!
Oh, measureless depths of His grace!
My soul all His fullness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace.

4 In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below;
And freely His Blood is applied—
His Blood that makes whiter than snow.

560

None of self, 264, G. 8's & 7's r

OH, the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered—
"All of self and none of Thee!"

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the cursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly—
"Some of self and some of Thee!"

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered—
"Less of self, and more of Thee!"

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my spirit's longing—
"None of self and all of Thee!"

561

Thou art a mighty Saviour, 149, B*b*. 7's c

BLESSED Lamb of Calvary,
Thas hast done great things for me,
Thou didst leave Thy Throne above,
Thou didst suffer out of love.

Thou art a mighty Saviour,
Thy love doth never waver;
Thou shalt be mine for ever,
And Thine alone I'll be.

2 Thou wast to the slaughter led,
Thou didst bow Thy sacred head,
'Twas for me Thy Blood was spilt
That I might be cleansed from guilt.

3 In Thy mercy, rich and free,
Thou hast pardoned even me;
Thou dost keep me every hour
By Thy Holy Spirit's power.

4 Draw me closer, Lord, to Thee;
May my life a blessing be;
May it be a life of love;
Lord, supply me from above.

5 Now, Lord, let my light so shine
That the world may know I'm Thine;
May I bear much fruit in Thee
That will stand eternally.

562

I'm believing, 8's & 7's
S. A. M., 82, A*b*. t
Whither Pilgrims? 313, B*b*.

SINS of years are washed away,
Blackest stains become as snow,
Darkest night is changed to day,
When you to the river go.

I'm believing and receiving
While I to the river go;
And my heart its waves are cleansing
Whiter than the driven snow.

2 Doubts and fears are borne along
On the current's ceaseless flow;
Sorrow changes into song
When you to the river go.

3 Ease and wealth become as dross,
Worthless earth's delight and show;
All your boast is in the Cross
When you to the river go.

4 Selfishness is lost in love—
Love for Him whose love you know;
All your treasure is above
When you to the river go.

5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the river go.

563

Hyfrydol, 312, G. 8's & 7's
The vacant chair, 318, A*b*. t

EVEN as a river flowing,
Onward to its native sea,
Blessings from the Lord bestowing,
Cometh Heaven's peace to me.
Passing mortal understanding,
Unto worldlings never known,
Yet for all the race expanding,
Gift of God unto His own.

From the heart of Jesus flowing
Cometh Heaven's peace to me,
Ever deeper, richer growing,
Through the Cross of Calvary.

2 To the heart where strife was reigning
Jesus spake—dissension ceased;
From the bonds, so long enchaining,
He hath wondrously released.
Pardon full for past transgression,
Grace for every time of need;
With such treasure in possession
Happy is my lot indeed.

3 Changeless through all life's advances,
Peace is mine through good or ill;
Peace which every joy enhances,
Gives to grief a holy thrill.
Saviour, source of peace unfailing,
Who Thyself my heart hath filled,
Dwell in me, o'er all prevailing,
Till in Heaven life's storms are stilled.

PRAYER

PRAYING FOR SINNERS

564 Rescue the perishing, 481, B*b*.

RESCUE the perishing, care for the
dying, [the grave;
Snatch them in pity from sin and
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up
the fallen, [save.
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to
Rescue the perishing, care for the
dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still
He is waiting, [ceive.
Waiting the penitent child to re-
Plead with them earnestly, plead
with them gently, [believe.
He will forgive if they on Him

3 Rescue the perishing—duty de-
mands it; [will provide;
Strength for thy labor the Lord
Back to the narrow way patiently
win them; [has died.
Tell the poor wanderers a Saviour

565 Angelus, 26, E*b*. Eden, 5, A*b*. L.M. a

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee
lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills, draw
near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are
sad, [well,
And some have never loved Thee
And some have lost the love they
had.

4 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried, [scan
Thy kind but searching glance can
The very wounds that shame would
hide.

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless
fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

566 Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's q

THY voice hath spoken, souls have
heard, [clared.
Thy wondrous love hath been de-
Now in this solemn hour
Conviction's arrow deeper press,
Convince of sin and righteousness,
Show forth Thy mighty power.

2 Thy hand hath torn the veil aside,
The secret sin man fain would hide
Stands clear beneath Thy gaze.
Help now, dear Lord, each waver-
ing heart
To turn from sin, from evil part;
Make this a day of days!

3 Defeat the enemy, that he
No longer in captivity [bind!
These Blood-sought souls shall
Grant that the weary sin-sick one,
Whom none can heal but Thou alone,
Shall full salvation find.

4 Bid chains be broken, fetters yield;
Let wounds incurable be healed;
Set longing captives free;
Hearts long defiled, cleanse through
and through,
Deep in the inward part make true,
In love and purity.

567 Where is my boy tonight? 80, G. C.M. b

LORD, bring some wanderers home tonight,
Some who have gone astray;
Oh, give them grace to come tonight,
Let them no more delay!

Bring wanderers home tonight,
Bring wanderers home tonight,
For souls astray we would earnestly pray;
Bring wanderers home tonight!

2 May none Thy mercy spurn tonight,
The Holy Spirit grieve;
May prodigals return tonight;
May sinners now believe.

3 Let none unblest depart tonight,
Unsaved and unforgiven;
And o'er some yielding heart tonight,
Let there be joy in Heaven.

568 Belmont, 105, G. C.M.
Bedford, 93, E*b*. b

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Oh, hear the prayers that to Thee
That sinners here may live! [rise,

2 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
Nor feels his want of Thee?
A stranger to the Blood which
His pardon on the tree? [bought

3 Convince him now of unbelief;
His dreadful state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

4 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

5 Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

6 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake;
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake."

569 Aurelia, 189, E*b*. 7's & 6's
Missionary, 185, E*b*. i

LORD, gather in the lost ones,
In sin and night they roam;
Oh, quicken all their hearts, Lord,
With thoughts of Heaven and
In mercy send them sorrows; [home!
Let tears their portion be,
Give not their spirits rest, Lord,
Until they rest in Thee.

2 They dwell in fancied safety,
False lights around them gleam;
Awake them, oh, awake them
From pleasure's fatal dream!
Oh, may they find no refuge
Till to Thy Cross they flee!
Oh, let them not have rest, Lord,
Until they rest in Thee!

3 Let not Thy pangs, Thy passion,
Thy dying love be vain;
Lord, if through suff'ring only
They must the victory gain.
Then send Thy keenest arrows,
Pierced let their conscience be;
Give not their spirits rest, Lord,
Until they rest in Thee.

570 For you I am praying, 459, G.

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in Glory,
A dear loving Saviour, though earth friends be few,
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in Heaven,
But, oh, may He lead you to go with me too!

3 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew.
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to Glory
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

571 St. Agnes, 106, G. C.M.
Sawley, 96, Bb. ♭

JESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore!
Open the door to preach Thy Word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power,
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their precious hour.

3 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of Thy love,
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.

4 Thy side an open fountain is
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss
And wash them white as snow.

5 Ready Thou art the Blood to apply,
And prove the record true,
And all Thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

572 Throw out the life-line,
491, G.

THROW out the life-line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody's brother! Oh, who then will dare
To throw out the life-line, his peril to share?

Throw out the life-line!
Some one is drifting away.
Throw out the life-line!
Someone is sinking today.

2 Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong,
Why do you tarry, my comrades, so long?
See—he is sinking! Oh, hasten today,
And out with the life-boat! Away, then, away!

3 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
Haste, then, my comrades, no time for delay,
But throw out the life-line, and save them today.

SOLDIERS PRAYING

573 Lord, I believe, 8's & 4's
236, Bb. All through ♮
the night, 237, G.

JESUS, hear Thy soldiers crying,
Lord, save the world!
Pleading for the millions dying,
Lord, save the world!
In Thy Army we will stay,
Persecution shall not daunt us,
Fighting orders we'll obey,
Lord, save the world!

2 Thou art all our foes defeating,
We're for victory, not retreating,
Lifting Calvary's banner high,
Every sinful stronghold storming,
We will conquer, or we'll die,
Lord, save the world!

3 Thousands from their sins are turning,
And the holy fire is burning,
With a Pentecostal flame,
Spread the soul-converting glory,
By the power of Jesus' name,
Lord, save the world!

4 Fix Thy throne in every nation,
Flood earth's kingdoms with salvation,
Thou shalt our salvation be,
Thou wilt give us power to conquer,
We are sure of victory.
Lord, save the world!

574

Hold the fort (repeat verse), 241, C. 8's & 5's o
Death is coming, 238, B*b*.

NEAR Thy Cross assembled, Master,
At Thy feet we fall;
Seeking power to send us faster,
Hear, Lord, while we call.
Soul and body consecrating,
Leaving every sin;
Longing for a full salvation,
Victory we would win.

Send the fire, send the fire,
For this, Lord, we call;
Send the sanctifying fire,
Now baptize my soul!

2 Fire that changes every craving
Into pure desire;
Fire destroying fear and doubting,
Fills and saves us higher;
Fire that takes its stand for Jesus,
Seeks and saves the lost;
Fire that follows where He pleases,
Fearless of the cost.

3 Fire that turns men into heroes—
Makes of weakness might!
Fire that makes us more than conquerors,
Glories in the fight.
Fire that's daring, crosses bearing,
Now 'tis offered free!
Fire our Master's suffering sharing,
Dauntless fire for me!

575

Near the Cross,
404, G.

WE the people of Thy host,
Standing here before Thee;
For Thy power, O Holy Ghost,
We as one implore Thee!

Send the power, send the power,
Send it we implore Thee;
Fill us with the Holy Ghost,
As we bow before Thee!

2 God of battles, God of power;
What can stand before Thee?
For the conflict's fiercest hour
Fit us, we implore Thee!

3 Let not self hold any part,
All we lay before Thee;
Be Thou conqueror of each heart,
We as one implore Thee!

4 Thine for time, and Thine for aye;
Battling, conquering for Thee;
Till all ended life's short day
We in Heaven adore Thee!

576

Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6—8's
St. Matthias, 222, G. 1

THOU Lamb of God, whose precious Blood
For every guilty sinner flows,
A cleansing, efficacious flood,
A healing stream for human woes.
Now let us feel its quickening power,
Oh, cleanse our souls this very hour!

2 Assembled here with one accord,
We claim Thy promised blessing now,
And dare believe Thy precious word,
As down before Thy Throne we bow.
Oh, fill us with Thy mighty power,
And save, O Lord, this very hour!

3 Oh, solemnize our every heart
And let us feel Thy presence now!
Subdue, dear Lord, each stubborn heart,
That all in penitence may bow.
Convict us by Thy mighty power,
And save, dear Lord, this very hour.

577

The National Anthem, 366, A*b*. Moscow, 368, A*b*. 6's & 4's b2

GOD bless our Army brave,
Soon shall our colors wave
O'er land and sea.
Clothe us with righteousness,
Our faithful soldiers bless,
And crown with great success
Our Army brave.

2 The "Blood and Fire" bestow,
Go with us when we go
To fight for Thee.
Still with our Army stay,
Drive sin and fear away,
Give victory day by day
On Israel's side.

3 God bless our General,
Our officers as well—
God bless them all.
Oh, give us power to fight
To put all Hell to flight,
Let victory still delight
Our Army brave.

578

Forever with the Lord, 140, G. Diademata, 139, E*b*. D.S.M. cc

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the
And make Thy people hear. [dead
Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smould'ring embers
By Thine almighty breath. [now

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of
Oh, may our spirits be! [Life,

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

579

Austria, 296, E*b*. 8's & 7's
Regent Square, 297, B*b*. s

O THOU God of every nation,
We now for Thy blessing call;
Fit us for full consecration,
Let the fire from Heaven fall;
Bless our Army!
With Thy power baptize us all.

2 Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit,
Make our soldiers white as snow,
Save the world through Jesus' merit,
Satan's kingdom overthrow!
Bless our Army!
Send us where we ought to go!

3 Give us all more holy living,
Fill us with abundant power;
Give the Army more thanksgiving,
Greater victories every hour,
Bless our Army! [Tower.
Be our Rock, our Shield, our

4 Bless our General, bless our leaders,
Bless our officers as well! [diers;
Bless our converts—bless our sol-
Speed the war 'gainst sin and
Bless our Army! [Hell!
We will all Thy goodness tell.

580

Accrington, 35, F. L.M.
Hursley, 31, F. b

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw; [saw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Neglecting prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the soldier's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 **O Lord, increase our faith and love;**
So shall we all Thy goodness
prove, [less store
And gain from Thine own bound-
The fruits of prayer for evermore!

581

Give me a heart like Thine, 81, G. Lord, fill my craving heart, 76, Ab. C.M. b

WHILE here before Thy Cross I
kneel,
To me Thy love impart;
With a deep, burning love for souls,
Lord, fill my craving heart!
Give me a heart like Thine!
By Thy wonderful power,
And Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine!
Lord, fill my craving heart
With a deep, burning love for souls;
Lord, fill my craving heart.

2 **Deepen in me Thy work of grace,**
Teach me to do Thy will;
Help me to live a spotless life,
Thy holy laws fulfil.

3 **With mighty power my soul bap-**
My longing heart inspire, [tize,
That I may from this moment rise
A living flame of fire.

4 **I want in this dark world to shine,**
And ever faithful be,
That all around shall know I'm
In blest reality. [Thine,

582

Sweet hour of prayer, 44, D. Ye banks and braes, 223, G. D.L.M. aa

SWEET hour of prayer! Sweet
hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's Throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 **Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour**
of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His
grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer!

3 **Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour**
of prayer!
May I thy consolation share
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through
the air, [prayer!
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of

583

Chalvey, 138, F. Diademata, 139, Eb. D.S.M. cc

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.
Control my every thought,
The whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 **Oh, arm me with the mind,**
Meek Lamb, which was in Thee,
And let my earnest zeal be found
With perfect charity!
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce Thy call
And vindicate Thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

3 **Oh, may I love like Thee,**
In all Thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing Thou hast made!

Oh, may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love!

584

Harlan, 367, E*b*. 6's & 4's
Moscow, 368, A*b*. b2

BLESSED and glorious King!
To Thee our praise we bring
For this glad hour.
Thou God of peace and love,
Thou Christ enthroned above,
Spirit whose fruit is love,
Display Thy power!

2 Our General spare and bless,
Give strength and happiness,
And every good.
Direct and safely lead,
Supply each daily need
For thought and word and deed,
Most gracious God!

3 Grant to Thy people all
Thy grace for every call,
In this our day!
That heart and life may be
In joyful harmony,
United close with Thee,
Life, Truth and Way.

4 Help by Thy Spirit's sword,
The true and living word,
Souls to inspire!
With hearts from sin set free,
With lips new touched by Thee,
Let us for ever be
All flames of fire!

585

Oh, speak, 204, G. We speak 8's
of the realms, 210, C. k

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where Thou art.

Oh, speak while before Thee I pray!
And, O Lord, just what seemeth
Thee good,
Reveal, and my heart shall obey.

2 The pasture I languish to find
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of
the day.

3 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in true happiness gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.

4 Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

5 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy
There only I covet to rest, [flock,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.

6 'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

586

Coming this way, 513, G.

SOLDIERS of Jesus, Salvationists
true,
Rise and be ready to dare and to do!
Gird on your armor, your Captain
obey!
Surely revival is coming this way.

Coming this way, yes, coming this
way;
A mighty revival is coming this way.
Keep on believing, trust and obey,
A mighty revival is coming this way.

2 Salvation Army, so blessed of the
Lord, [cord,
Praying, believing with fervent ac-
Cleansed by the Blood and baptized
by the Fire, [desire.
Souls for the Kingdom our burning

3 Saviour of sinners, compassion divine,
Brought Thee from Glory Thyself to
resign.

Give us Thy Spirit, Lord Jesus, we
pray;
We are expecting revival today.

4 Dead to the luring of transient
things, [stantly rings;
Quick to the challenge which con-
Lord, we surrender our all to Thy
sway,
Surely revival is coming this way.

587

Dennis, 121, G. S.M.
St. Michael, 125, A*b*. c

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me;
Thy yearning pity for mankind;
Thy burning charity.

2 In me Thy Spirit dwell,
In me Thy mercies move;
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

588

Long, long ago, 400, G.
Cleansing for me, 471, G.

LORD, for a mighty revival we
Lord, give us souls! [plead,
Thy saving power in this meeting
Lord, give us souls! [we need.
Quicken our hearts by the Holy
Ghost's power. [shower,
Pour out Thy Spirit, a great, mighty
Of sin the sinner convict, Lord, this
Lord, give us souls! [hour,

2 Let every heart on this object be set,
Lord, give us souls! [get.
Help us to pray till the answer we
Lord, give us souls!
Give us the faith that will not let
Thee go,
Faith that says "Yes!" though the
devil says "No!"
Lord, Thy salvation in this meeting
Lord, give us souls! [show,

3 Lord, we believe Thou art going to
Lord, we believe! [save,
Floods of salvation and power we
Lord, we believe! [shall have—
Souls shall be truly converted to Thee
From all the bondage of Satan be
free; [Thee.
Made into soldiers to fight well for
Lord, we believe!

589

Melcombe, 33, E*b*. L.M.
Neapolis, 17, A*b*. a

FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent Him down the world
to save—

2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The only Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race,
For all Thou hast in Christ pre-
pared;
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

590

Guide me, Great Jehovah, 295, A*b*. 8's & 7's s
Come and worship, 298, D.

JESUS, give Thy Blood-washed
Universal liberty; [Army
Keep us fighting, trusting calmly
For a world-wide jubilee.
Hallelujah!
We shall have the victory.

2 Thou hast bound brave hearts to-
gether,
Clothed us with the Spirit's might,
Made us warriors for ever,
Sent us in the field to fight;
In the Army
We will serve Thee day and night.

3 'Neath Thy sceptre foes are bending,
And Thy name makes devils fly;
Captives' fetters Thou art rending,
And Thy Blood doth sin destroy;
For Thy glory
We will fight until we die.

4 Lift up valleys, cast down moun-
Make all evil natures good; [tains,

Wash the world in Calvary's fountain,
Send a great salvation flood;
All the nations
We shall win with Fire and Blood.

591

Love at home, 505, A*b*.

WHAT a work the Lord has done
By His saving grace!
Let us praise Him, every one
In His holy place;
He has saved us gloriously,
Led us onward faithfully,
Yet He promised we should see
Even greater things.

Greater things! Greater things!
Give us faith, O Lord, we pray;
Faith for greater things.

2 Sanctify Thy name, O Lord,
By Thy people here;
For the altar or the sword
Save us from all fear.
When the battle rages fast
Help us in the fiery blast,
Let us not be overcast,
Prove Thy greater things!

3 Every comrade, Lord, we pray
Thou wilt richly bless;
Leads us forth into the fray,
One in holiness,
One in faith and harmony,
One in perfect charity.
Then we know that we shall see
Even greater things!

592

Boston, 8, G. Angelus, 26, E*b*. L.M. a

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broad'ning way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
For Thee O Master, let me live.

593

Tossing like a troubled ocean, 156, F. Saviour, lead me, 157, C. 7's e

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid us pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Faith triumphant makes it glorious,
Leaning on my Saviour's breast.

Hear me, hear me,
Saviour, hear me while I pray;
As before Thy Cross I kneel,
Saviour, hear me while I pray.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
Then Thy Blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a soldier here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

594

Thy will be done, 14, A*b*. St. Clements, 9, G. L.M. a

HERE, Lord, assembled in Thy name,
Thy work to do, Thy help we claim;
And pray for grace, that we may be
Inspired by purest love to Thee.

2 Not might, nor power, Thyself hath said,
Can vice destroy or virtue spread;
Thy Spirit, Lord, this work must do;
Who only can our hearts renew.

3 Come, then, to us reveal Thy love
And pour the Spirit from above
That we with holy motives may
The impulse of His will obey.

4 Oh, touch our lips, that we may speak,
To guard the tempted, help the [weak;
And guide the wandering to retrace
Their steps, and seek a Father's face!

595

Ellers, 325, A*b*. 10's
Emerson, 324, E*b*. v

HE walks with God, who speaks to God in prayer
And daily brings to Him his daily [care,
Possessing inward peace, he truly knows,
A heart's refreshment and a soul's [repose.

2 He walks with God, who, as he onward moves
Follows the footsteps of the Lord he [loves;
And keeping Him forever in his view,
His Saviour sees and His example too.

3 He walks with God, who turns his face to Heaven
And keeps the blest commands by [Jesus given;
His life upright, his end untroubled peace;
Whom God will crown when all his [labors cease.

596

Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's
Come, comrades dear, q
247, A*b*.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
Oh, let me see Thy gathering frown,
And feel Thy warning eye;
And starting, cry from ruin's brink,
"Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
Oh, save me, or I die!"

3 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which [broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

4 In me Thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like Thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to appear
Before Thy glorious face.

597

Stella, 217, D. Eaton 6—8's
214, E*b*. 1

O JESUS, Saviour, hear my cry,
And all my need just now supply!
New power I want, and strength [and light,
That I may conquer in the fight;
Oh, let me have, where'er I go,
Thy strength to conquer every foe!

2 I need Thy love my heart to fill,
To tell to all Thy blessed will;
And to the hopeless souls make known
The power that dwells in Thee alone;
And then wherever I shall go,
Thy power shall conquer every foe.

3 Oh, make my life one blazing fire
Of pure and fervent heart-desire
The lost to find, the low to raise,
And give them cause Thy name to praise,
Because wherever I may go,
I show Thy power to every foe.

4 Let love be first, let love be last,
Its light o'er all my life be cast;
Come now, my Saviour, from above
And deluge all my soul with love,
So that wherever I may go,
Thy love shall conquer every foe.

598 Rousseau, 162, F. 7's
Norwood, 166, G. f

CENTER of our hopes Thou art;
End of our enlarged desire;
Stamp Thine image on our heart,
Fill us now with heavenly fire.
Overflowed by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever Thine.

2 All our works in Thee be wrought,
Leveled at one common aim;
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame.
Lead us, through Thy way of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise
To Thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our paradise
Here prepare to meet our Lord,
Here enjoy the earnest given;
Travel hand in hand to Heaven.

599 Arizona, 21, F. L.M.
Neapolis, 17, A*b*. a

SAVIOUR and Lord, we pray to Thee;
Thy people ever would we be;
To Thee whose love our lives has sealed,
To Thee our lives we gladly yield.

2 A people called by Thee to fight,
We stand united in Thy sight,
One in our aim to vanquish sin,
And bring Thy glorious Kingdom in.

3 In this glad moment while we sing,
Thy Army, we salute our King;
By Thee we live, on Thee rely,
By Thee we'll conquer or we'll die.

4 Called from the ranks of sin and shame,
We here do homage to Thy name;
No earthly boast have we indeed,
And yet Thy sacrifice we plead.

5 Our strength for warfare is Thy might,
Our hope of guidance is Thy light;
Pour out Thy Spirit while we wait,
And let Thy love Thy will dictate

6 Beneath Thy standard still we'll stay;
Thy cause shall every purpose sway;
Nor will we lay our armor down
Till we exchange it for our crown.

SEEKING AFTER GOD

600 Govaars, 263, G. 8's & 7's
None of self, 264, G. r

MASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard!
I am listening, Lord, for Thee,
What hast Thou to say to me?

2 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is for me;
Speak, that I may follow faster
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock
In the shadow of the rock.

3 Master, speak! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for, oh, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart.
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.

4 Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard;
With obedience glad and steady,
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee,
Master, speak! Oh! speak to me!

601

I surrender all, 283, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

LORD, I pray that I may know Thee,
Risen One, enthroned on high;
Empty hands I'm stretching to Thee,
Show Thyself to me, I cry.
Show Thyself to me, show Thyself to me,
That I may reveal Thy beauty;
Show Thyself to me.

2 All that once I thought most worthy,
All of which I once did boast,
In Thy light seems poor and passing,
'Tis Thyself I covet most.
Give Thyself to me, give Thyself to me,
That I may show forth Thy power;
Give Thyself to me.

3 Only as I truly know Thee,
Can I make Thee truly known;
Only bring the power to others,
Which in my own life is shown.
Show Thy power in me, show Thy power in me,
That I may be used for others,
Show Thy power in me.

602

St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 6—8's
Madrid, 213, B*b*. 1

MASTER, I own Thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly Thine, I long to be;
Thou seest, at last, I willing am
Where'er Thou goest to follow Thee.
Myself in all things to deny,
Thine, wholly Thine, to live and die.

2 Pleasure and wealth and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
These fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to obey.
My will in all things to resign,
And know no other will but Thine.

3 Wherefore, to Thee I all resign,
Being Thou art, of Love, and Power;
Thy only will be done, not mine;
Thee, Lord, let Heaven and earth adore.
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let my all be lost in Thee.

603

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
Cardiff, 219, D. 1

COME, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee.
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer.
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

5 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love Thou art.
To me, to all, Thy mercies move:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

604

Rockingham, 16, E*b*. L.M.
St. Helens, 7, A*b*. a

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed
from fears, [tears.
My soul enlarged, and dried my
What can I do, O Love Divine;
What, to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessing
seek;
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee, and adore?

3 Oh, teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all!
Before Thy Cross my debts to own,
And live and die for Thee alone.

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand, and raise, and fill my heart;
So may I hope my life may be,
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

605

Wareham, 32, B*b*. L.M.
Monmouth, 28, E*b*. a

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! Thou
Light of men; [parts,
From the best bliss that earth im-
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever
stood, [call;
Thou savest those that on Thee
To them that seek Thee, Thou art
good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 Our longing spirits seek for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we
see, [Thee fast.
Blest, when our faith can hold

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and
bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

606

Keep me unspotted, 7's
150, B*b*. e

EVER at Thy bleeding side,
Jesus, Saviour, I would dwell;
In Thy name, Lord, I confide,
Thou who doest all things well.

Keep me unspotted from sin, dear
Saviour,
Keep me unspotted from sin, my
I'll live for Thy glory, [Lord!
And tell out the story
Of how Thou hast suffered and died.

2 Daily I will strive to seek,
To live holy here below;
To the dying I will speak; [flow.
Tell them how Thy Blood does

3 Heavy though my cross may be,
From it I will never shrink;
In my life the world shall see
That of Calvary's stream I drink.

4 When I come to pass away,
Death for me will have no sting;
In the land of brightest day,
With the angels I shall sing.

607

What a Friend, 8's & 7's
309, G. Hyfrydol, t
312, G.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer?
Do Thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

608

Harlan, 367, E*b*. 6's & 4's
Moscow, 368, A*b*. b2

FIRM in Thy strong control,
O Father, hold my soul
Faithful to Thee!
If e'er I fear to fall,
Then let me hear Thee call,
"I am Thy All-in-all,
Trust thou in Me."

2 A revelation new
Of what Thy grace can do,
O God, be mine!
The need is all my own,
The grace is Thine alone;
Grace deep as need, made known,
Thy grace divine.

3 A power within reveal
Thy power to help and heal;
Strong, changeless, free.
Oh, by temptations sore,
By sorrows that He bore,
Who loves me evermore,
Give victory!

4 A freeman—once a slave—
Freedom to serve I crave,
To serve but Thee.
Blessing and being blest
Be this my only quest,
How I may serve Thee best
Till Thee I see.

609

Ellacombe, 116, B*b*. D.C.M.
St. Matthew, 114, B*b*. bb

FILL Thou my life, O Lord, my God
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways!
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

2 Fill every part of me with praise,
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord!
Poor though I be, and weak.
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

3 So shall each fear, each fret, each care
Be turned into a song,
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong;
So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

610

Confidence, 3, E*b*. L.M.
Arizona, 21, F. a

WHERE'ER I dwell, I'll dwell with Thee,
In Heaven, or earth, or on the sea;
All scenes alike engaging prove,
My soul impressed with sacred love.

2 To me remains no place nor time,
My homeland is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 My dwelling-place art Thou alone,
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love, life's only sweet.

5 Then let me to Thy Throne repair,
And never be a stranger there;
There love divine shall be my guard,
And peace and safety my reward.

611 Arnold's, 71, E*b*. C.M.
Sawley, 96, B*b*. b

O LORD, I will delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore! [be,
Henceforth my great concern shall
To love and praise Thee more.

612 Boston, 8, G. L.M.
Beethoven, 11, A*b*. a

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone!

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead,
The wandering and the wavering feet!
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet!

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand [Thee,
Firm on the Rock, and strong in
I may stretch out a loving hand,
To wrestlers with the troubled sea!

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach [impart,
The precious things Thou dost
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depth of many a heart!

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me, [power,
That I may speak with soothing
A word in season, as from Thee
To weary ones in needful hour!

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow;
In kindling thought and flowing word, [show!
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share!

613 Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6—8's
St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 1

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower, [Crown;
Thee will I love, my Joy, my
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone.
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah, why did I not sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain?
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes and healed my wounded mind.
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

4 Uphold me in the heavenly race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace,
Still to press forward on Thy way.
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill always with Thy heavenly light.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all Heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

614

French, 91, E*b*. C.M.
St. Ann, 98, C. b

O GOD, if still the holy place
Is found of those in prayer,
By all the promises of grace,
I claim an entrance there.

2 Give me a self-denying soul,
Enlarged and unconfined;
Abide within me, and control
The wanderings of the mind.

3 Give me the strength of faith that dares
To die to self each day;
That bravely takes the cross, nor cares
To find an easier way.

4 Help me to make more sacrifice,
To follow Christ indeed,
That in my life He may arise
To hallow every deed.

615

Eden, 5, A*b*. L.M.
Beethoven, 11, A*b*. a

OH, for a humbler walk with God,
Lord, bend this stubborn heart of mine;
Subdue each rising, rebel thought,
And all my will conform to Thine!

2 Oh, for a holier walk with God,
A heart from all pollution free;
Expel, O Lord, each sinful love,
And fill my soul with love to Thee!

3 Oh, for a nearer walk with God,
Lord, turn my wandering heart to Thee;
Help me to live by faith in Him,
Who lived, and died, and rose for me!

4 Lord, send Thy Spirit from above,
With light, and love, and power divine;
And by His all-constraining grace,
Make me, and keep me, ever Thine.

616

Hursley, 31, F. L.M.
St. Clements, 9, G. a

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the Blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat
If I forget the mercy-seat!

WAR

THE FLAG

617 Maryland, 233, G. 8's & 3's
m

WE meet the foes of all mankind,
And fight to win!
That all the wretched joy may find,
We fight to win!
Though they the slaves of sin may be,
And have no hope to be set free,
That they may God's salvation see,
We fight to win!

The Yellow, Red, and Blue shall fly
Above our heads until we die;
With Blood and Fire 'neath every sky,
We're sure to win!
We're sure to win!

2 Where Satan seems to bear the sway,
We stand to win!
In sore temptation every day,
We stand to win!
Though others may run to and fro,
And to all kinds of fountains go,
Just where the living waters flow,
We stand to win!

618 *The Standard-Bearer, M.S., Vol. VII,* 89, B*b*.

'NEATH the standard proudly waving,
Though around us foes are raging,
Still the battle we are waging
'Neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

I'll be true! I'll be true!
True to my colors, the Yellow, Red, and Blue!
I'll be true! I'll be true!
True to my Saviour in the Army.

2 In this warfare I'm delighting,
For my Saviour I am fighting,
'Gainst the host of Hell uniting,
'Neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

3 And my motto's "Onward seeking,"
Never from the front retreating,
All our enemies defeating,
'Neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

619 *The dear old flag,* D.C.M.
S. A. M., 301, C. bb
Ellacombe, 116, B*b*.

THEY bid me choose an easier path,
And seek a lighter cross;
They bid me mingle with Heaven's gold
A little of earth's dross.
They bid me, but in vain, once more,
The world's illusions try;
I cannot leave the dear old flag,
'Twere better far to die.

2 They say the fighting is too hard,
That health will surely fail;
That dreadful is a pauper's lot,
They'd have such fears prevail.
But, oh, how can I quit my post
While millions sin-bound lie?
I cannot leave the dear old flag,
'Twere better far to die!

3 They say I can a Christian be,
And serve God quite as well,
And reach Heaven just as surely by
The music of church-bell!
But, oh, the drum and clarion-call
Of band make my pulse fly;
I cannot leave the dear old flag,
'Twere better far to die!

4 I answer, life is fleeting fast,
I cannot, cannot wait;
For me my comrades beckoning stand
Beyond the Pearly Gate.
I hear their "Hallelujahs!" grand,
I hear their battle-cry!
Oh, do not leave the dear old flag,
'Twere better far to die!

620

Old Black Joe, 326, D. 10's v

ALL round the world the Army chariot rolls,
All round the world the Lord is saving souls;
All round the world our soldiers will be brave;
Around our colors we will rally—wave, soldiers, wave!

Keep waving, keep waving, keep every flag unfurled,
We soon shall have our colors waving all round the world.

2 All round the world with music and with song,
All round the world we'll boldly march along.
All round the world to free each sin-bound slave,
We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—wave, soldiers, wave!

3 All round the world redeeming grace shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle go.
All round the world the universe to save;
With Blood and Fire, with faith and feeling—wave, soldiers, wave!

621

Amen for the Flag
S. A. M., 205, A*b*.

AMEN for the flag to the Army so dear,
'Tis the flag for all lands and seas;
The flag that is making Hell's legions to fear,
The flag both for war and for peace.
The flag that will ever in battle look bright,
The flag that will wave till the wrong is put right;
The flag that shall triumph with salvation might
Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

The flag that guides poor sinners on the way,
The flag that leads to endless day;
The flag that fills all Hell with dismay
Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

2 The flag for all people, for conquest and song,
The banner of Blood and of Fire;
The flag for the brave, nobly marching along;
The flag that is leading us higher.
The flag and the music that cheers up the way,
The flag that will conquer, oppose it who may;
The flag that is giving to Jesus the sway
Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

3 The flag ever bringing salvation to view,
The flag that the holy will fly;
The Crest, and the Yellow, the Red, and the Blue,
The flag we will wave till we die.
The flag that will gather wherever it waves,
The flag that keeps winning the battles it braves,
The flag to be waved by the side of our graves
Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

622

Lift up the Banner, 68, B*b*. C.M. b

WE'LL shout aloud throughout the land
The praises of our God;
We'll fight beneath our flag unfurled,
Kept by His precious Blood.
So we'll lift up the banner on high,
The Salvation banner of love;
We'll fight beneath its colors till we die,
Then go to our Home above.

2 Salvation full shall be our cry,
Whatever men may say;
We'll fight for God until we die;
We're bound to win the day.

3 Salvation soldiers, fighting on,
Be more courageous still;
To God the world shall yet belong,
And bend its stubborn will.

623

Stand up for Jesus, 183, B*b*. The Crimson Stream, 200, F. 7's & 6's i

UNFURL the Army banner,
The Yellow, Red, and Blue;
Its colors so resplendent
Display for all to view.
Its message is eternal,
Inspired from Heaven above;
Bright emblem of salvation,
Of holiness and love.

2 Lift high the Army banner
In every land and clime;
It calls to deeds of valor,
It speaks of grace divine.
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
For every sinner free;
For every tribe and nation,
To all eternity.

3 Beneath this glorious banner,
By Jesus' grace we stand,
In bonds of love eternal,
A holy, Blood-washed band.
To arms, Salvation Army!
Loud rings the clarion call,
Nor weary in the conflict,
Till Christ is Lord of all.

624

Long, long ago, 400, G.

THOUGH fierce the conflict, though tough be the fight,
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!
Never be hindered from doing the right,
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!
Though foes be mighty, oh, be not dismayed,
Christ is your Captain, then why be afraid?
With His strong armor and His mighty aid;
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!

2 Foes are conspiring its folds to bring low,
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!
Reckless for God be, wherever you go,
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!
Wave it aloft in the alley and slum,
March to the sound of the trumpet and drum;
Till all the world to the Saviour has come;
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!

3 Though some around you to God prove untrue,
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!
Be not discouraged by what others do,
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!
God goes before us—then why have a fear?
When foes surround us our Help will be near!
Nothing can daunt us, so be of good cheer;
Keep up the flag! Keep up the flag!

625

Silver threads, 284, A*b*. Glory to the Lamb, 287, A*b*. 8's & 7's r

WHO are these with colors waving,
Sweeping forward through the land;
Toil, and strife, and danger braving,
Daring for the right to stand?

'Tis the Army of Salvation,
'Tis the Army of the Lord;
On to conquer every nation
With the mighty two-edged sword.

2 Who are these in town and city,
With their music, song, and drum;
Lifting up the name of Jesus,
In the alley, street, and slum?

3 Who are these in love united,
Going forth the lost to win;
Saving souls by evil blighted,
From the depths of grief and sin?

4 'Tis the Army of Salvation,
From the power of sin set free;
Saved from fear and condemnation,
Serving God with liberty.

THE CALL TO ARMS

626

Wareham, 32, B*b*. L.M.
Ernan, 38, B*b*. a

GO, labor on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed the work, cast sloth [away;
'Tis only thus that souls are won.

3 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's darkest gloom.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the sinning soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice,
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold, I [come!"

627

The Home over there, 8's
205, G. We speak k
of the realms, 210, C.

WHO'LL fight for the Lord everywhere,
Till we march by the river of [light;
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free from care,
All robed in their garments of [white?
Everywhere, who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?

2 Oh, think of the fiends everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have trod;
Of the curses that breathe on the air,
From souls wandering far from their God!

3 O Saviour, lead me everywhere,
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy rest;
Till the prey from the mighty we [tear,
And our country with Thy peace is blest!

4 I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see;
Many dying in sin everywhere;
My Jesus alone can set free.

628

All hail, I'm saved!
444, B*b*.

SOLDIERS fighting round the Cross,
Fight for your Lord;
Reckon all things else but loss,
Fight for your Lord.
All hail! I'm saved!
Oh, come and join our conquering [band!
All hail! I'm saved!
We'll conquer if we die.

2 Draw your sword, on God rely,
Fight for your Lord;
And your every foe defy,
Fight for your Lord!

3 In the name of Christ your Friend,
Fight for your Lord;
With the powers of Hell contend,
Fight for your Lord!

4 Fight the fight of faith with me,
Fight for your Lord;
Jesus gives the victory,
Fight for your Lord!

5 "Be thou faithful," hear Him cry,
Fight for your Lord!
"In My service fight and die,"
Fight for your Lord!

6 See in Heaven the glorious prize,
Fight for your Lord;
Glittering through the starry skies,
Fight for your Lord!

7 Faithfully your weapons wield,
Fight for your Lord;
Stand your ground, and win the field,
Fight for your Lord!

629

Are you ready? Ab. 8's & 7's
Loved ones gone r
before, 288, G.

ARE you ready for the battle,
Ready armed with holy might;
Ready now to help the Army,
Ready now to come and fight?

Are you ready? Yes, I'm ready,
Fighting bravely till the Master comes;
Keep believing and receiving;
Keep on fighting till the Master comes.

2 Are you ready for the struggle,
Ready when fierce foes all come;
Ready then to shout the triumph;
Ready for the conqueror's home?

3 Are you ready for death's river,
Ready for the victor's song;
Ready for a crown of glory;
Up in Heaven to march along?

630

We shall conquer all, Ab.

THERE'S a war to wage, there's a foe to engage,
The world is very sinful, and the devil's in a rage;
But his power shall cease, and his kingdom shall fall,
Trusting in our Leader, we shall conquer all.

We shall conquer all, we shall conquer all,
Only keep believing; we shall never, never fall!
We shall conquer all, we shall conquer all;
Trusting in our Leader, we shall conquer all.

2 There's a race to run, there's a crown to be won
By him that overcometh; he shall sit upon a throne.
Then we'll fire away at the Master's call; [conquer all.
Trusting in our Leader, we shall

3 There's a Home above for the good and the brave,
Who only live for Jesus, and that precious souls be saved.
They shall hear the great "Well done!" to all, [conquer all.
Who, trusting in their Leader, shall

4 There's a mansion bright, there's a crown of light
For all who through Jehovah are victorious in the fight.
When we see the King, at His feet we'll fall, [conquered all!"
Shouting, "Hallelujah! we have

631

Volunteers, M. S.,
Vol. XXXI, 21, *Ab.*

OH, we are soldiers true in the Army of the Lord, [word;
Forming into line at our Captain's
We are under marching orders to take the battle-field,
And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.

Come and join the Army, the Army of the Lord, [word;
Jesus is our Captain, we rally at His
Sharp will be the conflict with the powers of sin, [to win.
But with such a Leader we are sure

2 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side—
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride.
They are cruel, fierce, and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them back.

3 Oh, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword!
Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ our Lord!
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And His people shall be blest for evermore.

632

Hark, hark, my soul,
386, G. Pilgrims, 466, E*b*.

HARK, hark, my soul, what warlike songs are swelling
Through all the land and on from door to door!
How grand the truths those burning strains are telling
Of that great war till sin shall be no more!

Salvation Army, Army of God,
Onward to conquer the world with Fire and Blood.

2 Onward we go, the world shall hear our singing,
Come, guilty souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark its echoes, loudly ringing,
Shall lead the wretched, lost, and wandering home.

3 Far, far away, like thunder grandly pealing,
We'll send the call for mercy full and free:
And burdened souls by thousands humbly kneeling,
Shall bend, dear Lord, their rebel necks to Thee.

4 Conquerors at last, though long the fight and dreary,
Bright day shall dawn and sin's dark night be past;
Our battles end in saving sinners weary,
And Satan's kingdom down shall fall at last.

633

Turn to the Lord, 8's & 7's
275, G. Land beyond r
the blue, 276, G.

ONWARD! upward! Blood-washed soldier,
Turn not back, nor sheathe thy sword;
Let its blade be sharp for conquest
In the battle for the Lord.
Fighting beneath the Army colors,
Saved from sin through Jesus' love;
We are soldiers of Salvation,
Marching to the realms above.

2 From the great White Throne eternal,
God Himself is looking down;
He it is who now commands thee;
Take the cross and win the crown!

3 Onward! upward! doing, daring,
All for Him who died for thee;
Face the foe, and meet with boldness,
Danger, whatsoe'er it be.

4 From the battlements of Glory
Holy ones are looking down;
Thou canst almost hear them shouting,
"On! let no one take thy crown!"

5 Onward! till thy course is finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;
Keep the faith through persecution;
Never give the battle o'er.

6 Onward! upward! till victorious,
Thou shalt lay thine armor down,
And Thy loving Saviour bids thee
At His hand receive thy crown.

634

Abridge, 94, E*b*. C.M.
Congress, 99, C. c

AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through stormy seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me up to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

635

Grandfather's clock, Ab.

HARK! hark! whilst the call
To the war summons all,
Oh, say, will you not volunteer?
Each host to the front,
For the battle's dread brunt,
Each leader his forces doth cheer.
Out of Hell, breathing woe
To the high and to the low, [all;
Comes the desperate destroyer of
Whilst the great God comes in His
love,
To send to the worst mercy's call.

On, on, on, on, no surrender!
On, on, on, on, what can hinder?
We'll all fight, never to yield again
Till the King shall reign.

2 We of friends are bereft
On the right and the left,
Who fall 'neath the tempter's
power;
With drink and with smiles,
Satan millions beguiles, [hour.
And drags them to Hell every
On for God and for right, [might;
With your heart and with your
Men and women, go forth to the fray,
For the great God comes from
above
To lead us along in the way.

636

The Marseillaise, Ab. (Mus. f. Spec. Occ. No. 22, p. 42.)

YE sons of God, awake to glory,
A host of foes before you lies;
The saints renowned in sacred story,
Behold them seize the glittering
prize! [thunder
Shall frowns of earth or Hell's loud
Afflict your bosom with dismay,
Or chase you from the narrow way
While angels gaze with joy and
wonder?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
See, see the standard wave!
March on, march on, the trumpet
To victory or death! [sounds,

2 March on! nor fear death's rolling
waters,
The foes stands silent as a stone,
While Jesus' ransomed sons and
daughters [throne.
Go through to claim the promised
White robes and crowns of highest
glory, [songs,
Victorious palms and endless
Known only by the Blood-washed
throngs, [before ye.
And God's bright presence are

637

11's

Fighting on, 341, Eb.

x

TO the war! to the war! loud and
long sounds the cry;
To the war! every soldier who fears
not to die;
See the millions who're drifting to
Hell's endless woe, [will go?
Oh, who in the name of Jehovah

Fighting on, fighting on, fighting on,
fighting on; [never tire,
With the Blood and Fire we will
We'll fight until the Master calls.

2 To the war! to the war! who'll the
war-cry obey?
'Tis the great God who calls you
to fight while 'tis day;
Though the battle be fierce, and
though mighty the foe,
The Salvation Army to victory must
go.

3 To the war! to the war! louder
rings out the cry; [to defy?
Who'll enlist in this Army, all Hell
Bright angels await glittering crowns
to bestow; [will go?
Oh, who in the might of Jehovah

4 To the war! to the war! every man
to his post; [the lost;
Go, care for the dying; go seek for
Hark! Converts are singing, their
bright faces glow,
As they joyfully shout: "To the war
we will go!"

638

Bithynia, 293, A*b*. 8's & 7's
Harps, 301, D. s

HEAR the countless millions groaning
'Neath their load of sin and woe;
See them bound with chains so galling!
Who to rescue them will go?
Are you ready
Now, for Jesus' sake, to go?

2 In the slums, 'midst heathen darkness,
Who the light of love will show?
Saviours, brave and good, are wanted—
Will you to the rescue go?
Are you ready
Now, for Jesus' sake, to go?

3 On the field where war is raging,
Satan's power to overthrow,
Veterans, tried and true, are falling,
Will you to the rescue go?
Are you ready
Now, for Jesus' sake, to go?

4 Lo! a mighty host advancing,
Sinners shall the Saviour know,
God's own Army, Hell defeating,
We will to the rescue go.
I am ready!
Now, for Jesus' sake, to go.

639

Rocked in the cradle, L.M.
15, A*b*. Oh, wash me a
now, 10, G.

ARISE, ye soldiers of the light,
And buckle on the armor bright;
And now prepare yourselves to fight
Against the world and Satan's might.

All glory to the bleeding Lamb,
All hail the Saviour's conquering name;
Let every spirit catch the flame,
And spread the sanctifying fire.

2 Your enemies are in the field,
Gird on the armor, take the shield;
The Spirit's sword with courage wield,
And march and never, never yield.

3 We lift our glorious banners high,
And urge the Blood-washed warriors'
c[illegible]
We'll fight for Jesus till we die,
And enter Glory by and by.

4 Like Joshua's host at Jericho, [go;
Round the strongholds of sin we'll
With shout of victory meet the foe,
And loud the Gospel trumpet blow.

640

Gird on the armor,
463, A*b*.

I HAVE read of men of faith
Who have bravely fought till death, [wearing;
Who now the crown of life are
Then the thought comes back to me:
Can I not a soldier be, [daring?
Like to those martyrs bold and

I'll gird on the armor and rush to the field, [to yield;
Determined to conquer, and never
So the enemy shall know
Wheresoever I may go,
That I am fighting for Jehovah!

2 I, like them, will take my stand
With the sword of God in hand,
Smiling amid opposing legions.
I the victor's crown will gain,
And at last go home to reign
In Heaven's bright and sunny regions.

3 I will join at once the fight,
Trusting in my Saviour's might,
Who's strong and mighty to deliver.
From my post I will not shrink,
Though of death's cup I should drink;
Hell to defeat is my endeavor.

4 Will you not enlist with me,
And a valiant soldier be, [asunder?
Fighting to break Hell's ranks
Jesus calls for men of war,
Who will fight and ne'er give o'er,
Routing the foe in fear and wonder.

641

Oh, wash me now, L.M.
10, G. a

RISE up, ye soldiers of the Cross,
Count all things here as empty dross; [obey;
Your Captain's high commands
Fight on, and you shall win the day.
Shall win the day, shall win the day,
Fight on, and you shall win the day.

2 Put on the armor of your God,
And plead the Saviour's precious Blood;
With lifted banners march away;
Fight on, and you shall win the day.

3 When fiery darts around you fly,
To God, your great Deliverer, cry;
Believe His word, to Jesus pray;
Fight on, and you shall win the day.

4 Your latest foe will soon appear,
Through Christ he must be vanquished here; [away,
Then from the field you'll soar
Exclaiming, "We have won the day!"

5 And soon before the Throne of God,
Washed in your great Redeemer's Blood;
You will be clothed in bright array,
And sing, "Through Christ we've won the day!"

642

Theodora, 148, E*b*. 7's
Weber, 151, G. e

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright!
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless, fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word;
Let the Saviour's herald go;
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the Kingdom of the Lord.

643

Stand up for Jesus, 7's & 6's
183, B*b*. The day of i
victory's coming, 529, A*b*.

STAND up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the Cross!
Lift high His royal banner; it must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory His Army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.

The day of victory's coming, 'tis coming by and by,
When to the Cross of Calvary all nations they shall fly;
We're soldiers in the Army, we'll fight until we die,
For the day of victory's coming by and by.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The trumpet-call obey:
Forth to the mighty conflict, in this His glorious day.
With loyal hearts now serve Him against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you, ye dare not trust your own.

Put on salvation armor, and, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger, be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory shall reign eternally.

644

Sword and Shield,
415, D.

WE are marching o'er the regions
Where the slavery of sin
Is enforced by hellish legions;
But we'll fight and we shall win.
Step by step we march along,
Never daunted, fearing none;
True liberty from self and Satan
Is our song.

With sword and shield we'll take the field,
We're not afraid to die;
While the standard of the Cross is waving o'er us
We raise on high our battle-cry,
And all Hell's powers defy.
Scattered by our ranks, the foe falls down before us;
March on! March on!
Heed not the cannon's roar.
March on! March on!
There's a crown when the battle's o'er.

2 Have you heard the voice of weeping?
Have you heard the wail of woe?
Have you seen the fearful reaping
Of a soul that sinks below?
Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed,
Heed, oh, heed the world's great need;
To save the lost, like Him who saved you
Forward speed!

3 In the darkest hour remember
Him who on the Cross has died,
So that every captive's fetter
Might be broken, cast aside.
Grip your weapons, soldiers brave,
Forward, dying souls to save,
Fight on, until in every land
Your colors wave!

645

Storm the forts, 414, A*b*.

SOLDIERS of our God arise!
The day is drawing nearer;
Shake the slumber from your eyes,
The light is growing clearer.
Sit no lònger idly by,
While the heedless millions die;
Lift the Blood-stained banner high,
And take the field for Jesus.

Storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down, bring them down!
Pull down the devil's kingdom,
Where'er he holds dominion.
Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down!
Glory, honor to the Lamb,
Praise and power to the Lamb,
Glory, honor, praise and power;
Be for ever to the Lamb!

2 See the brazen hosts of Hell,
Art and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Hark! from ruin's ghastly road
Victims groan beneath their load,
Forward, O ye sons of God,
And dare or die for Jesus.

3 Warriors of the bleeding Lamb,
Army of Salvation,
Spread the fame of Gilead's balm,
Conquer every nation.
Raise the glorious standard higher,
Strike for victory—never tire,
Forward march with Blood and Fire,
And win the world for Jesus.

646

Falcon Street, 128, B*b*. S.M.
Marching to Zion, c
134, A*b*.

HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of Hell surround!

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching the Army to Zion,
The beautiful city of God!

2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war!

3 See on the mountain-top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed Blood.

4 His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call;
Let all to Jesus' Cross draw nigh,
He bore the Cross for all.

647

Stand like the brave, 11's
349, A*b*. x

O SOLDIER, awake! for the strife
is at hand,
With helmet and shield, and a
sword in thy hand,
To meet the bold tempter, go, fear-
lessly go,
And stand like the brave, with
thy face to the foe.

Stand like the brave, stand like the
brave; [to the foe!
Stand like the brave, with thy face

2 Whatever thy state, of the tempter
beware, [is there;
And turn not thy back, for no armor
The legions of darkness if thou
wouldst o'erthrow,
Then stand like the brave, with
thy face to the foe.

3 Doubt not, but press on, for thy
Captain is near,
With grace to support, and with
comfort to cheer. [will flow,
His love, like a stream in the desert
Then stand like the brave, with
thy face to the foe.

648

Stand like the brave, 11's
349, A*b*. The Lion of x
Judah, 348, D.

GOD'S trumpet is sounding, "To
arms!" is the call;
More warriors are wanted to help
on the war! [for me!
My King's in the battle, He's calling
A Salvation soldier for Jesus I'll be.

Stand like the brave, with thy face
to the foe.

For the Lion of Judah shall break
every chain, [again.
And give us the victory again and

2 On land and on water my colors
I'll show, [Jesus I'll go;
Through ten thousand battles with
In danger I'm certain He'll take
care of me, [I'll be.
His blood-and-fire soldier for ever

3 When foes persecute me, I'll not
be dismayed;
Sin, death, Hell, and fiends shall
not make me afraid.
From fearing and doubting I'm fully
set free; [be.
A Salvation soldier for God I will

4 I'll fight to the last with the Lord's
sword and shield, [the field.
And count it an honor to die on
O'er death and the grave there
is victory for me; [be.
A Salvation soldier in Glory I'll

5 The war will go on till the world
is possessed, [blessed:
The Salvation Army Jehovah has
More heroes of faith on the roll we
shall see; [for me.
The Salvation Army's the Army

649

Sound the battle-cry, 385, B*b*.

SOUND the battle-cry!
See the foe is nigh!
Raise the standard high
For the Lord.
Gird your armor on,
Stand firm every one,
Rest your cause upon
His Holy Word!

Rouse, then, soldiers,
Rally round the banner,
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna,
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright,
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right,
We ne'er can fail.

3 O Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call,
Help us one and all
By Thy grace.
When the battle's done,
And the victory's won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.

650

Victory for me, 384, G.

TO the front! the cry is ringing,
To the front! your place is there;
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.
Selfish ends shall claim no right
From the battle's post to take us;
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

No retreating, Hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand;
God look down, with glory crown
Our conquering band.
Victory for me!
Through the Blood of Christ, my Saviour,
Victory for me!
Through the precious Blood.

2 To the front! the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way,
Every power and thought engaging,
Might Divine shall be our stay.
We have heard the cry for help
From the dying millions round us;
We've received the royal command
From our dying Lord who found us.

3 To the front! no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front! thy Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation;
Wait for thee, in love to bring
Holy peace and liberation.

651

Men of Harlech, 420, G.

SOLDIER, rouse thee! War is raging,
God and fiends are battle waging,
Every ransomed power engaging,
Break the tempter's spell!
Dare we still lie fondly dreaming,
Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming,
While the multitudes are streaming
Downwards into Hell?

Through the world resounding,
Let the Gospel sounding,
Summon all, at Jesus' call,
His glorious Cross surrounding.
Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving,
Be not faithless but believing,
To your conquering Captain cleaving,
Forward to the fight!

2 Lord, we come, and from Thee never
Self nor earth our hearts shall sever,
Thine entirely, Thine for ever
We will fight and die.
To a world of rebels dying,
Heaven and Hell and God defying,
Everywhere we'll still be crying,
"Will ye perish—why?"

3 Hark! I hear the warriors shouting,
Now the hosts of Hell we're routing,

Courage! onward! never doubting,
We shall win the day!
See the foe before us falling,
Sinners on the Saviour calling,
Throwing off the bondage galling,
Join our glad array.

SONGS OF VICTORY

652 Moscow, 368, A*b*. 6's & 4's
Harlan, 367, E*b*. b2

MARCH to the battlefield,
March on, the foe shall yield
To Christ our King.
Onward, ye faithful band,
Onward at His command,
Onward; nor halting stand,
But loudly sing.

2 Stand firm against the foes,
Stand! Well our Leader knows
Our conflicts all.
"Fear not," He says to thee,
"Fear not, but valiant be,
Fear not, but trust in Me,
The foe must fall!"

3 Fight, though thy foes increase,
Fight, till the war shall cease,
Then shout and sing;
Shout then triumphantly,
Shout, shout the victory,
Shout "Glory be to Thee,
O Lord, our King!"

653 Strike for victory, 6's & 5's
380, E*b*. d2

STRIKE, oh, strike for victory,
Soldiers of the Lord,
Buckling on the armor,
Trusting in His word;
Lift His royal banner
High above the world;
Satan from his stronghold
Shall be hurled.

Strike, strike for victory, warriors bold,
Strike till the victory you behold;
Strike, strike for victory, ne'er give o'er!
Jesus is our Captain, victory is sure.

2 Strike, oh, strike for victory,
Soldiers of the Cross,
Sacrificing pleasure,
Glorying in loss.
Bind the helmet stronger,
Tighter grasp the sword;
Conquering and to conquer,
Battling for the Lord!

3 Hand to hand united,
Heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep marching
Till the battle's won.
Ever pressing forward
'Mid the battle strife,
Till we gain the Kingdom,
Everlasting life.

654 Be in time, 477, E*b*.

OUR bondage it will end by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee, [by.
And to Canaan we'll return by and

2 The Deliverer will come by and by,
The Deliverer will come
To take His people Home,
And He'll place them on His Throne by and by.

3 Though our enemies be strong, we'll go on, [fear,
Though our hearts dissolve with
Yet Sinai's God is near: [go on.
Where the fiery pillar moves, we'll

4 By Marah's bitter stream, we'll go
Though Baca's vale be dry [on;
And yield us no supply, [go on.
To the land of corn and wine we'll

5 And when to Jordan's flood we do
Jehovah rules the tide, [come,
And the waters He'll divide,
While the heavenly host will shout, "Welcome home!"

6 We shall meet our friends again, whom we loved,
Our embraces will be sweet,
At our Redeemer's feet,
And to all eternity we'll rejoice.

655 Steadily forward march, 184, E*b*. 7's & 6's

SALVATION is our motto,
Salvation is our song,
And round the wide, wide world
We'll send the cry along.
Yes, Jesus is the sinners' Friend,
The Bible tells us so;
Their many sins He will forgive,
And wash them white as snow.

Steadily forward march;
To Jesus we will bring
Sinners of every kind,
And He will take them in.
Rich and poor as well,
It does not matter who;
Bring them in with all their sin;
He'll wash them white as snow.

Though all the world oppose us,
Yet we will never fear;
With Jesus as our Leader,
His presence ever near.
A wall of fire around us,
We'll never doubt His power,
But forward go the lost to save;
Yes, from this very hour.

3 Then forward to the conflict,
As through the world we go;
Rejoicing in the Blood
That washes white as snow.
Yes, we will fight for Jesus,
Though fierce the battle be;
O'er sin and Satan He will give
His soldiers victory.

656 Stand like the brave, 349, A*b*. Hiding in Thee, 338, E*b*. 11's x

ASSAILED by the tempter, by
sorrow oppressed,
When waves of affliction my faith-
fulness test; [flee,
I stand to my colors, disdaining to
And shout while I fight, "There is
victory for me!"

Victory for me, victory for me;
Victory for me through the Blood
of the Lamb!

2 O'er sin and o'er Satan, o'er self
and o'er pride, [ride;
By Jesus' strong arm I triumphantly
When Satan would rob me of this
liberty, [victory for me!"
I shout, "Hallelujah! There's

3 Wherever you are or whatever your
state, [have a bait;
The devil to catch you will sure
He's sure to inform you you can't
be kept free,
But shout, "Praise the Lord! there
is victory for me."

657 God is keeping His soldiers, 438, G.

GOD is keeping His soldiers fight-
ing, [be;
Evermore we shall conquerors
All the hosts of Hell are uniting,
But we're sure to have victory.
Though to beat us they've been
Our colors still are flying, [trying
And our flag shall wave for ever,
For we never will give in.

No, we never, never, never will
give in, no, we won't!
For we mean to have the victory
for ever.

2 We will follow our conquering
Saviour, [shall fly;
From before Him Hell's legions
Our battalions never shall waver;
They're determined to conquer
From holiness and Heaven [or die.
We never will be driven;
We will stand our ground for
For we never will give in. [ever,

3 With salvation for every nation,
To the ends of the earth we will
go;
With a free and full salvation
All the power of the Cross we'll
show.
We'll tear Hell's throne to pieces,
And win the world for Jesus;
We'll be conquerors for ever,
For we never will give in.

658 Happy song, 462, *Ab.*

WE'RE an Army fighting for a
glorious King,
We will make the world with
Hallelujahs ring; [sing,
With victorious voices we will ever
There's salvation for the world.

For the world, for the world, Jesus
died, Jesus died;
For the world, for the world, there
is room in Jesus' side.
All the world to save, to battle we
will go, [show;
And we ever will our colors boldly
With a trumpet voice we'll let the
millions know
There's salvation for the world.

2 We're an Army brave, arrayed in
armor bright;
We will turn the world from dark-
ness into light.
As we march along we'll shout with
all our might,
There's salvation for the world!

3 We're an Army saved, by Blood and
Fire made strong,
And with righteousness we mean to
conquer wrong. [song,
This shall be our universal battle
There's salvation for the world!

659 With the conquering Son of God, 203, *Ab.* 7's & 11's j

WE are sweeping through the land,
With the sword of God in hand;
We are watching, and we're praying
while we fight,
On the wings of love we'll fly
To the souls about to die,
And we'll force them to behold the
precious light.

With the conquering Son of God,
Who has washed us in His Blood,
Dangers braving, sinners saving,
We are sweeping through the land.

2 Oh, the blessed Lord of Light,
We will serve Him with our
might, [to the poor;
And His arm shall bring salvation
They shall lean upon His breast,
Know the sweetness of His rest,
Of His pardon He the vilest will
assure!

3 We are sweeping on to win
Perfect victory over sin,
And we'll shout the Saviour's
praises evermore;
When the strife on earth is done,
And some million souls we've won,
We'll rejoin our conquering com-
rades gone before.

4 Burst are all our prison bars,
And we'll shine in Heaven like
stars, [Lord's command,
For we'll conquer 'neath our blessed
See salvation's morning breaks,
And our country now awakes,
The Salvation Army's sweeping
through the land.

660 We'll be heroes, 425, *Bb.*

WE'LL be heroes, we'll be heroes
When the battle is fierce.
When the raging storm louder
Will our courage increase, [grows
By the Cross.

2 We shall conquer, we shall conquer
Through the Blood of the Lamb,
And we ne'er will retreat, though
we die,
Till the conquest we've won,
By the Cross.

3 We are rising, we are rising,
And the foe shall be driven,
As warriors brave let us sing,
We have victory and Heaven
By the Cross.

4 When we're dying, when we're
In the arms of His love, [dying
On the wings of faith we'll ascend
To the palace of God,
By the Cross.

661

We shall sing, 8's & 7's
286, A*b*. r

SOLDIERS, fighting in the battle,
Up to Glory march along;
Keeping cheerful in the struggle,
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

We shall sing, we shall sing,
When the glorious march of life is over;
Round the Tree of Life for ever,
Praise the Lord, it won't be long!

2 Sing today and sing tomorrow,
Sing when things are going wrong;
Sing the most in pain and sorrow;
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

3 Using joys that God has given,
For the battle keeping strong;
Soon we'll reach the gate of Heaven;
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

4 Making "Blood and Fire" life's story,
To God's happy saints belong;
Singing all the way to Glory;
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

662

I'll stand for Christ,
421, C.

IN the Army of Jesus we've taken our stand,
To fight 'gainst the forces of sin;
To the rescue we go, Satan's power to o'erthrow,
And his captives to Jesus we'll win.

I'll stand for Christ, for Christ alone,
Amid the tempest and the storm;
Where Jesus leads I'll follow on;
I'll stand for Christ alone.

2 We go forth not to fight 'gainst the sinner, but sin;
The lost and the outcast we love;
While the claims of our King unto all we will bring,
As we call them His mercy to prove.

3 Jesus pitied our case, and He died for our race,
To save a lost world He was slain;
But He rose and now lives, and His pardon He gives
Unto those who will call on His name.

4 Yes, our warfare is great, and our enemy strong,
Our aim He will ever oppose;
But the battle's the Lord's and to Him we belong,
And with Him we shall conquer our foes.

663

Glory to God, Hallelujah!
E*b*.

WE are never, never weary of the grand old song,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!
We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!

Oh, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing,
The way is growing brighter, and our souls are on the wing;
We are going by and by to the palace of the King,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!

2 We are lost amid the rapture of redeeming love,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!
We are rising on its pinions to the hills above,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!

3 We are going to a palace that is built of gold,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!
Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon behold,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!

4 There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad new song,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!
There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the Blood-washed throng,
Glory to God, Hallelujah!

664

Theodora, 148, E*b*. 7's
St. Bees, 152, G. e

SOLDIERS who to Christ belong,
Trust ye in His word, be
strong;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards for aye endure.

2 His no crowns that pass away;
His no palm that sees decay;
His the joy that shall not fade;
His the light that knows no shade.

3 His the home for spirits blest,
Where He gives them peaceful rest;
Far above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise.

4 Lift your hearts, then, to the skies,
God Himself shall be your prize;
For His promises are sure;
His rewards shall aye endure.

665

The day of victory's
coming, 529, A*b*.

MARCH on, Salvation soldiers,
March forward to the fight;
With Jesus as our Leader
We'll put the foe to flight.
In spite of men and devils
We'll raise our banner high,
For the day of victory's coming by
and by.

The day of victory's coming,
It's coming by and by,
When to the Cross of Calvary
All nations they will fly.
O comrades in the Army,
We'll fight until we die,
For the day of victory's coming
by and by.

2 Hell's forces may be mighty,
A strong opposing band,
Yet never be discouraged,
For Jesus boldly stand.
With Blood and Fire we'll
conquer,
Our every foe defy,
For the day of victory's coming
by and by.

3 Though some would try to crush us,
We're rising every day,
And soon o'er every land and sea
Our flag shall have the sway;
"Salvation free to all men" shall be
our battle-cry; [by and by.
For the day of victory's coming

666

Long, long ago, 400, G.
Cleansing for me, 471, G.

JESUS, my Lord, through Thy
triumph I claim
Victory for me. [name,
Lover of souls, by Thy conquering
Victory for me. [like me,
Canst Thou not save a poor sinner
Didst Thou not suffer my soul to
set free? [on the tree,
Thou didst provide by Thy death
Victory for me!

2 Here, Lord, I yield Thee the whole
Victory for me! [of my heart,
From all that hinders at last I
Victory for me! [will part,
Called to Thy service, I gladly obey,
Humbly my all at Thy feet now I
lay,
Trusting and fighting till life's
Victory for me! [latest day,

3 Singing, I feel I shall conqueror be,
Victory for me! [me,
Boundless salvation is coming to
Victory for me! [in the light,
Cleansed by Thy Blood I shall walk
Held in Thine arms I shall live in
Thy sight, [the fight,
Filled with Thy love I shall win in
Victory for me!

4 Finished my work, I shall mount to
the skies,
Victory for me! [I rise,
Comrades and kindred will shout as
Victory for me! [comes will sing,
Then saints and angels their wel-
Then in His glory I'll see my great
King, [Heaven ring,
Then in loud rapture I'll make
Victory for me!

667

We speak of the realms, 8's 210, C. k

REDEEMED from the bondage of Satan,
And strengthened with might [from above;
I'll fight for the Cross and the colors,
To bring in the Kingdom of Love.
For the Cross and the flag,
The Saviour on me can rely;
For the Cross and the flag,
In the Army I'll fight till I die.

2 No longer has sin the dominion,
My Lord does each battle control;
I stand 'neath the Cross and the colors,
And Jesus is keeping my soul.

3 Lord Jesus, I'll be Thy true soldier,
Not shrinking from suff'ring or loss;
Rejoicing to share in the conflict,
A warrior, true to the Cross.

668

We've all got to fight, G.

WE'VE all got to fight,
And we won't run away
Till all the wrong and misery
And sin are swept away.
With the help of our King
We are bound to win the day;
We'll do it for the honor of King Jesus!

2 I know we are but weak,
But He will make us strong;
The struggle may be deadly,
And the battle may be long;
We'll conquer though we die,
And this shall be our song:
"We'll do it for the honor of King Jesus!"

3 Wherever I may go,
Wherever I may stay;
Whatever I may think,
And whatever I may say;
When I sing, when I speak,
When I preach or when I pray,
I'll do it for the honor of King Jesus!

4 Lord, hurry on the day,
For which we fight and pray;
When drunkenness and devilry
Shall all be done away;
When the Army's work is done,
And the victory is won,
We'll triumph in the presence of King Jesus!

669

Over Jordan, 498, E*b*.

MAKE the world with music ring,
While with heart and voice we sing
Praises to our God and King,
Hallelujah!
Tell with no uncertain sound,
To the nations all around
Of the Saviour we have found;
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We shall conquer through the Blood,
Give the glory all to God,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We shall conquer through the Blood,
Hallelujah!

2 Through the Blood we shall prevail,
Though both earth and Hell assail,
God in man can never fail.
Keep your weapons sharp and bright,
Buckle on the armor tight;
Fighting is our great delight;
Hallelujah!

3 Everlasting arms are round,
Walls of fire the saints surround,
Enemies we shall confound:
Forward with the sword and shield,
Victory waits us on the field,
Stand your ground and never yield,
Hallelujah!

4 Sing your songs, ye saints of light,
Soon we shall escape from night,
Up to Glory wing our flight.
Face to face we then shall see
Him who died upon the tree,
Crowned with glory we shall be,
Hallelujah!

670

Oh, the crowning day,
427, E*b*.

THERE is coming on a great day
of rejoicing,
When all the ransomed shall gather,
their Lord as King to crown;
All earth's sorrow and its sin then
disappearing; [own.
Every heart will the Saviour then

Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Hallelujah!
Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Praise the Lord!
For our Saviour King shall reign;
He shall have His own again;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2 From far distant lands battalions
now are marching,
Who will have part in the honors
which Jesus will bestow;
God be praised for all the souls that
now are starting, [go.
Swelling the hosts that to victory

3 Do you, comrades, feel at times a
bit downhearted
When in the fight all looks dark,
and the foe seems fierce and
strong? [all departed,
At such times I find my fear has
When I remember that day
coming on.

671

9's
We shall win, 321, A*b*. u

WE'RE a band that shall conquer
the foe [King;
If we fight in the strength of the
With the sword of the Spirit, we
know,
We sinners to Jesus shall bring.

I believe we shall win [King.
If we fight in the strength of the

2 We have conquered in times that are
past, [field;
And scattered the foe from the
So we'll fight for the King to the
last, [we'll wield.
And the sword of the Spirit

3 Our foe may be mighty and brave,
And the fighting be hard and
severe;
But the King is the Mighty to Save,
And in conflict He always is near.

4 In the name of the King we will
fight, [breeze;
With our banners unfurled to the
We will battle for God and the
right, [seize.
And the kingdom of Satan we'll

5 Ever true to the Army and God,
We will fight in the name of the
King; [Blood;
We shall win with the Fire and the
And the world to His feet we
shall bring.

672

We are marching on,
G. f. S. No. 2, 139, C.

WE are marching on, in His might
made strong,
Who has armed us for the war;
We accept the strife of a soldier's
life,
And for God we'll do or dare.
We have naught to fear with our
Captain near,
While we on His arm depend;
He will make us strong, as we
march along,
And will keep us to the end.

Marching on, marching on,
'Gainst the powers of sin,
We the fight shall win,
Marching on, marching on; [Blood.
We have victory through the

2 We ourselves have been in the ranks
of sin,
Groaning under Satan's chain;
But this galling yoke our Deliverer
As He bore for us the pain. [broke
When He shed His Blood, He the
way to God
Opened up for all mankind;
Now the worst may come, for He
casts out none;
All in Him salvation find.

3 We the news declare, and the tidings bear,
That the Lord will pardon all
Who submit to Him, and confess their sin,
And in faith for mercy call.
We will take the light into sin's dark night,
And will make the nations see;
And they all shall know that from sin and woe
Jesus lives to set them free.

673

War-cry, 506, D.

ON to the conflict, soldiers for the right,
Arm you with the Spirit's sword and march to the fight!
Truth be your watchword, sound the ringing cry,
Victory, victory, victory!
Ever is the war-cry,
Victory, victory!
Ever is the war-cry,
Victory!
Write it on your banners, get it on your knees,
Victory, victory, victory!

2 Fiercely it rages, deadly is the strife,
But the prize that you shall win is endless life;
Jesus shall crown you, your reward shall be:
Victory, victory, victory!

3 Valiant and cheerful, marching right along,
Every foe shall quit the field, though proud and strong;
Fear shall confound them, truth shall make them flee,
Victory, victory, victory!

4 Soon shall the warfare and the conflict cease;
Soon shall dawn the welcome day of lasting peace;
Foes all subdued, we'll raise the joyful cry,
Victory, victory, victory!

674

We're the Army, 403, D.

WE'RE the soldiers of the Army of Salvation
That God is raising now to save the world;
And we won't lay down our arms till every nation
Shall have seen the flag of Blood and Fire unfurled.

We're the Army that shall conquer
As we go to seek the lost, and to bring them back to God,
And His salvation to every nation
We will carry with the Fire and the Blood.

2 Though the hosts of Hell and darkness all surround us,
And by suffering and temptation we are tried;
Well we know that not a foe can e'er confound us
While Jehovah's mighty power is on our side.

3 So we'll put our trust in God, who ne'er will fail us,
And we know that His salvation we shall see;
And through all the fighting those who shall assail us
Shall be conquered through the Blood of Calvary.

SOLDIERS REJOICING

675

Stand up for Jesus, 183, Bb. Ellacombe, 116, Bb.
7's & 6's i

COME, comrades, lift your voices
Triumphant songs to raise,
Till Heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The welcome trump is sounding,
The trump of liberty.

2 Triumphant, glad, and glorious
Shall be the conflict's close;
Jesus has been victorious,
And shall be o'er His foes.
The Cross our battle token,
Christ the campaign controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken,
Our captures, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise is due;
Whose Blood-bought mercy freed us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Still on, in conflict pressing,
On Thee in faith we call;
The King of kings confessing
Thee crowning Lord of all.

676

Come, shout and sing, 475, E*b*.

COME, shout and sing, make Heaven ring
With praises to our King;
Who bled and died, was crucified,
That He might pardon bring.
His Blood doth save the soul,
Doth cleanse and make it whole;
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Oh, the Blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, yes, I know!
I bless the happy day
When He washed my sins away;
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

2 Come, join our band, and make a stand
To drive sin from our land.
"To do or die" our battle-cry,
We fight at God's command.
With banner wide unfurled,
We tell to all the world:
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

3 At trumpet's sound we stand our
And tell to those around, [ground,
Who have been long, with shackles
By sin and Satan bound. [strong,
Salvation God has sent
For all who will repent: [as snow.
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white

677

The Glory song, 429, A*b*.

WHEN all my labors and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful [shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Oh, that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me!
When by His grace I shall look on His face;
That will be glory, be glory for me!

2 When by the gift of His infinite grace
I am accorded in Heaven a place;
Just to be there, and to look on His face, [for me.
Will through the ages be glory

3 Friends will be there I have loved long ago,
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know, [for me.
Will through the ages be glory

678

Bright crowns, 103, A*b*. C.M.
Oh, the Lamb, 56, E*b*. b

YE valiant soldiers of the Cross,
Ye happy, praying band,
Though in this world we suffer loss,
We'll reach fair Canaan's land.

Bright crowns there are,
Bright crowns laid up on high,
For you and me there's a palm of victory.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
While Heaven appears in view;
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.

3 Oh, what a glorious shout there'll be
When we arrive at Home!
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done!"

679

Rachie, 383, G. 6's & 5's
Forward be our watchword, 381, F. d2

HARK! the sounds of singing
Coming on the breeze,
Notes of triumph winging
Over lands and seas.
Martial hosts assemble,
Flushed with victory;
Hell's battalions tremble,
And prepare to flee.

Army of Salvation,
Army of the Lord;
Christ our inspiration,
Christ our great reward.

2 Whence have come these legions,
Valiant, free, and strong?
World-wide are the regions
Where they combat wrong.
Gathering 'neath our banner,
While the trumpets blend;
Here in fervent manner
Let our praise ascend.

3 Plucked as brands from burning,
Saved by Jesus' might;
Earth's allurement spurning,
We for Christ will fight.
He who found and freed us
From our captive chain,
Surely He shall lead us
To eternal gain.

4 Wondrous, wondrous story
Of our God-made host,
Unto Jesus glory,
'Tis in Him we boast.
Out of every nation
By His might restored,
Army of Salvation,
Army of the Lord!

680

I'm glad, Eb. 7's & 6's
Stand up for Jesus, 183, B*b*. i

I WILL not be discouraged,
For Jesus is my Friend;
He'll lead me safe to Glory,
And keep me to the end.
I'm glad I'm in this Army,
And battling for the Lord;
He gives me grace to conquer,
And guides me by His word.

2 Fight on, ye valiant soldiers,
The battle we shall win;
For Jesus is our Captain,
And we shall conquer sin.

3 And when the battle's over,
Before Him we shall stand;
To sing His praise for ever
Among the ransomed band.

4 Then with the blest in Glory,
Where comes no shade of night,
We'll sing Redemption's story,
And Christ will be our light!

681

Oh, what battles, 202, G. 7's & 11's
j

OH, what battles I've been in,
And what conflicts I have seen,
But in darkness, as in brightness,
He is mine;
Oh, what mocking and what shame
I can suffer for His name,
For in Glory as the stars He'll make me shine!

Washed in the Blood white as snow,
Nothing am I seeking here below;
There's no more strife for my soul I know,
And naught can my peace overthrow.

2 What a sinner I have been!
What a Saviour I have seen!
For He's saved me from my sorrow and my woe:
And, when lost to all around,
My Redeemer then I found,
And His pardoning love and mercy now I know.

3 Oh, what mighty, wondrous love,
Brought my Saviour from above,
On the Cross to shed His Blood and die for me!
So I'll serve Him with my might,
In His service I'll delight,
For the Blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free.

682

Land beyond the blue, 276, G. 8's & 7's r

WE are marching home to Glory,
Marching up to mansions bright;
Where bright golden harps are playing,
Where the saints are robed in white.

There's a golden harp in Glory,
There's a spotless robe for you;
March with us to the Hallelujah City,
To the land beyond the blue.

2 March to swell the heavenly chorus,
With departed friends to stay;
Sweetest notes of Hallelujah music
On the golden harps to play.

3 March across Death's swelling river,
Jesus will the waves divide;
We shall have a Hallelujah Heaven
When we reach the other side.

4 March to see the living fountains,
March to tread the golden street;
Every true Salvation soldier
We shall up in Glory meet.

5 Sinners, join our happy Army,
March with us to Canaan's shore;
Robes of white and harps of glory
May be yours for evermore.

683

Innocents, 147, E*b*. 7's
Theodora, 148, E*b*. e

SOLDIERS of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, warriors, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
Ever will we follow Thee.

684

When the mists have rolled away, 311, C. 8's & 7's t

THERE'S a crown laid up in Glory,
There are robes for all to wear;
And we never need be sorry
That we did life's troubles share;
For our crown will shine the brighter
For the battles we have won,
And our robe will be the whiter
When our traveling days are done.

Happy Home, happy Home!
Never more from Christ to roam.
When our fighting here is over,
And our victories all are won
There's a mansion up in Glory,
When our traveling days are done.

2 There's a golden harp in Glory,
There's a welcome for the true;
There's a rest for all the weary,
There's a victor's palm for you.
Oh, we'll praise the Lamb for ever
When we stand before His Throne,
And our joys will end—no, never—
When our traveling days are done.

3 There will be no room for sadness,
There will be no sorrow there,
For unceasing songs of gladness
Will for ever fill the air.
There will be no farewell meetings
In that land where God's the Sun,
Only long eternal greetings,
When our traveling days are done.

685

Marching through Georgia, 474, A*b*.

SHOUT aloud salvation, and
We'll have another song;
Sing it with a spirit
That will start the world along.
Sing it as our comrades sang it,
Many a thousand strong
As they were marching to Glory.

March on, march on!
We bring the jubilee;
Fight on, fight on!
Salvation makes us free.
We'll shout our Saviour's praises over every land and sea
As we go marching to Glory.

2 How the anxious shout it
When they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer
When the Saviour they have found!
How our grand battalions
With triumphant power abound
As we go marching to Glory!

3 So we'll make a thoroughfare
For Jesus and His train;
All the world shall hear us
As fresh converts still we gain.
Sin shall fly before us,
For resistance is in vain,
As we go marching to Glory.

686

A robe of white, 487, C.

MARCHING on in the light of God,
Marching on, I am marching on;
Up the path that the Master trod,
Marching, marching on.

A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair;
A victor's palm, a joy untold
Are mine when I get there.

For Jesus is my Saviour,
He's washed my sins away;
Died for me on Calvary's mountain;
I'm happy in His wondrous love, singing all the day;
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the fountain.

2 Marching on through the hosts of sin,
Marching on, I am marching on!
Victory's mine while I've Christ within;
Marching, marching on.

3 Marching on while the worldlings sneer,
Marching on, I am marching on!
Perfect love casteth out all fear,
Marching, marching on.

4 Marching on in the Spirit's might,
Marching on, I am marching on!
More than conqueror in every fight,
Marching, marching on.

5 Marching on to the realms above,
Marching on, I am marching on!
There to sing of redeeming love,
Marching, marching on.

687

Marching to Zion, 134, A*b*. S.M. c

TO leave the world below,
March upward with our band,
And step by step we mean to go
To Zion's happy land.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching the Army to Zion,
That beautiful City of God.

2 The city we shall see,
The heavenly music hear;
Marching to songs of victory
With all the Army there.

3 The pearly gates are wide,
The streets are bright and fair;
We'll march together, side by side,
Till safely landed there.

4 Beside the crystal stream,
Led on by Zion's King,
We'll swell the great salvation theme,
And songs of victory sing.

5 With Blood and Fire unfurled
We march to victory grand;
The Army means to lead the world
To Zion's happy land.

688

Reign, oh, reign,
Ab.

OH, I'm glad I am converted
In the Army of the Lord;
Oh, I'm glad I am converted
In the Army!

Reign, oh, reign, my Saviour!
Reign, oh, reign, my Lord!
Send the sanctifying power
In the Army of the Lord!
Send the sanctifying power in the
Army!

2 Oh, the Saviour wants no cowards
In the Army of the Lord!
Oh, the Saviour wants no cowards
In the Army!

3 Oh, He says you must live holy
In the Army of the Lord!
Oh, He says you must live holy
In the Army!

4 Oh, the Blood of Jesus cleanses
In the Army of the Lord!
Oh, the Blood of Jesus cleanses
In the Army!

5 He will give you grace to conquer
In the Army of the Lord;
He will give you grace to conquer
In the Army!

6 He will fill you with His Spirit
In the Army of the Lord;
He will fill you with His Spirit
In the Army!

7 Oh, I feel the power is coming
In the Army of the Lord;
Oh, I feel the power is coming
In the Army!

689

Happy in the Lord, Bb.

A SOLDIER and a stranger here,
Happy! happy! happy!
I seek the Home to soldiers dear,
Happy in the Lord!

We'll cross the river of Jordan,
Hallelujah! Cross the river of
Jordan, happy in the Lord.

2 I leave this world of sin behind,
Happy! happy! happy!
That better home in Heaven to find,
Happy in the Lord!

3 Fair lands are here and houses fair,
Happy! happy! happy!
But fairer is my Home up there,
Happy in the Lord!

4 In that fair clime of endless day,
Happy! happy! happy!
The Lord shall wipe all tears away,
Happy in the Lord!

5 No death shall visit them again,
Happy! happy! happy!
No sickness there, no touch of pain,
Happy in the Lord!

690

Cleansing for me, 471, G.
Long, long ago, 400, G.

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger
I roam, Here is no rest;
Here as a soldier though fighting
Yet I am blest. [alone,
For I look forward to that glorious
day [away;
When sin and sorrow shall vanish
My heart doth leap while I hear
Jesus say,
"There, there is rest!"

2 Here fierce temptations beset me
around,
Here is no rest; [surround,
Here I am grieved while my foes me
Yet I am blest. [name,
Let them revile me and scoff at my
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to
shame, [my theme;
I will go forward, for Christ is
There, there is rest!

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest; [hold dear,
Here I must part with the friends I
Yet I am blest. [Word,
Sweet is the promise I read in His
Blessed are they who have died in
the Lord,
They have been called to receive
their reward,
There, there is rest!

4 This world of care is a wilderness
state,
Here is no rest; [all its hate,
But I must bear from the world
Yet I am blest! [released,
Soon shall I be from the wicked
Soon shall the weary for ever be
blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast;
There! there is rest!

691

Happy song, 462, A*b*.

WE are marching on with shield
and banner bright,
We will work for God and battle
for the right; [His might;
We will praise His name, rejoicing in
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake! Then awake! Happy
song! Happy song!
Shout for joy! Shout for joy as we
gladly march along!
We are marching onward, singing
as we go, [waters flow.
To the promised land where living
Come and join our ranks as soldiers
here below;
Come and work till Jesus calls.

2 In the open air our Army we prepare, [standard there;
As we rally round our blessed
And the Saviour's Cross we gladly
learn to share,
While we work till Jesus calls.

3 We are marching on, our Captain,
ever near,
Will protect us still, His guiding
voice we hear;
Let the foe advance, we'll never,
never fear,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.

4 We are marching on and pressing
t'wards the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the
glowing skies, [never dies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

692

There's no one like Jesus, 337, B*b*. 11's x
The Lion of Judah, 348, D.

TO God be the glory, a Saviour is
mine,
Whose power is almighty, whose
grace is divine;
My heart He hath cleansed, He is
dwelling within, [and sin.
So wondrously saving from sinning

Oh, wonder of wonders, to God be
the praise, [ways!
I joy in His will, I delight in His
And through every conflict without
or within,
He saves me and keeps me from
sinning and sin.

2 No longer in bondage, my freedom
I'll use, [shall choose;
My Master to serve in the way He
To work or to witness; to go or
remain, [gain.
His smile of approval my infinite

3 Earth's pleasures and treasures, no
longer allure, [endure.
My spirit aspires to the things which
To walk with my Saviour in garments of white, [delight.
My highest ambition, my constant

4 The world overcoming by limitless
grace, [His face;
I worship the Lord in the light of
So with Him communing, like Him
I shall grow, [below.
And life everlasting enjoy here

693

7's & 6's
The Crimson Stream, 200, F. i
My soul is now united, 187, A*b*.

WHEN Moses and his soldiers
from Egypt's land did flee,
Their enemies behind them, in front
of them the sea.
God turned aside the waters and
opened up the way,
And the God that lived in Moses'
time is just the same today.

2 When David met Goliath, the wrong against the right,
The giant armed with human power, and David with God's might;
The power of God through David Goliath low did lay,
And the God that lived in David's time is just the same today.

3 When Daniel, true and faithful, would not bow down to men,
And by God's enemies was hurled into the lions' den,
The lions could not harm him, God robbed them of their prey;
And the God that lived in Daniel's time is just the same today.

4 When Jonah left the army and was swallowed by a whale,
The guilt and anguish that he bore no human tongue can tell;
God brought him back in safety, when willing to obey,
And the God that lived in Jonah's time is just the same today.

5 When Pentecostal blessings as fire from Heaven did fall,
The power of God the Holy Ghost baptized them one and all;
Three thousand found salvation, and were soldiers right away,
And the God that lived at Pentecost is just the same today.

694 Joy in The Salvation Army, 390, F.

JOY! joy! joy! there is joy in The Salvation Army;
Joy! joy! joy! in the Army of the [Lord!
Sing to God, sing to God, with loud joyful songs of praise;
Beat the drums, beat the drums, while salvation music plays.
Play the music, play, sing the happy song,
Loud hosannas shout with the happy [throng;
To the happy land we'll march along,
And be joyful all the way.

2 Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The Salvation Army!
Joy! joy! joy! in the Army of the Lord!
Blood and Fire, Blood and Fire, is the Army soldier's might,
Blood and Fire, Blood and Fire, is our victory in the fight.
'Tis the Blood and Fire gives the battle-cry,
'Tis the Blood and Fire makes the foe to fly.
'Tis the Blood and Fire gives the Army joy,
And victory all the way.

3 Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The Salvation Army!
Joy! joy! joy! in the Army of the Lord!
We will sing, we will sing, till the world is full of joy;
We will shout, we will shout, till glad voices rend the sky.
With a thousand bands and a thousand drums;
We will praise the Lord in bright, happy homes;
We will sing and shout till the Master comes;
We will ever praise the Lord.

695 Christ now sits on Zion's hill, 155, G. Dix, 164, G. 7's e

CHRIST now sits on Zion's hill,
He receives poor sinners still;
Will you serve the blessed King?
Come, enlist, and with me sing:
"I His soldier, sure shall be
Happy in eternity."

2 I by faith enlisted am
In the service of the Lamb;
Present pay I now receive;
Peace of conscience He doth give.

3 What a Captain I have got!
Is not mine a happy lot?
Therefore will I take the sword;
Fight for Jesus Christ, my Lord.

4 Let the world its forces join,
With the powers of Hell combine;
Greater is my King than they;
Surely I shall win the day.

5 Wicked men I will not fear,
Though they persecute me here;
Though they may my body kill,
Yet I'll be a conqueror still.

696

Roused from my slumber, Fav. Songs, 37, A*b*.

ROUSED from my slumber, called forth to war,
I follow now my Saviour;
I tread the path that He trod before,
Winning for me God's favor.
Danger and hardship, sorrow and pain, [name;
I'll bear with joy for my Saviour's
Though fierce the conflict, yet this I know,
I shall the victory gain.
I am a soldier—glory to God! [me;
Fighting for Christ who bought
I am a soldier, washed in His Blood,
Marching along to Glory!

2 I will be daring, fighting for God,
True to the charge He gives me;
Gladly I'll stand where Jesus has stood,
Though it my life may cost me.
Now sin's enticements I'll treat with scorn, [shall turn;
My heart from Jesus no power
For Him who suffered death me to save,
My soul with love shall burn.

3 Glory to Jesus! Praise to His name!
For He of praise is worthy;
He frees the captives, breaks every chain,
Pardoning the rebels freely.
Glad are the tidings I have to bear,
Sinners around me of Christ shall hear,
As I proclaim the grace of my Lord,
To whom each soul is dear.

697

Oh, happy day, 25, F. L.M. a

I'M more than conqueror through His Blood,
I rest beneath the shield of God;
I go a Kingdom to obtain;
I shall through Him the victory gain.

Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Before the battle-lines are spread,
Before the boasting foe is dead,
I win the fight, though not begun;
I'll trust and shout, still marching on.

3 I'll ask no more that I may see,
His promise is enough for me;
Though foes be strong and walls be high,
I'll shout, He gives the victory.

4 Should Satan come like 'whelming waves,
Ere trials crush, my Father saves;
He hides me till the storm is past;
For me He tempers every blast.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH

698

Sawley, 96, B*b*. C.M.
Bedford, 93, E*b*. b

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.

4 We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 Be it according to Thy word,
Now cleanse me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in.

699

Maryland, 233, G. 8's & 3's
m

I'VE found the secret of success,
'Tis holding on, 'tis holding on.
The way to every blessedness,
'Tis holding on, 'tis holding on.
Our warfare may be hard and fierce,
Oft Satan's arrows wound and pierce,
But still we get more smiles than tears
By holding on, by holding on.

2 Have you your fighting just begun?
Keep holding on, keep holding on.
The biggest battles have been won
By holding on, by holding on.
Though you may meet with runaways,
Who mourn their weakness half their days,
Yet you can gain eternal praise
By holding on, by holding on.

3 If full salvation you would gain,
Keep holding on, keep holding on.
To conquer sins that bring you pain,
Keep holding on, keep holding on.
God loves to give the better part,
Not unto those who only start,
But those who seek with all their heart,
And then in faith keep holding on.

700

What a Friend, 309, G. 8's & 7's
The vacant chair, 318, A*b*. t

WANTED, hearts baptized with fire,
Hearts completely cleansed from sin;
Hearts that will go to the mire,
Hearts that dare do aught for Him.
Hearts that will be firmer, braver,
Hearts like heroes gone before;
Hearts enjoying God's full favor,
Hearts to love Him more and more.

Hearts to hoist the colors bravely,
Hearts to share the hardest fight;
Hearts that know their duty clearly,
Hearts to dare and do the right.

2 Wanted, hearts that beat true ever,
Hearts that can for others feel;
Hearts that prove the traitor never,
Hearts that will the wounded heal.
Hearts o'erflowing with compassion,
Hearts renewed by grace divine;
Hearts aglow with full salvation,
Hearts to do "Thy will, not mine!"

3 Wanted, hearts to love the masses,
Hearts to help Him seek the lost;
Hearts to help Him save all classes,
Hearts to help Him save the worst.
Hearts to share with Him the weeping,
Hearts to bear with Him the Cross;
Hearts to help Him with the reaping,
Hearts to trust through gain or loss.

701

Come, comrades dear, 8's & 6's
247, A*b*. Praise, 249, D. q

NOT all the powers of Hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light.
He walks and cannot fall.
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

2 Light of the world, Thy beams I
bless, [ness
On Thee, bright Sun of Righteous-
My faith hath fixed its eye.
Guided by Thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For Thou art always nigh.

3 Ten thousand snares my path beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete
Which Thou to me hath given.
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and Hell
I press along to Heaven.

4 Still will I strive, and labor still
With humble zeal to do Thy will,
And trust in Thy defense.
My soul into Thy hands I give
And, if he can obtain Thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.

702 *Go on, G.f.S. No.* 2, 45, G.

WHEN darkest storms your path
surround
Go on! Go on!
When foes on every side abound,
Go on! Go on!
Armed with the power of Jesus'
You'll conquer in the fight. [might.

My many, many sins He pardoned me,
From doubts and fears He keeps me
free;
From victory to victory,
I by His grace go on.

2 When gloomy clouds hang o'er your
Go on! Go on! [sky,
Stay not to ask the reason why;
Go on! Go on!
Oft questionings wild tempests raise,
There's peace when one obeys.

3 Though comrades turn and leave
Go on! Go on! [their post,
They may be those we've trusted
Go on! Go on! [most,
To God's enduring ones are given
The choicest gifts of Heaven.

4 Should sorrow's waves sweep o'er
Go on! Go on! [your heart,
Though tears of sadness oft may
Go on! Go on! [start,
The Christ who wipes all tears away
Will be your Staff and Stay.

5 We soon shall climb the golden stair,
Go on! Go on! [wear,
Lay down the cross the crown to
Go on! Go on!
Our warfare o'er, the victory won,
We'll hear Him say, "Well done!"

703 Never part again, C.M. 70, E*b*. b

TO save the world is our desire,
For enemies we pray!
We'll never tire, we'll stand the fire,
And never, never run away.

We're marching on to conquer all,
Before our God the world shall fall;
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never, never run away.
What, never run away?
No, never run away!
What, never run away?
No, never run away!
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never, never run away!

2 Sin's greatest strongholds we'll at-
tack,
Our Captain we'll obey;
The foe shall yet be driven back,
We'll never, never run away.

3 With holy might the foe we'll smite,
The monster sin to slay;
For God we'll fight, we know we're
right,
We'll never, never run away.

4 We'll onward march, with flag un-
furled,
Our King shall have the sway;
Like Him who died to save the
world,
We'll never, never run away.

704

Will you quit the field?
455, G.

WILL you quit the field? Will you
Never, never, never. [ever yield?
Will you boldly fight, and defend
Yes, for ever! [the right?
Never quit the field till the foe is
slain, [never yield;
Never quit the field, oh, never,
Never quit the field till we victory
Never, never, never! [gain,

2 When the foe is near will you have
Never, never, never! [a fear?
Will you take your stand with
faith's sword in hand?
Yes, for ever!

3 Will you cease to sing praises to your
Never, never, never! [King?
Bravely every day will you march
Yes, for ever! [away?

705

There is a Happy Land, 181, Eb. 7's & 4's
h

HAST thou just begun to pray?
Never give up.
Press along the heavenly way,
Never give up.
Though an edict should be passed,
Though thou be to lions cast,
Hold thou thy profession fast,
Never give up.

2 Think of a backsliding state,
Never give up.
Think of a backslider's fate,
Never give up.
He who turns at Satan's lies
Does the better land despise,
Forfeits the immortal prize,
Never give up.

3 Think of those blest men of faith—
Never give up—
Who resisted unto death.
Never give up.
With what fortitude they died,
"None but Christ," the martyrs
Ours is yet the stronger side, [cried,
Never give up.

4 Think how near thou art to Heaven,
Never give up.
Soon the palm branch will be given!
Never give up.
Onward, soldier, watch and pray!
On thy journey stop nor stay,
Fight the fight and win the day,
Never give up.

706

Falcon Street, 128, Bb. S.M.
On our way to God, 136, D. c

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God
supplies,
Through His Eternal Son.
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ
alone
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness
down,
And win the well-fought day.

707

Come on, my partners, 8's & 6's
248, Ab. Praise, 249, D. q

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your sorrows feel;
A while forget your griefs and
fears,
And look beyond this vale of
To that celestial hill. [tears

2 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

3 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.

708

Newcastle, 215, A*b*. 6—8's
St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 1

LEADER of faithful souls and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
We hasten through the vale of woe
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting Home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose Founder is the Living God.

4 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven;
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native Heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

5 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The band of the redeemed to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads, arise
And meet our Captain in the skies.

709

Never mind: go on! 396, A*b*.

IN the fight, say, does your heart grow weary? [thorny,
Do you find your path is rough and
And above the sky is dark and
Never mind: go on! [stormy?
Lay aside all fear, and onward pressing, [blessing;
Bravely fight and God will give His
Though the war at times may prove
Never mind: go on! [distressing,
When the road we tread is rough, let us bear in mind,
In our Saviour strength enough we may always find;
Though the fighting may be tough, let our motto be,
Go on, go on to victory.

2 Faithful be, delaying not to follow
Where Christ leads, though it may be through sorrow; [morrow,
If the strife should fiercer grow to-
Never mind: go on!
Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten, [brighten;
One glad heart will always others
Though the strife the coward's soul
Never mind: go on! [may frighten,

3 When downhearted, look away to Jesus, [most precious;
Who for you did shed His Blood
Let us say, though all the world should
Never mind: go on! [hate us,
Do your best in fighting for your Saviour, [favor;
For His sake, fear not to lose men's
If beside you should a comrade waver,
Never mind: go on!

710

Theodora, 148, E*b*. 7's
Weber, 151, G. e

STRIVE, when thou art called of
God, [grace,
When He draws thee by His
Strive to cast away the load
That would hinder in the race.

2 Fight, though it may cost thy life,
Storm the Kingdom, but prevail;
Let not Satan's fiercest strife
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

3 Art thou faithful? Wake and watch,
Love with all thy heart Christ's
ways;
Seek not worldly ease to snatch,
Look not for reward or praise.

4 Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
Watch and war through fear or
pain,
Daily conquering sin and wrong,
Till our King o'er earth shall
reign.

711

Whitburn, 30, F. L.M.
St. Helens, 7, A*b*. a

FIGHT the good fight with all thy
might, [thy right;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race, through God's
good grace; [face;
Lift up thine eyes and seek His
Life with its way before us lies:
Christ is the path, and Christ the
prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide,
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall
prove, [love.
Christ is its life, and Christ its

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are
near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

712

Majesty, 141, A*b*. 4-6's & 2-8's
Darwell's, 142, D. d

JEHOVAH is our strength,
And He shall be our song;
We shall o'ercome at length,
Although our foes be strong.
In vain does Satan then oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

2 The Lord our refuge is
And ever will remain;
Since He has made us His,
He will our cause maintain!
In vain our enemies oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

3 The Lord our Shepherd is!
He knows our every need;
And since we now are His,
His care our souls will feed.
In vain do sin and death oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

4 Our God our Father is,
Our names are on His heart;
We ever will be His,
He ne'er from us will part.
In vain the mightiest powers oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

713

When the mists have 8's & 7's
rolled away, 311, C. t

WHEN you feel the cross is heavy,
and you're tempted to give in,
Take your weakness straight to Jesus,
He will strengthen you within;
He will give you grace and power,
He will bring you safely through;
He has done the same for thousands,
He will do the same for you.

He will bring you safely through,
He will bring you safely through,
He will give you grace and power
In temptation's darkest hour;
He has done the same for thousands,
He will do the same for you.

2 Foes may often scoff and jostle, as you tread the narrow way,
Do their best to misinterpret all the kindly words you say,
As you daily strive to lead them from the paths of sin and shame,
Pointing them to Calvary's Victim, to the Lamb for sinners slain.

3 So you'll find that trusting Jesus makes your pathway oh, so bright,
Drives away all doubtful feelings, turns the darkness into light;
Makes you bubble o'er with glory, so that others catch the fire,
Ever glad to do His bidding, of His service never tire.

714

Maidstone, 176, G. 7's
Come, ye thankful people, 179, G. g

UNTO Thee, O Saviour King,
Our allegiance now we bring;
Body, soul, and spirit—all,
In obedience to Thy call.
Naught have we Thou didst not give,
By Thy life and grace we live;
Selfish aims do we forsake,
Service with our Lord to take.

2 We are with Thee 'gainst Thy foe,
Fighting for his overthrow;
Though the fight be doubly fierce,
Though the venomed dart should pierce,
Satan never shall prevail.
Thou, O Christ, shalt never fail!
We who fight with Thee shall win,
Conquer over Hell and sin.

3 We are with Thee 'neath the Cross,
Henceforth earthly things are dross;
Thine, resigned to mortal ill,
Thine to die, if Thou shouldst will.
Thou who hast the winepress trod,
Reconciling us to God,
Help us each returning day,
Be Thou with us all the way.

4 We are with Thee, Christ of love,
Thou who camest from above;
Thou whose Blood was spilt to save,
Thou whose might burst e'en the grave.
From Thy Throne again come down,
Take Thy Kingdom, take Thy crown!
Hear us as with joy we sing:
"We are with Thee, Saviour King!"

715

When the mists have rolled away, 311, C. 8's & 7's t

WE are witnesses for Jesus
In the haunts of sin and shame,
In the underworld of sorrow,
Where men seldom hear His name.
For to bind the brokenhearted,
And their liberty proclaim,
We are witnesses for Jesus
In the haunts of sin and shame.

Tell the world, oh, tell the world,
Make salvation's story heard!
In the highways, in the byways,
And in lands beyond the sea,
Do some witnessing for Jesus,
Wheresoever you may be!

2 We are witnesses for Jesus
In the lands beyond the sea,
Where the millions bound by evil
Have no hope of liberty;
As we tell the Gospel tidings,
Lo, the captives are set free!
We are witnesses for Jesus
In the lands beyond the sea.

3 We are witnesses for Jesus
In the home and in the mart,
Where the cares of life and fashion
Crowd the Saviour from the heart;
When we urge His claims with wisdom,
Many choose the better part,
We are witnesses for Jesus
In the home and in the mart.

716

Nottingham, 160, G. 7's
Theodora, 148, E*b*. e

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, soldiers, onward go,
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2 Onward, soldiers, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour,
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your cause impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Onward, soldiers, onward go.

717

Keep on believing,
510, A*b*.

WHEN you feel weakest, dangers surround,
Subtle temptation, troubles abound,
Nothing seems hopeful, nothing seems glad,
All is despairing, eventime sad.

Keep on believing, Jesus is near;
Keep on believing, there's nothing to fear;
Keep on believing, this is the way:
Faith in the night as well as the day.

2 If all were easy, if all were bright,
Where would the cross be and where the fight?
But in the hardness, God gives to you
Chances of proving that you are true.

3 God is your wisdom, God is your might,
God's ever near you, guiding you right;
He understands you, knows all you need,
Trusting in Him you'll surely succeed.

4 Let us press on then, never despair;
Live above feeling, victory's there.
Jesus can keep us so near to Him,
That nevermore our faith shall grow dim.

718

Hold the fort, 8's & 5's
241, C. o

HO, my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming!"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe!

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

HEAVEN

719

Numberless as the sands, 476, A*b*.

WHEN we gather at last over Jordan,
And the ransomed in Glory we see,
As the numberless sands on the seashore,
What a wonderful sight that will [be!
Numberless as the sands on the seashore!
Numberless as the sands on the shore!
Oh, what a sight 'twill be when the ransomed we shall see,
As numberless as the sands on the seashore!

2 When we see all the saved of the ages,
Who from sorrow and trials are [free,
Meeting there with a heavenly greeting—
What a wonderful sight that will [be!

3 When we stand by the beautiful river,
'Neath the shade of the life-giving [tree,
Gazing over the fair land of promise—
What a wonderful sight that will [be!

4 When at last we behold our Redeemer,
And His glory unclouded we see,
While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth—
What a wonderful sight that will [be!

720

Will you be there, and I? 450, F.

I KNOW there's a bright and glorious land
Away in the heavens high,
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell—
Will you be there, and I?
Will you be there, and I?
Will you be there, and I?
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell—
Will you be there, and I?

2 In robes of white, o'er streets of [gold,
Beneath a cloudless sky,
They'll walk in the light of their Father's love—
Will you be there, and I?

3 From every kingdom of earth they'll come,
To raise their anthems high;
Their harps will never be there unstrung—
Will you be there, and I?

4 If we find a loving Saviour now,
And follow Him faithfully,
When He gathers His children in that bright Home,
Then you'll be there, and I!
Yes! you'll be there, and I!

721

7's e

Beautiful star, 158, C.

BEAUTIFUL land, so bright, so fair,
Untold glories linger there!
Crystal rivers and shining strand;
Home of the soldier, beautiful land!
Beautiful Home, beautiful Home,
Home of the soldier,
Beautiful, beautiful Home!

2 Beautiful angels robed in white,
Cherubim and seraph bright,
'Round the Throne adoring stand;
Home of the soldier, beautiful land!

3 Beautiful theme! the courts above
Echo with redeeming love;
Songs triumphant and music grand;
Home of the soldier, beautiful land!

4 Beautiful thought—though earth decay,
Stars grow pale and pass away,
Firmly shall thy foundations stand,
Home of the soldier, beautiful land.

722

Keep us true,
G.

WHERE is now the good Elijah?
Safe in the promised land;
He went up in a fiery chariot,
Safe to the promised land.

By and by we hope to meet him,
By and by we hope to greet him,
By and by we hope to see him,
Safe in the promised land.
When we meet we'll sing Hallelujah,
When we meet we'll shout Hosanna,
When we meet we'll sing for ever,
Safe in the promised land.

2 Where are now the Hebrew children?
Safe in the promised land;
They went through a fiery furnace,
Safe to the promised land.

3 Where is now the prophet Daniel?
Safe in the promised land;
He went through a den of lions,
Safe to the promised land.

4 Where are now the twelve apostles?
Safe in the promised land;
They went up through persecution,
Safe to the promised land.

5 Where is now poor suffering Lazarus?
Safe in the promised land;
He went up to Abraham's bosom,
Safe to the promised land.

6 Where are now the conquering martyrs?
Safe in the promised land;
They went up through fire and torture,
Safe to the promised land.

7 Where is now our blessed Saviour?
There in the promised land;
He who went to cruel Calvary,
There in the promised land.

723

Loved ones gone before, 288, G. 8's & 7's r
Always cheerful, 257, E*b*.

I NO longer fear death's river,
Boldly I shall breast its tide;
From His hand there's naught can sever,
He is always near to guide.

When I come to death's dark river,
Jesus will be there to guide me o'er.
There where sorrow ne'er can enter
I shall meet the loved ones gone before.

2 Full of joy will be the meeting
With the friends on yonder shore;
There they wait to give me greeting,
When my fight of faith is o'er.

3 There the heart ne'er feels the sorrow
That on earth from parting springs;
No dark fear about tomorrow
O'er the soul a shadow brings.

4 For the weary heart there's blessing
In the hope of that bright Home;
Where the cross we find so pressing
For the crown shall be laid down.

5 Brother, are your sins forgiven?
Fearless can you cross death's tide?
Those whose hearts with guilt are laden
Ne'er can reach the other side.

724

No sorrow there, 540, G.

COME, sing to me of Heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

There'll be no more sorrow there,
There'll be no more sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there.

2 When to the silent stream,
My wearied footsteps go;
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let Heaven begin below.

3 When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow
Which on each feature plays!

4 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let Jesus cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.

725

Death is coming 8's & 5's
(verse twice), 238, Bb. o

EARTH has many a scene of sorrow,
Toil and care and storm;
But there'll be a bright tomorrow;
Heaven will be calm.
Soon the conflict will be over,
Only wait awhile;
Heaven's joys will last for ever;
Come, then, soldiers, smile.

Lovely, beauteous, golden city,
How I long for thee!
Earthly sorrow ne'er can reach thee,
All in Heaven are free!

2 In that land so pure and holy,
Sickness never comes;
All is health, and life, and glory—
Life that never ends.
Land of mansions, light and beauty—
Robes and crowns I see—
Crystal streams—transparent city—
What a Home for me!

3 Jesus is our present Saviour;
Jesus died for all;
Come and you shall prove His favor,
Come now at His call.
Sinners, will you go to Glory?
Come and join our throng;
Listen to the thrilling story,
Of our heavenly song.

726

Nearer my Home, S.M.
132, C. c

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer Home today, today,
Than ever I've been before.

Nearer my Home, nearer my Home,
I'm nearer my Home today
Than ever I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white Throne today,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer leaving the cross today,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer Home today,
Nearer now than I think.

727

No sorrow there, 540, G.

WE have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

There'll be no more sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there.

2 It stands securely high,
And is for ever sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

3 Oh, let us put on Thee,
In holiness and grace,
And rise prepared Thy face to see—
Thy bright, unclouded face!

4 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who taste the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to Heaven.

728

Ellacombe, 116, B*b*. D.C.M.
St. Matthew, 114, B*b*. bb

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my home in Heaven!
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The Heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, oh, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last!

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul are there;
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest.
And still extends His wounded hands
To take me to His breast.

4 Then let me joyfully remove,
That fuller life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But find them perfect there.
There we our Saviour shall adore,
His boundless love proclaim,
And join the everlasting song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

729

Maidstone, 176, G. 7's
God of Glory, 172, E*b*. g

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal Throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in His righteous cause;
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came;
Washed their robes by faith below
In the Blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the Throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own;
God doth in His saints delight.

3 He that on the Throne doth reign
Shall His saints for ever feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

730

Can a poor sinner come?
411, E*b*.

SHALL we sing in Heaven for ever?
Shall we sing?
Shall we sing in Heaven for ever?
In that happy land?

Yes, oh, yes! in that happy land;
They that meet shall never sever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love for ever,
In that happy land!

2 Shall we know each other ever?
Shall we know?
They that meet shall know each other,
In that happy land!

3 Shall we sing with holy angels?
Shall we sing?
Saints and angels sing for ever,
In that happy land!

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow?
Shall we rest?
They that meet shall rest for ever,
In that happy land!

5 Shall we know our blessed Saviour?
Shall we know?
Yes, we'll know our blessed Saviour,
In that happy land!

731

Life's morn, 8's & 7's
S. A. M., 172, A. t
Pleasure in His service, 319, E*b*.

I HAVE given up all for Jesus,
This vain world is naught to me,
All its pleasures are forgotten
In remembering Calvary.
Though my friends despise, forsake me,
And on me the world looks cold,
I've a Friend that will stand by me
When the pearly gates unfold.

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And the evening bells will toll;
But my heart will know no sadness
When the pearly gates unfold.

2 When the voice of Jesus calls me,
And the angels whisper low,
I will lean upon my Saviour,
Through the valley as I go;
I will claim His precious promise,
Worth to me the world of gold,
"Fear no evil, I'll be with thee
When the pearly gates unfold."

3 Just beyond the waves of Jordan,
Just beyond its chilling tide,
Blooms the tree of life immortal,
And the living waters glide.
In that happy land of spirits,
Flowers bloom on hills of gold,
And the angels are awaiting
Where the pearly gates unfold.

732

To the uttermost 7's & 6's
He saves, 192, G. i

THOUGH often here we're weary, there is sweet rest above,
A rest that is eternal, where all is peace and love,
Oh, let us then press forward, that glorious rest to gain!
We'll soon be free from sorrow, from toil and care and pain.

There is sweet rest in Heaven.

2 Loved ones have gone before us, they beckon us away;
O'er heavenly plains they're soaring, blest in eternal day.
But we are in the Army, and dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer the foe's most mighty host.

3 Our Saviour will be with us, e'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary, though often we request;
He'll give us grace to conquer and take us home to rest.

4 All glory to the Father, who gives us every good,
And glory be to Jesus, who bought us with His Blood;
And glory to the Spirit, who keeps us to the end,
Unto our God be glory, the sinner's only Friend.

733

For I'm going, 273, G. 8's & 7's
Whither, pilgrims, 313, B*b*. r

TRAVELER, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form?
Naught to me the wind's rough blowing,
There's a land without a storm.

For I'm going, yes, I'm going,
To that land that has no storm.

2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest's power?
I have not a thought of danger,
Though the sky more darkly lower.

3 Traveler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er,
No! I see a beckoning finger,
Pointing to a far-off shore.

4 Traveler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form!
Yes, but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm.

734 My home is in Heaven, 451, B*b*.

I HAVE a Home that is fairer than
day, [the way;
And my dear Saviour has shown me
Oft when I'm sad and temptations
arise,
I look to my Home far away.

My Home is in Heaven, there is no
parting there, [and fair;
All will be happy, glorious, bright
There'll be no sorrow, there will be
no tears,
In that bright Home far away.

2 Friends I shall see who have jour-
neyed before, [shore;
And landed safe on that beautiful
I shall see Jesus, that will be my joy,
In that bright Home far away.

3 Oh, who will journey to Heaven with
me? [free;
Jesus has died that we all may go
Come, then, to Him, who has laid up
for you
A crown in that Home far away.

735 For ever with the Lord, 140, G. D.S.M. cc

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer Home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, it is Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here in me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
That I shall never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Then knowing as I'm known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

736 Robin Adair, 374, A*b*. 6's & 4's
Jesus is mine, 376, D. c2

I'M but a stranger here, Heaven is
my home; [my home.
Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is
Danger and sorrow stand round me
on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is
my home.
And Time's wild wintry blast soon
will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side—Heaven
is my home— [home.
I shall be glorified, Heaven is my
There, with the good and blest,
those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest;
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not, Heaven is
my home; [my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot, Heaven is
For I shall surely stand there at my
Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

737

Up in the Golden City,
B. J. 182, G.

I'VE a Home fair and bright in yonder city,
To its gates I am marching along;
When my fighting for Jesus here is over,
I shall then take my place with [the throng
That face to face beholds the Saviour,
In whose praise is raised its song.

Up in the golden city,
A mansion to me will be given;
I have riches untold, more enduring than gold
I'm an heir to the wealth of [Heaven.

2 It is true, on the way to yonder city,
I've to cross o'er a cold, rolling flood,
But I trust Him to guide me, by whose pity
I've been led to the sin-cleansing Blood.
As He has said, He'll never leave [me,
I will trust my Friend, my God.

3 Do you know there's no place in yonder city
For a soul that is burdened with [guilt?
Do you know that no sin there e'er can enter?
Hasten then to the Blood that [was spilt
To cleanse from sin, and with me journey
To the city God has built.

738

Meet in bliss, 153, C. 7's e

MEET me in that lovely land,
Where the happy white-robed band,
Round the Throne of Glory stand,
Ever blest, at God's right hand.

Meet in bliss no tongue can tell,
Meet with angel bands to dwell,
Meet in Heaven where all is well,
Meet me in that land.
I believe I shall be there;
I believe I shall be there;
I believe I shall be there;
And walk with Him in white.

2 Meet me on that peaceful shore,
When earth's toilsome work is o'er;
Where our friends have gone before,
And the ransomed part no more.

3 Meet me in that world of light,
Where, amid the glories bright,
All who conquer in the fight
Share the hallelujah sight.

739

My beautiful Home, L.M.
29, D. a

MY Heavenly Home is bright and fair,
Nor death nor sighing enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

My beautiful Home, my beautiful Home,
In the land where the glorified ever [shall roam;
Where angels bright wear crowns of light;
My Home is there, my Home is there!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Above the arched and starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
My Father is a richer King;
Of heavenly mansions still I'll sing.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow.
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the Throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

740 Welcome to Glory, 208, B*b*. 8's
We speak of the realms, 210, C. k

OH, when shall I sweep through the gates,
The scenes of mortality o'er?
What then for my spirit awaits?
Will they sing on the glorified shore?—
Welcome home! welcome home!
A welcome in Glory for me;
Welcome home! welcome home!
A welcome for me!

2 Yes, loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer.

3 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the Blood-washed I'll see,
The city of saints I'll behold,
For, oh, there's a welcome for me!

4 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
"Salvation to God and the Lamb!"

741 We speak of the realms, 210, C. 8's
Welcome to Glory, 208, B*b*. k

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest;
But what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there!
Oh, what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there!
Oh, what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the Blood-washed above;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there!

5 Do Thou, Lord, in pleasure or woe,
For Heaven our spirits prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

742 Over Jordan, 498, E*b*.

LOVED ones have gone before,
They will never suffer more,
We shall meet them on the shore,
Up in Glory!
What a meeting that will be
When we shall each other see,
Everlasting jubilee,
Up in Glory!

Gone to Glory! Gone to Glory!
They have crossed the rolling flood,
More than conquerors through the Blood;
Gone to Glory!
Gone to Glory!
They have left the battlefield,
Gone to Glory!

2 They have joined the victors' band,
Reached the Heavenly Fatherland,
March about the golden strand,
Up in Glory!
Gloried in the fiercest fight,
Followed through the darkest night,
Now their faith is lost in sight,
Up in Glory!

3 We shall with the saints unite,
Wearing crowns of glory bright,
Out of reach of sorrow's blight,
Up in Glory!
They have won the heavenly race,
More than conquerors through His grace,
Now they see His blessed face,
Up in Glory!

4 Let us one and all arise,
Fight until we mount the skies,
Seize the everlasting prize,
Up in Glory!
Lights of Heaven will soon appear,
His "Well done" we then shall hear,
Dried will be our every tear,
Up in Glory!

743

The Soldier's rest, 260, Bb. Land beyond the blue, 276, G. 8's & 7's r

IN the soldier's home in Glory,
There remains a place of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you;
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

There's a golden harp in Glory,
There's a spotless robe for you,
When we reach the hallelujah city,
In the land beyond the blue.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
And my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain or sickness ne'er can enter;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout with gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the glorious morn.

5 Sing, oh, sing, we heirs of Glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go!
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.

744

Jerusalem, 47, Eb. Lydia, 77, D. C.M. b

OH, what hath Jesus bought for me?
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.

2 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquerors' palms they bear.

3 Oh, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet?

4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.

745

Canaan, 458, G.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, on earth a stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.
We'll gird our loins, my comrades dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

Canaan, bright Canaan,
The glorious land of Canaan;
For crowns and palms of victory,
Come, let us go to Canaan.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says "Come," and there's our home,
For ever, oh, for ever!

746 Jerusalem, 47, E♭. C.M.
Arnold's, 71, E♭. b

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes thy glorious
And gates of pearl behold; [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end?

4 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,
In glorious majesty,
And Him, through every stormy
I onward press to see. [scene,

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

747 Oh, I'm happy all the day, 359, E♭. 12's & 9's
z

THERE'S a city that looks o'er the
valley of death,
And its glories may never be told;
There the sun never sets, and the
leaves never fade
In that beautiful city of gold.

There the sun will never set,
And the leaves will never fade,
There the faithful shall their Saviour
dear behold.
All our toils will seem as nothing
When we meet around the Throne
In that beautiful city of gold.

2 There the King, our Redeemer, the
Lord whom we love; [hold;
All the faithful with rapture be-
There the righteous for ever will
shine like the stars,
In that beautiful city of gold.

3 Every soul we have led to the foot of
the Cross; [the fold,
Every lamb we have brought to
Will be kept as bright jewels our
crown to adorn,
In that beautiful city of gold.

748 It's true there's a beautiful City, 514, G.

IT'S true, there's a beautiful city,
And its streets are paved with
gold;
No earthly tongue can describe it—
Its glories can never be told.

I know, I know, I know I shall be
there!

2 Your loved ones dwell in that city,
Whom you placed beneath the sod,
When your heart felt nigh to break-
ing, [your God.
And you promised you'd serve
Will you, will you—say, will you
meet them there?

3 There none but the pure and the
Can ever enter in; [holy
You have no hope of its glory
If still you're the servant of sin.
Bless God, bless God, bless God, you
may be there!

4 Yes, you can go there, my brother,
For Jesus has died on the tree;
And that same precious Blood is
now flowing
That saved a poor sinner like me.
Will you, will you—say, will you
meet me there?

749 *Vital Spark, F.* (*Mus. f. Spec. Occ., No.* 4, *p.* 31.)

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark, they whisper! Angels say,
"Comrade spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears.
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

750

The sweet Eden Shore, M.S., Vol. XXVIII, 110, E*b*.

ON the sweet Eden shore so peaceful and bright,
Where spirits made perfect are dwelling in light;
Their white wings are wafting them gently along,
Over those beautiful regions of glory and song.

On the sweet Eden shore so peaceful and bright,
On the sweet Eden shore.
The Home of the blest where friends have gone before,
We'll tarry and rest, tarry and rest,
Tarry and rest on the shore.

2 Oh, how blessed to rise, when life's frays are o'er,
To mount up to Heaven and doubt never more!
We'll never grow weary, we'll never know care,
In those beautiful regions so glorious and fair.

3 On the sweet Eden shore, the Home of the blest,
With friends gone before, we will tarry and rest;
Contented with Jesus for ever we'll stay
In that beautiful country where flowers ne'er decay.

751

We shall win, 321, A*b*. 9's u

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

752

Never part again, 70, E*b*. C.M. b

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again!

What, never part again?
No, never part again!
What, never part again?
No, never part again!
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

2 There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and
To cross this narrow sea; [shrink
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

753

The Home over there, 205, G. 8's
Welcome to Glory, 208, B*b*. k

OH, think of the Home over there
By the side of the river of light, [fair,
Where the saints all immortal and
Are robed in their garments of white!
Over there! Over there!
Oh, think of the Home over there!

2 Oh, think of the friends over there, [trod;
Who before us the journey have
Of the song that they breathe on the air [of God!
In their home in the Palace

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest; [care;
Then away from my sorrow and
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there
Are waiting and watching for me.

754

My beautiful Home, 29, D. L.M. a

ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life;
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
My Home is there, my Home is there.

My beautiful Home, my beautiful Home,
In the land where the glorified ever shall roam.
Where angels bright wear crowns of light, [there.
My Home is there, my Home is

2 Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain;
From all temptation, tears, and care,
My Home is there, my Home is there.

3 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits;
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
My Home is there, my Home is there.

755

They'll sing a welcome home, 89, A*b*. C.M. b

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see [joys,
The saints above, how great their
How bright their glories be.

They'll sing their welcome home to me,
And the angels will stand
On the Hallelujah strand,
And sing me a welcome home.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their redeeming Lord,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to Heaven.

756

Meet in bliss, 153, C. 7's e

JESUS CHRIST gives the command,
March into the happy land,
Soon to join the glorious band
In yon shining world of light.

I believe I shall be there,
And walk with Him in white.

2 Thousands are already there,
Ranging through the regions fair;
Crowns of righteousness they wear
In yon shining world of light.

3 We shall reach the peaceful shore,
Storms and tempests shall be o'er;
We shall praise Him evermore
In yon shining world of light.

4 We shall know as we are known,
Heirs to God's eternal Throne;
Glory be to God alone
In yon shining world of light.

5 Soon the trump shall bid us rise,
Take possession of the prize,
Welcome, welcome to the skies
In yon shining world of light.

757

Away over Jordan, S. A. M., 133, A♭.

OH, we are going to wear a crown,
To wear a starry crown!

Away over Jordan, with my blessed Jesus;
Away over Jordan, to wear a starry crown.

2 You must be saved to wear that crown;
To wear a starry crown!

3 You must be cleansed to wear that crown;
To wear a starry crown!

4 You must live aright to wear that crown;
To wear a starry crown!

5 You must fight the fight to wear that crown;
To wear a starry crown!

6 We'll fight the fight to wear that crown;
To wear a starry crown!

758

Sweeping through the gates, 456, D.

WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
"Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?"

Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem;
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

2 These, these are they who, in their youthful days,
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways
Proved the fullness of His grace,
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

3 These, these are they who in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm [repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

4 These, these are they who, in the conflict dire,
Boldly have stood amid the hottest [fire;
Jesus now says, "Come up higher,"
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

759

Beautiful land, 483, E*b*.

THERE'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly;
When by sorrow pressed down
I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.

In that beautiful land I'll be
From earth and its cares set free;
My Saviour is there! He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me!

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see
They are waiting for me
In that beautiful land on high.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I may weep and sigh,
My Saviour hath said
That no tears shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say Good-by;
When over the river,
We're happy for ever,
In that beautiful land on high.

760

Bright crowns, 103, A*b*. C.M. b

I LOVE to think of the heavenly land
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless joyous strains.

Bright crowns there are, bright crowns laid up on high;
For you and me
There's a palm of victory.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal Home;
Where palms and robes and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet;
The harps—the songs for ever ours,
The walks—the golden street.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair;
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be for ever there!

761

Better World, 226, D. 8's & 3's
Zealley, 230, D. m

THERE is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along that sky,
Happy land!
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
Happy land!
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land!

3 And wicked things and beasts of prey
Come not there!
And ruthless death and fierce decay
Come not there!
There all are holy, all are good,
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' Blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed
Come not there!

4 And though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of Glory reign,
Jesus died!

5 Then, parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!
We long to reach our Father's Home,
Come away!
Oh, come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away!

762 What a Friend, 309, G. 8's & 7's
Salvator, 310, G. t

GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's City
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glorify Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

COMFORT AND GUIDANCE

763 Take Thou my hand,
447, E♭.

TAKE Thou my hand and guide me
Till life be o'er,
To rest with Thee beside me
For evermore.
My Saviour, do not leave me
One single day;
In Heaven with Thee receive me
To dwell alway.

2 When faint my heart with sadness
Bid cares all cease;
Grant me, in pain or gladness,
Thy perfect peace.
In lowliness I bend me
Before Thy Throne.
Oh, let Thine eyes defend me,
For blind my own!

3 E'en though my weak endeavor
Feel not Thy might,
Yet Thou wilt lead me ever
All through the night.
Then, take my hand and guide me
Till life be o'er;
To rest with Thee beside me
For evermore.

764 Nottingham, 160, G. 7's
St. Bees, 152, G. e

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.

2 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal grief hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the Blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.

765

Stille Nacht, 490, B*b*.

SOUL distrest, come and rest;
Lean thy head on My breast!
I am He who loves thee well;
Come, thy story to Me tell.
On thy Lord rely
Comfort to supply.

2 Tempted, tried, at thy side
Walks thy Lord to provide
Grace for every time of need,
Heavenly food, thy soul to feed;
I would calm thy fears,
I would dry thy tears.

3 Saviour mine, I am Thine!
All I am I resign.
Thou hast changed my sighs to song,
Out of weakness made me strong!
Hold me evermore,
Thee do I adore!

766

St. Ann, 98, C. C.M.
Abridge, 94, E*b*. b

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray,
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveler's way:

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or Heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant that we aright may learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

767

I will guide thee, 255, G. 8's & 7's r

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passerby,
All the way from earth to Heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

"I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
All the way from earth to Heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye."

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Leader calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

768

Home, Sweet Home, 339, E*b*. 11's x

MY rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit—the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
There's no friend like Jesus, there's no place like home!

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The winds of affliction around me may blow,
And dash my lone bark as I'm sailing below;
I smile at the storm as I lean on His breast,
And soon I shall land in the haven of rest.

4 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They'll only make Heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for it all.

5 With Christ in my heart, and His sword in my hand,
I'll march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

769

Southport, 129, G. S.M.
Lascelles, 127, E*b*. c

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who Heaven and earth commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

770

I count, dear Lord, on Thee, M.S., Vol. V, 74, B*b*.

WHEN tempted sore to worry,
And care my soul would flurry,
I count, dear Lord, on Thee.
I let the storms pass o'er me,
I know they cannot harm me,
I count, dear Lord, on Thee.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
I count, dear Lord, on Thee.

2 What can make hard work easy,
The heart delight to please Thee?
The secret now I know;
'Tis love that runs to serve Thee,
That spends its all to please Thee,
The secret, it is love.

771

Peace, perfect peace, A*b*.
(*Mus. f. Spec. Occ., No.* 17, *p.* 34.)

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

772

Guide me, Great Jehovah, 295, A*b*. 8's & 7's s
Cwm Rhondda, 300, A*b*.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land!
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar [flow;
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and Hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

773

Dennis, 121, G. S.M.
St. Michael, 125, A*b*. c

AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of Heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and Hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take,
To frustrate His decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By Heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest.
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power
Engage to make me blest.

774

Martyrdom, 86, A*b*. C.M.
Sawley, 96, B*b*. b

THOU art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy Word
True wisdom can impart. [alone
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor Hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life.
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win
Whose joys eternal flow.

775

Eaton, 214, E*b*. 6—8's
St. Matthias, 222, G. l

STILL nigh me, O my Saviour stand, [hour,
And guard in fierce temptation's
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
Show forth in me Thy saving power;
Still be Thy arms my sure defense,
Nor earth nor Hell shall pluck me thence.

2 When darkness o'er me clouds the skies, [roll,
And sorrow's waves around me
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace, be still!"

3 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread; [wide,
Though sin assail, and Hell, thrown
Pour all its flames upon my head,

Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsumed in fire.

776

Stand like the brave, 11's
349, A*b*. x

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite, [betide,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever
The Bible assures us—the Lord will provide.

He will provide;
Trust in the Lord,
And the Lord will provide!

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.

3 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good Guide,
And trust, in all dangers—the Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name.
In this our strong tower for safety we hide, [provide.
Almighty His power—the Lord will

777

Boston, 8, G. L.M.
Accrington, 35, F. a

HOW do Thy mercies close me round!
For ever be Thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay His head.

3 But lo! a peace He has prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, He Himself becomes my Guard;
He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and Hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 Me for Thine own Thou lovest to
In time and in eternity. [take,
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless soul that trusts in Thee.

778

Down in the Garden, C.M.
90, E*b*. b

A FRIEND of Jesus! Oh, what
That one so vile as I [bliss
Should ever have a Friend like this
To lead me to the sky!

Friendship with Jesus, fellowship divine.
Oh, what blessed, sweet communion!
Jesus is a Friend of mine.

2 A Friend when other friendships cease,
A Friend when others fail,
A Friend who gives me joy and peace,
A Friend who will prevail.

3 A Friend when sickness lays me low,
A Friend when death draws near,
A Friend as through the vale I go,
A Friend to help and cheer.

4 A Friend when life's short race is o'er,
A Friend when earth is past,
A Friend to meet on Heaven's shore,
A Friend when Home at last.

779

Sandon, 453, G.
Lead, kindly Light
(Lux Benigna), 393, A*b*.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from
Lead Thou me on! [home,
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on—
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

780

Harlan, 367, E*b*. 6's & 4's
Moscow, 368, A*b*. b2

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour
Now, hear me while I pray; [divine.
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart, my zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—a living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread, be Thou my Guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away; [aside.
Nor let me ever stray from Thee

4 When ends life's transient dream—
When death's cold, sullen stream shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above, a ransomed soul!

781

Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6—8's
Cardiff, 219, D. 1

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's
I am, [fear;
Who formed me man, forbids my
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His Blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To Him mine eyes of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

782

Boston, 8, G. L.M.
Beethoven, 11, A*b*. a

GOD of my life, to Thee I call!
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall.
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer!
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not.
And he is safe and must succeed
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

783

Silchester, 123, D. S.M.
Trentham, 130, G. c

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Oh, lead me by Thine own right hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads right on,
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
But choose Thou for me, O my God,
So I shall walk aright.

4 Take Thou my cup and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As ever best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my joys and cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

784

St. Agnes, 106, G. C.M.
Colne, 107, Eb. b

ETERNAL God, we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide,
That love will all vain love expel
That fear, all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply;
The good, unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny!

785

Belmont, 105, G. C.M.
Sawley, 96, Bb. b

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain.

786 It is well with my soul,
457, D*b*.

WHEN peace like a river attendeth my way, [roll,
When sorrows like sea-billows
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know, [soul.
It is well, it is well, with my

It is well, it is well, with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate [my soul.
And hath shed His own Blood for

3 For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live!
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life, [my soul.
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to

4 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait, [goal;
The sky, not the grave, is our
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord! [soul!
Blessed hope! blessed rest of my

787 Boston, 8, G. L.M.
Arizona, 21, F. a

OUR sufferings, Lord, to Thee are known, [us;
For Thou wast tempted once like
Regard our grief, regard Thine own,
When hanging bleeding on the Cross.

2 For us Thou didst the thorns endure, [tree,
For us they nailed Thee to the
For us Thy death did life procure,
And in return we now love Thee.

3 Art Thou not touched with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost Thou not all our sorrows know,
Who hadst a share in all our pain?

4 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smallest spark of grace;
Thou wilt affliction's painful seed
Mature, in fruits of righteousness.

5 Thy goodness never will despise
The day of small and feeble things!
O Sun of Righteousness, arise
With perfect healing in Thy wings.

6 While passing through this vale of tears,
May we Thy constant friendship prove,
And, fully saved from slavish fears,
Extol Thy matchless power and love.

788 Go, bury thy sorrow, 335, C. 11's
Hiding in Thee, 338, E*b*. x

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said, [have fled?
To you, who for refuge to Jesus

2 "Fear not, I am with thee; Oh, be not dismayed!
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, [hand.
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless, [distress.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, [supply;
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design [to refine."
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold

789

Arnold's 71, E*b*. C.M.
Evan, 78, G. b

THROUGH all the changing
scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection He affords to all
Who make His name their trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide!

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will
then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

790

D.L.M.
He leadeth me, 46, D. aa

HE leadeth me! Oh, blessed
thought! [fraught!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort
Whate'er I do, where'er I be—
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth
me!

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I will be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom, [bloom;
Sometimes where Eden's bowers
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in
mine,
Would never murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's
won, [flee,
E'en death's cold wave I will not
Since God through Jordan leadeth
me.

791

Hanover, 329, A*b*. 10's & 11's
Montgomery, 331, D. w

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is
near [pear;
And for my relief will surely ap-
By prayer let me wrestle, and He
will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I'll smile
at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He
is my Guide, [vide;
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to pro-
Though cisterns be broken and crea-
tures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely
prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to
think [sink;
He'll leave me at last in trouble to
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in re-
view
Confirms His good pleasure to help
me quite through.

4 How bitter that cup no heart can
conceive,
Which He drank quite up that sin-
ners might live.
His way was much rougher and
darker than mine,
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and
shall I repine?

5 Since all that I meet shall work for
my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is
food;
Though painful at present; 'twill
cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the con-
queror's song!

792

French, 91, E*b*. C.M.
Bedford, 93, E*b*. b

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy Throne of Grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wandering cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

793

The cross is not greater than His grace, G. f. S. No. 1, 65, E*b*. (*Mus. f. Spec. Occ. No.* 11, *p.* 33.)

THE cross that He gave may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
The storm that I feared may surround me,
But it ne'er excludes His face.

The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessed [face;
I am satisfied to know that with Jesus here below,
I can conquer every foe.

2 The thorns in my path are not sharper
Than composed His crown for me;
The cup which I drink not more bitter
Than He drank in Gethsemane.

3 The scorn of my foes may be daring,
For they scoffed and mocked my God;
They'll hate me for my holy living,
For they crucified my Lord.

4 The light of His love shines the brighter
As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of my work will grow lighter
As I stoop to raise the low.

794

Reuben, 133, G. S.M.
Downham, 126, E*b*. c

GIVE to the winds thy fears!
Hope, and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs and counts thy [tears,
He shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this [night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet Heaven, and earth, and Hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the Throne,
And ruleth all things well!

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

5 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

795

Happy people, 304, G. He is bringing, 305, F. 8's & 7's

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus,
Sweet their portion is and sure;
When the foe on others seizes
He will keep His own secure.
Happy people!
Happy, though despised and poor.

2 Since His love and mercy found us
We are precious in His sight;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight;
But His presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His care;
We rely not on our numbers,
In His strength secure we are.
Sweet their portion
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

4 As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings, and hides them there;
Thus protected
All their foes they boldly dare.

796 Hollingside, 171, E*b*. 7's
Aberystwyth, 175, g
F minor.

JESUS! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to wash away my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

797 *Wonderful story of love,*
M. S. Vol. XXXVIII, 103, C.

WONDERFUL story of love,
Tell it to me again;
Wonderful story of love,
Wake the immortal strain.
Angels with rapture announce it,
Shepherds with wonder receive it,
Sinner, oh, won't you believe it?
Wonderful story of love!
Wonderful! wonderful!
Wonderful story! wonderful story of love!

2 Wonderful story of love!
Though you are far away;
Wonderful story of love!
Still He doth call today.
Calling from Calvary's mountain,
Down from the crystal bright fountain;
E'en from the dawn of creation,
Wonderful story of love!

3 Wonderful story of love!
Jesus provides a rest;
Wonderful story of love
For all the pure and blest.
Rest in those mansions above
With those who've gone on before us,
Singing the rapturous chorus,
Wonderful story of love!

798 Duke Street, 4, E*b*. L.M.
Simeon, 36, F. a

AWAKE, our souls! Away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, Thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

799

Mighty to keep, 113, F. D.C.M. bb

SOMETIMES I'm tried with toil and care,
Sometimes I'm weak and worn;
Sometimes it looks so dark everywhere,
Instead of the rose, the thorn.
These are the times, when tempted sore,
A voice in my ear doth speak:
Unsheathe thy sword, there's victory before!
Thy Saviour is mighty to keep.

I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep;
Mighty to keep evermore.

2 Never I've known a cloud so dark,
Never a power so strong,
Never a wolf so fiercely to bark,
Never a night so long.
But they all vanished, and fell, and fled,
And left me to wonder, not weep,
How I could ever have doubted at all
A Saviour so mighty to keep!

3 Jesus, I'll trust Thee more and more,
Trust where I cannot trace;
Trust when I hear the ocean's roar,
Trust when the foe I face.
Thou wilt be more than life to me,
So broad, so high, so deep,
Changing the thunder into glee,
Able to save and to keep.

800

Yield not to temptation, 333, Ab. 11's x

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you;
He will carry you through.

2 Now fully surrender, your all give to God;
His utmost salvation claim now through the Blood.
Be watchful and earnest, be prayerful and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down.
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

801

Manchester, 74, Ab. C.M.
The little ship, 59, Ab. b

WITH steady pace the pilgrim moves
Towards the blissful shore,
And sings with cheerful heart and voice:
" 'Tis better on before."

2 His passage through a desert lies,
Where furious lions roar;
He takes his staff, and smiling says:
" 'Tis better on before."

3 When tempted to forsake his God,
And give the contest o'er,
He hears a voice which says, "Look up,
'Tis better on before."

4 When stern affliction clouds his face,
And death stands at the door,
Hope cheers him with her happiest note:
"'Tis better on before."

5 And when on Jordan's bank he stands,
And views the radiant shore,
Bright angels whisper, "Come away,
'Tis better on before."

6 And so it is, for high in Heaven
They never suffer more;
Eternal calm succeeds the storm;
'Tis better on before.

802 Kind words can never die, 370, C. 6's & 4's c2

KIND words can never die; cherished and blest;
God knows how deep they lie stored in the breast.
Like childhood's simple rhymes, said o'er a thousand times,
And in all years and climes, distant and near.

Kind words can never die; no, never die.

2 Sweet thoughts can never die; though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly in wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue they bloom again.

Sweet thoughts can never die; no, never die.

3 Our souls can never die; though in the tomb
Our mortal bodies lie, wrapt in its gloom;
E'en though the flesh decay, saints pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day with God above.

Our souls can never die; no, never die.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE

803 When He cometh, 352, E♭. The Lion of Judah, 348, D. 11's x

WHEN wise men came seeking for Jesus from afar,
With rich gifts to greet Him, and led by the star,
They found in a stable the Saviour of men,
A manger His cradle, so poor was He then.

2 Though born in a manger, He came from a Throne;
On earth though a stranger, in Heaven He was known
As King of the angels. Oh, plainly I see—
My love, too, it kindles—how Jesus [loves me!

804 Jesus, tender Shepherd, 268, G. St. Oswald's, 266, D. 8's & 7's r

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb tonight;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

805

Ellacombe, 116, B*b*. D.C.M. bb

OH, happy land! Oh, happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips impure may join that song,
Or learn the music there.

2 Thou Heavenly Friend! Thou Heavenly Friend!
Oh, hear us when we pray;
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days
To Thy blest service given,
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransomed band in Heaven.

806

Austria, 296, E*b*. 8's & 7's
Saviour, like a shepherd, 291, E*b*. s

GRACIOUS Saviour, holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be:
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Let Thy Holy Word instruct them,
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them,
To approve whate'er is right.
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy;
May they prove Thy burden light.

3 Taught to love the joyful praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With both lips and hearts kept holy,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
Then with all Thy saints in Glory
Join to praise their Lord and King.

807

Jesus, tender Shepherd, 268, G. 8's & 7's r

HEAVENLY FATHER, bless our Juniors,
Bless them one and all today;
Keep them true to Thee for ever,
May they never go astray.
Bless our Juniors!
Bless and keep them, Lord, we pray.

2 Bless the boys and bless the girls, Lord,
Give them all the victory;
Keep them true, and brave, and faithful,
Let their hearts from sin go free.
Bless our Juniors!
May they give their lives to Thee.

3 Take them, Lord, into Thy keeping,
Thou shalt have them evermore;
Take them, Lord, and make them soldiers,
Strong and holy in the war.
Bless our Juniors!
Send Thy blessing on our corps.

808

Jesus, tender Shepherd, 268, G. 8's & 7's r

HEAVENLY FATHER, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
May they all, Thy grace possessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.

2 May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving
Steadfast unto death endure.

3 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Came on earth a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness;
Bless and make them like to Thee.

4 Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast,
Through life's desert, dry and dreary;
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

809

St. Oswald, 266, D. 8's & 7's
Jesus, tender Shepherd, 268, G. r

GRACIOUS Saviour, Thou hast drawn me
By Thy love so rich and free;
All I value I am bringing,
Thine alone henceforth to be.

2 Safely guard me when in danger,
Rocky paths will oft be found;
Fierce temptations, too, will gather,
May Thy grace, Lord, then abound.

3 Thou hast promised ne'er to leave me,
I will trust Thy gracious word;
What are dangers or temptations
If Thou'rt with me, mighty Lord?

810

Let the lower lights, 280, A*b*. 8's & 7's r

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine and only Thine to be.
Take me now, Lord Jesus! take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do Thy will, or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

3 May this solemn consecration
Never once forgotten be!
Let it know no alteration,
Registered, confirmed by Thee!
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never,
Seal Thine image on my heart!

811

Innocents, 147, E*b*. 7's
Nottingham, 160, G. e

HOLY Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to call me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

812

Behold the Saviour, 85, E*b*. Horsley, 73, E*b*. C.M. b

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming love,
And try His works to do!

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

813

Aurelia, 189, E*b*. 7's & 6's
Missionary, 185, E*b*. i

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end,
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmur of self-will!
Oh, speak, to reassure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, to make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in Glory
There shall Thy servant be!
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

814

Nearer my Home, S.M.
132, C. c

WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God! to Thee I pray;
Oh, let me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way!

In white, in white, walking in white,
He makes me worthy through His Blood
To walk with Him in white.

2 Now, in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know.
O God, Thy sanctifying grace
E'en now on me bestow!

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of Thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make me wholly Thine.

5 Oh, let Thy Word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy!

6 To what Thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
Oh, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind!

7 May Thy young servant learn
By them to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

815

My soul is now 7's & 6's
united, 187, A*b*. i
My all is on the altar, 194, E*b*.

OH, is it true that children,
The grace of God may know?
Yes, they may find salvation
If they to Jesus go.
O Jesus, now I seek Thee,
To Thee my heart I give;
Take me, and make me, Saviour,
Like Thee, each day I live!

2 Oh, is it true that children
Can miss their way to Heaven?
They can, but by God's Spirit
A guiding light is given.

3 Oh, is it true that children
Are sinners in God's sight?
They are, but then He's ready
To save and make them right.

4 Oh, is it true that children
May do the will of God?
They may, for He will help them,
Yes, daily, to be good.

5 Oh, is it true that children
May enter Heaven's gates?
They may, for all who love Him
To Glory Jesus takes.

816

Missionary, 185, E*b*. 7's & 6's
Ewing, 191, D. i

REMEMBER thy Creator, while youth is on thy side;
Seek God's salvation early, take Him to be thy Guide.
For life has many bypaths, which lead the soul astray
From purity and goodness, far from the narrow way.

2 'Tis better far to seek Him in childhood's tender days,
Before the heart gets hardened by traveling sin's dark ways;
For sin doth surely harden and steel the heart 'gainst Him
Who wants to make us happy by keeping us from sin.

3 Before the evil days come, when thou art forced to say:
"I have no pleasure in them,"—sin's pleasures never stay—
Give thy young heart to Jesus, let Him thy life control;
Take Jesus as thy Saviour, and Heaven shall be thy goal.

817

Jesus and the children, 7's
M. S., Vol. VIII, 147, E*b*. e
Innocents, 147, E*b* (verse only).

THERE He stood amid a crowd,
Who was He, and who were they?
Jesus, He, the Son of God;
They were children at their play.

Jesus loves the children just as much today
As when on earth He stopped them in their play;
Called them unto Him, and a blessing to each gave;
Just the same today He wants each little one to save.

2 Now He calls them unto Him,
Round they gather, full of glee;
Some were standing by His side,
Others seated on His knee.

3 His disciples, too, were there,
"This is very strange," said they;
"Thou art tired, so rest Thee here;
Send the children now away."

4 "Let them stay," the Master said,
"They are very dear to Me;"
Then upon each little head
Laid His hands so tenderly.

5 "Look at them and learn to be
Lowly, meek, and free from care;
Suffer them to come to Me,
Such shall form My Kingdom there."

818

My soul is now united, 187, A*b*. 7's & 6's
Missionary, 185, E*b*. i

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King,
We have no wealth or learning;
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King;
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.

819

Missionary, 185, E*b*. 7's & 6's
Aurelia, 189, E*b*. i

WE bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine,
We come with simple measures
To sing Thy love divine.
Children, Thy favor sharing,
Their voice of thanks would
raise,
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's blessed word of truth,
To us is early given
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary,
We read of homes in Glory
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing,
Oh, teach us how to pray,
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way!
There, where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
With song our voices swelling
We'll ever praise Thy name.

820

Forward be our watchword, 381, F. 6's & 5's d2
Onward, Christian Soldiers, 379, E*b*.

JESUS, with what gladness, I can
truly sing,
Thou art my Redeemer, Friend, and
Guide and King.
Thou art mine for ever; I will give
to Thee
All my life and treasure; Thine
alone I'll be!

All I have I give Thee, though my
powers are small,
Life, and time, and talents, Jesus,
take them all!

2 I will be a warrior, fighting the
good fight, [of right.
Battling 'gainst all evil, in the cause
Jesus, give me courage, make me
true and brave, [to save.
That the lost and dying I may help

3 I will be a pilgrim in the great
crusade, [afraid.
Following Thy footsteps, ever un-
Thou wilt lead me upward on the
narrow way,
Though it be through darkness, to
Thy glorious day.

821

The Glory song, 429, A*b*.

INTO a tent where a gipsy boy lay,
Dying alone, at the close of the
day, [he,
News of salvation we carried; said
"Nobody ever has told it to me!"

Tell it again! Tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and
o'er; [men,
Till none can say of the children of
"Nobody ever has told me before!"

2 "Did He so love me, a poor little
boy? [joy?
Send unto me the good tidings of
Need I not perish? My hand will
He hold?
Nobody ever the story has told!"

3 Bending, we caught the last words
of his breath, [Death:
Just as he entered the Valley of
"God sent His Son!—Whosoever!"
said he, [for me!"
"Then I am sure that He sent Him

4 Smiling he said, as his last sigh was
spent, [was sent!"
"I am so glad that for me He
Whispered, while low sank the sun
in the west, [the rest."
"Lord, I believe! Tell it now to

822

Try again, 182, A*b*. 7's & 4's h

BE the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth!
Whether work or whether play,
Always speak the truth!
Never from this rule depart,
Grave it deeply on your heart,
Written 'tis in God's own chart,
Always speak the truth!

2 Falsehoods seldom stand alone,
Always speak the truth!
One begets another one,
Always speak the truth!
Falsehood all the soul degrades,
'Tis a sin from which proceeds
Greater sin and darker deeds,
Always speak the truth!

3 When you're wrong, the folly own,
Always speak the truth!
Here's a victory to be won,
Always speak the truth!
He who speaks with lying tongue
Adds to wrong a greater wrong,
Then, with courage true and strong,
Always speak the truth!

823

Nottingham, 160, G. 7's
Innocents, 147, E*b*. e

SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 How shall I my life employ?
Love will be my only joy.
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me, Lord, Thy steps to know,
By the way which Thou didst go;
Ever keeping close to Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 So will I rejoice to show
All the love I feel and owe;
Ever serving, ever free,
Loving Him who first loved me.

824

I know there's a crown, E*b*.
(*Mus. f. Spec. Occ., No.* 5, *p.* 26.)

I KNOW there's a crown for the saints of renown,
And the saints whose good deeds are unsung;
But, oh, say, is it true, if their days are but few,
That a crown is laid up for the young?

Yes, yes, yes, I know there's a crown for the young;
If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love,
I know there's a crown for the young.

2 The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,
While the songs of salvation they sing;
And the infant of days tune its harp in the praise
Of Jesus, its Saviour and King.

3 The noble of birth and the poor of the earth,
Both the man, and the youth, and the child,
If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust,
Shall be crowned in that land undefiled.

825

Horsley, 73, E*b*. C.M.
My Shepherd, 72, B*b*. b

GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

2 God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

3 God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4 God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what strength and health I have,
May serve my neighbors best.

826

Yes, Jesus loves me, Eb.
(*Mus. f. Spec. Occ., No.* 4, *p.* 26.)

JESUS loves me! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Children may to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me, He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His loved one enter in.

3 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
Out of love He died for me,
And from sin can make me free.

4 Jesus loves me; soon He'll say,
"My true soldier, come away;"
Yes, I love Him, and I cry,
"Come, Lord, take me Home on high."

827

All things bright, D.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful;
The Lord God made them all.
(*Repeat as Chorus.*)

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings;
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

4 The cold wind in the Winter,
The glorious Summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden;
He made them every one.

5 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell;
He gave us hearts to love Him,
Who doeth all things well.

828

The little ship, 59, *Ab.* C.M.
Horsley, 73, Eb. b

NOW that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2 And lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths astray,
I will begin at once to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell;
But if the Lord will be my Friend
I know that all is well.

4 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

5 Attend me through my youthful way
Whatever be my lot,
And when I'm feeble, old, and gray,
O Lord, forsake me not!

829

Living beneath the shade of the Cross, 518, C.

UNDER the Flag we've taken our stand,
Onward we march a conquering band;
Gladly we follow our Leader so grand,
The world we must win for Jesus.

Turning our backs on all that is wrong,
Praying to God, when Satan is strong;
Upward we climb, to join with the throng
Of angels above in Glory.

2 In every storm He's promised to shield
If to His will we daily yield.
Bravely we'll fight, and the Spirit's sword wield;
The world we must win for Jesus.

3 Happy are we while doing His will,
For with His love He doth us fill.
Right on to Glory we'll follow Him still;
The world we must win for Jesus.

830

Innocents, 147, E♭. 7's
Nottingham, 160, G. e

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought—
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee—
Thou shalt my Example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild:
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Now I would be as Thou art;
Give me an obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

831

Around the Throne, 65, C. C.M. b

AROUND the Throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That Heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?

4 Because the Saviour shed His Blood
To take away their sin;
Washed in that precious purple flood,
Behold them white and clean.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

6 And is that fountain flowing yet?
Blest Saviour, lead us there;
That we those happy ones may meet,
And in their praises share.

832

The Crimson Stream, 200, F. 7's & 6's i
Tell me the old, old story, 201, C.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name!
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the Throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might their hosannas raise;
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

833 There is a happy Land, 181, E*b*. 7's & 4's h

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in Glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King!"
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
On, then, to Glory run;
Be a crown and Kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

834 Saviour, like a shepherd, 291, E*b*. 8's & 7's s
Mariners, 292, E*b*.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are!

2 We are Thine: do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray!

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee!

835 Alstone, 22, C. L.M.
Eden, 5, A*b*. a

JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man, and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind,
And many who were sick and lame;
He healed all those who to Him came.

3 And more than that, He told them, too,
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

4 But such a cruel death He died:
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a Cross of wood!

836 Mothers of Salem, 436, C.

WHEN mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back,
And bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
"Suffer little children to come unto Me.

2 "For I will receive them,
And fold them to My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs;
Oh, drive them not away!
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in Glory live;
Suffer little children to come unto Me."

3 How kind was our Saviour
To bid those children welcome:
But there are many thousands who
Have never heard His name;

The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

4 Oh, soon may the heathen
Of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessed word, and cast
Their idols all away!
Oh, shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love!
Teach the little children to come unto
Thee.

837

Sawley, 96, B*b*. C.M.
Bedford, 93, E*b*. b

OUR Father sits on yonder Throne,
Amidst the hosts above;
He reigns throughout the world
alone,
He reigns, the God of Love.

2 He knew us when we knew Him not,
Was with us, though unseen;
His mercies came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.

3 Oh, let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice;
To Him in meek submission bow,
And in His love rejoice.

4 That we may hear Him say at last,
"Ye blessed children, come,
The days of toil and sin are past,
And Heaven is now your Home."

838

Jesus' Junior Army, Mus. Sal., Vol. XXIII, 45, E*b*.

WE'RE the Army in reserve,
Growing up for Jesus;
Pledged the King of kings to serve,
All our lives for Jesus!
We are learning how to fight
In the cause of truth and right;
"Not by power, and not by might,"
But for love to Jesus.

2 We've a Leader, strong to save,
Whose blest name is Jesus;
He will make His warriors brave
If they trust in Jesus!
He has trod the thorny way,
"Come, My children," hear Him say,
"None shall harm you, do not stay,
Come! My name is Jesus."

3 There are lions in the path!
Does the fact alarm you?
Though they roar, and show their
wrath,
They can never harm you!
They were conquered long ago,
Past their bounds they cannot go,
Forward then! 'gainst every foe,
God Himself will arm you!

839

Missionary, 185, E*b*. 7's & 6's
Tell me the old, old story, 201, C. i

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angels' voices tell.
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell!
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know:
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise.
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

840

I'm so glad, 473, G.

I AM so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has [given:
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest—that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me—even me.

2 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him;
Love brought Him down my poor [soul to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree;
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves [me!

3 If one should ask of me, how could I tell—
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing Jesus loves [me.

4 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the [great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

5 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now [doth flee
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

841

L.M.
Alstone, 22, C. Ernan, 38, B*b*. a

GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend—
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
Which such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

842

I hear Thy welcome voice, 137, D. S.M. c

IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.
I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 'Tis not enough to say,
We're sorry and repent;
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

3 Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

4 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

843

Sweet hour of prayer, 44, D. D.L.M. aa
Rocked in the cradle, 15, A*b*.

ACCEPT my youth, my strength, my prime,
Accept each moment of my time;
Earth's choicest joys I sacrifice,
And choose Thy smile at any price.
I hear and now obey the call,
And leap by faith doubt's highest wall,
I cannot give Thee less than all;
Lord, take it all! Lord, take it all!

2 Whate’er is wrong I here confess,
Whate’er is good do Thou possess,
Whatever seemeth to be mine,
Oh, make it Thine, Lord, make it Thine!
My life, my influence I bring,
My treasures at Thy feet I fling,
And crown Thee everlasting King
Of heart and soul, Lord, heart and soul!

3 My will, my mind, my heart inspire
With all Thy Spirit’s holy fire;
Destroy the dross, the self, the shame
In love’s pure sin-consuming flame.
Into the regions of despair,
Into the midst of Satan’s lair,
For dying souls to do and dare,
Lord, send me there, Lord, send me there!

844

I think when I read,
399, D.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, [Me.”
“Let the little ones come unto

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below, [above,
I shall see Him and hear Him
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare [given;
For all who are washed and for-
And many dear children are gathering there, [Heaven.”
For “of such is the Kingdom of

3 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall, [Home—
Never heard of that Heavenly
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. [time,
I long for the joys of that glorious
The sweetest, and brightest, and best: [every clime
When the dear little children of
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

845

Dennis, 121, G. S.M.
Downham, 126, E*b*. C

MY Maker and my King,
To Thee my all I owe;
Thy constant goodness is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 The creature of Thy hand,
On Thee alone I live;
Thy countless benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

3 Oh, let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

846

Dare to be a Daniel, A*b*.
(*Mus. f. Spec. Occ., No.* 6, *p.* 20.)

STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God’s command,
Honor them, the faithful few,
All hail! to Daniel’s band.

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known.

2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel’s band.

3 Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall
If met by Daniel’s band.

4 Hold our glorious banner high,
On to victory grand;
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's band.

847 Blessed Lord, 8's & 7's
294, A*b*. Bithynia, 293, A*b*. s

BLESSED Jesus, *save* our children,
Be their Guardian through life's way;
From all evil e'er protect them,
Walk Thou with them, come what may.
In white raiment let us meet them,
When earth's shadows flee away.

2 Blessed Jesus, *lead* our children
Into paths of service sweet;
Up the hill of Calvary climbing,
May they and the sinner meet.
More than conquerors, let us see them
Bring their jewels to Thy feet!

3 Blessed Jesus, *make* our children
Thine for life and Thine for aye;
When Death's waters overtake them
Be their Rock, their Light, their Stay!
Tender Shepherd, let us find them
On Thy breast in realms of day!

FAMILY WORSHIP

848 Darwell's, 142, D. 4-6's & 2-8's
Majesty, 141, A*b*. d

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the Throne my Surety stands,
My name is written in His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious Blood to plead.
His Blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the Throne of Grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me.
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son.
His Spirit answers to the Blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

849 Robin Adair, 6's & 4's
374, A*b*. c2
Horbury, 373, E*b*.

SAVIOUR, I long to be nearer to Thee, [holy to be.
In word, and deed, and thought,
Oh, take this heart of mine,
And seal me ever Thine; [Lord!
Fill me with love divine, for service,

2 Make me a blazing fire, where'er I go, [may show,
That to a dying world Thee I
How Thou hast bled and died,
That none may be denied, [find.
But in Thy bleeding side a refuge

3 So shall my moments flow, in praising Thee, [strengthen me.
For Thou hast never failed to
Filled with the Holy Ghost,
Saved to the uttermost, [ward go!
In Christ alone I'll boast, and for-

850

Saviour, lead me, 157, C. 7's e

SAVIOUR, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way;
I am safe when by Thy side,
I would in Thy love abide.

Lead me, lead me,
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,
Saviour, lead me all the way!

Hear me, hear me,
Saviour, hear me while I pray;
As before Thy Cross I kneel,
Saviour, hear me while I pray!

2 Thou the Refuge of my soul
When the stormy billows roll;
I am safe when Thou art nigh,
All my hopes on Thee rely.

3 Saviour, lead me—lead at last,
When the storm of life is past,
To the land of endless day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

851

Hursley, 31, F. L.M.
Thy will be done, 14, Ab. a

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do!

2 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost purpose see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

3 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

4 For Thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

852

Winchester old, 63, G. C.M.
Arnold's, 71, Eb. b

ONCE more the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray
That His eternal light may guide
And cheer our souls this day.

2 Oh, may no sin our hands defile,
Or cause our minds to rove;
Upon our lips be simple truth,
And in our hearts be love!

3 Throughout the day, O Christ, in Thee,
May ready help be found,
To save our souls from Satan's wiles,
Who still is lurking round.

853

What a Friend, 309, G. 8's & 7's t

HOME is home, however lowly,
Home is sweet when love is there;
Home is home when hearts are holy,
Earth has ne'er a spot so fair.
Jesus makes our home a heaven,
Sacred in the fireside warm;
After battling through the long day,
Home's a shelter from the storm.

2 To a little home in Beth'ny
Jesus loved to wend His way;
Tender hearts were waiting for Him
In the evening of the day.
Jesus there dispelled the sadness,
There the humble meat He blessed,
There they worshipped Him with gladness,
There His sacred form would rest.

3 Let us make our home the threshold
Of the city bright and fair;
Each the other's joy possessing,
Each the other's burden share.
In the storm of deep affliction
Let us seek the heavenly balm;
In life's tempest just remember
Prayer will make the storm a calm.

854

Near the Cross, 404, G.

JESUS, keep me near the Cross:
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
In the Cross, in the Cross, be my
glory ever:
Till my raptured soul shall find
rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed His beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

855

Tallis, 41, G. L.M.
Hursley, 31, F. a

ALL praise to God, who safe hath
kept, [slept;
And hath refreshed me while I
Grant, Lord, when I from death
shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my fears as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought
and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I may think, or do, or say:
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God, from whom all bless-
ings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

856

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
St. Matthias, 222, G. 1

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er
betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient Strength and
Guide. [love
Who trusts in God's unchanging
Builds on the Rock that naught
can move.

2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent.
Nor doubt; our inmost wants are
known [own.
To Him who chose us for His

3 Sing, pray, and turn not from His
ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

857

Forward be our watchword, 381, F. 6's & 5's d2
Rachie, 383, G.

WHEN the cross is heavy,
When the way is rough,
When the foe advances,
When the fight is tough;
When the cruel tempter
Would my soul assail,
Jesus will uphold me,
Jesus cannot fail.
Jesus, precious Jesus, I will follow
Thee, [will be.
Trusting and obeying; faithful I

2 When the storm is raging,
When the lightnings flash,
When the war I'm waging,
When the thunders crash;
When I seem to falter,
Jesus will be near;
Tenderly He'll whisper,
"Never, never fear."

3 When my toil is over,
When the fight is done,
When the foe is vanquished,
When the victory's won;
When I cross the river,
Oh, the bliss 'twill be;
Jesus, precious Jesus,
Face to face with Thee!

858

Martyrdom, 86, A*b*. C.M.
Belmont, 105, G. b

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet
What will Thy glory be?

4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

859

Aurelia, 189, E*b*. 7's & 6's
Missionary, 185, E*b*. i

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost;
Whose precious Blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost!
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy sacrifice, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own!
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn silence
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And, though the waves run high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

860

Mary, 61, F. C.M.
Abridge, 94, E*b*. b

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the Sacred Word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

861

Hursley, 31, F. L.M.
Angelus, 26, E*b*. a

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently keep;
Be my last thought: How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

862

Abide with me, 323, E*b*. 10's
Emerson, 324, E*b*. v

ABIDE with me: fast falls the
eventide; [me abide!
The darkness deepens; Lord, with
When other helpers fail, and com-
forts flee, [me!
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day; [pass away;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
Change and decay in all around I
see; [with me!
O Thou, who changest not, abide

3 I need Thy presence every passing
hour; [tempter's power?
What but Thy grace can foil the
Who like Thyself my Guide and
Stay can be? [abide with me!
Through cloud and sunshine, oh,

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless: [bitterness:
Ills have no weight, and tears no
Where is death's sting? Where,
grave, thy victory? [me!
I triumph still, if Thou abide with

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my
closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee: [me!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with

863

Give me a heart like C.M.
Thine, 81, G. b
Conference, 117, B*b*.

SUMMONED my labor to renew,
And glad to act my part;
Lord, in Thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

Give me a heart like Thine!
By Thy wonderful power,
By Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine!

2 End of my every action Thou,
In all things Thee I see;
Accept my offered labor now,
I do it unto Thee.

3 Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us!

4 Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

5 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

864

Light in the valley, B*b*.

THROUGH the valley of the
shadow I must go, [roll;
Where the cold waves of Jordan
But the promise of my Shepherd
will, I know, [soul.
Be the rod and the staff to my
Even now, down the valley as I
glide, ["Follow Me!"
I can hear my Saviour say,
And with Him I'm not afraid to
cross the tide: [me.
There's a light in the valley for
There's a light in the valley,
There's a light in the valley for me;
And no evil will I fear
While my Shepherd is so near,
There's a light in the valley for me.

2 Now the rolling of the billows I
can hear [shore;
As they beat on the rock-bound
But the beacon-light of love, so
bright and clear, [safely o'er.
Guides my bark, frail and lone,
I shall find down the valley no
alarms, [I can see;
For my Saviour's blessed smile
He will bear me in His loving,
mighty arms: [for me.
There's a light in the valley

865

Trentham, 130, G. S.M.
Reuben, 133, G. c

JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 We meet, Thy grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given:
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in Heaven.

4 Present we know Thou art;
But, oh, Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy mighty comfort feel!

5 Oh, may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

866

Tallis, 41, G. L.M.
Hursley, 31, F. a

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment Day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake!

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

867

St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 6-8's
Sovereignty, 221, D. 1

CAPTAIN of Israel's host and Guide
Of all who seek the land above;
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love.
Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy Word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full directions need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, Almighty Love, is near.

868

Holly, 40, F. L.M.
St. Helens, 7, A*b*. a

MY God, how endless is Thy love,
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drooping powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

869

Accrington, 35, F. L.M.
Ernan, 38, B*b*. a

IF some poor wandering child of Thine [divine;
Have spurned today the voice
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin, [sin.
Let him no more lie down in

2 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep tonight
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

3 Come near and bless us when we wake, [take,
Ere through the world our way we
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

870

Chalvey, 138, F. D.S.M.
For ever with the cc
Lord, 140, G.

I DO not ask Thee, Lord,
That all my life may be
An easy, smooth, and pleasant path;
'Twould not be good for me.
But, oh, I ask today
That grace and strength be given,
To keep me fighting all the way
That leads to God and Heaven!

2 I do not ask Thee, Lord,
That tears may never flow,
Or that the world may always smile
Upon me as I go.
From Thee fell drops of blood,
A thorn-crown pressed Thy brow;
Thy suffering brought Thee victory then,
And Thou canst help me now.

3 And what if strength should fail,
And heart more deeply bleed?
Or what if dark and lonely days
Draw forth the cry of need?
That cry will bring Thee down,
My needy soul to fill, [heart
And Thou wilt teach my yearning
To know and do Thy will.

871

Precious Name, 8's & 7's
277, A*b*. r

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it then where'er you go.

Precious name, oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of Heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in Heaven we'll crown Him
When our journey is complete.

872

St. Michael, 125, A*b*. S.M.
Southport, 129, G. c

MY soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er!
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

873

Better World, 226, D. 8's & 3's m
Tucker, 234, F.

WHAT'S this that steals upon my
frame—
Is it death? [flame—
Which soon will quench this vital
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every care and sorrow free;
I shall the King of Glory see—
All is well!

2 Cease, cease to weep, my friends, for
me—
All is well!
My sins are pardoned, I am free—
All is well!
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount beyond the
All is well! [skies—

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye heavenly
throng—
All is well!
While I rehearse the blessed song—
All is well!
Bright angels are from Glory come,
They're round my bed and fill my
room,
And wait to bear my spirit Home—
All is well!

874

French, 91, E*b*. C.M.
Bedford, 93, E*b*. b

HELP us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

2 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve,
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

3 Up, unto Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

4 Then, when the mighty work is
wrought,
Receive Thy ready bride;
Give us in Heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctified.

875

Depth of mercy, 146, B*b*. 7's
Norwood, 166, G. e

FATHER, Lord of earth and
Heaven, [given;
Spare, or take what Thou hast
Sole Disposer of Thine own,
Let Thy sovereign will be done.
God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus lives, and loves me still.

2 Life or death depends on Thee,
Just and good is Thy decree;
Safe in Thine own will we rest,
Sure whatever is is best.

3 Sorely tempted and distressed,
Can we make the fond request?
Dare we pray for a reprieve?
Need we ask that He may live?

4 Thee we absolutely trust,
Wise and merciful and just;
All Thy works to Thee are known;
All Thy blessed will be done.

876

Pembroke, 251, G. 8's & 6's
Praise, 249, D. q

O LORD, how often should we be
Defeated, were it not for Thee,
Cast down, but for Thy grace!
When all the arts of Hell oppose,
We find a refuge from our foes
Within the holy place.

2 We dare not boast, O Lord of Light,
In human wisdom or in might
To keep us pure within!
Do Thou assist, we humbly pray,
Lest, in our blindness, we should
Into the toils of sin. [stray

3 Thee will we serve, and Thee alone,
No other ruler will we own.
But with a godly fear
Redeem the time at Thy command,
Then, with the saints at Thy right
Triumphantly appear. [hand,

877

Come on, my partners, 248, A*b*.
He lives, 250, C.
8's & 6's
q

BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial
With loving gratitude: [fear,
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 Oh, may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given; [know
And let me, through Thy Spirit,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to Heaven.

878

Thy will be done, 14, A*b*. Misericordia, 467, E*b*.
L.M.
a

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my Home, on life's
rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

3 E'en if again I ne'er shall see
The friend more dear than life to
me,
Ere long we both shall be with
Thy will be done! [Thee;

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then when on earth I breathe no
more [before,
The prayer oft mixed with tears
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

879

Eaton, 214, E*b*.
Stella, 217, D.
6—8's
1

BEHOLD, the servant of the Lord,
I wait Thy guiding hand to feel,
To hear and keep Thy every word,
To prove and do Thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to
cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all Thy creatures me;
The deed, the time, the manner
choose, [Thee;
Let all my fruits be found of
Let all my works in Thee be
wrought,
By Thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak though good design,
O'errule or change, as seems Thee
meet;
Jesus, let all my work be Thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in Thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things
right.

4 Here, then, to Thee Thy own I
leave; [clay;
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive
But let me all Thy stamp receive,
But let me all Thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to Thy glory live and die.

880

Nearer, my God, to Thee, 371, G.
Nuttall, 375, A*b*.
6's & 4's
c2

NEARER, my God to Thee—nearer
to Thee! [me,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth
Still all my song shall be, [to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer

2 Though, like a wanderer, the sun
gone down, [a stone;
Darkness comes over me, my rest
Yet in my dreams I'd be, [to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer

3 There let my way appear steps unto
Heaven; [given.
All that Thou sendest me in mercy
Angels to beckon me [to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer

4 Then with my waking thoughts
bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll
raise;
So by my woes to be [to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer

5 And when on joyful wing cleaving
the sky, [I fly,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward
Still all my song shall be [to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer

881

Hyfrydol, 312, G. 8's & 7's
Salvator, 310, G. t

PEACE be to this habitation!
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin.
Peace that speaks the Heavenly
Giver,
Peace to worldly minds unknown,
Peace divine that lasts for ever;
Peace that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of Peace! be present near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy home,
With Thy gracious presence cheer us,
Let Thy sacred Kingdom come.
Raise to Heaven our expectation,
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation
In the realms of bliss above.

882

I need Thee, 479, *Ab.*

I NEED Thee every hour, most
gracious Lord, [peace afford.
No tender voice like Thine can

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour; stay Thou
near by; [Thou art nigh.
Temptations lose their power when

3 I need Thee every hour, in joy or
pain; [is vain.
Come quickly and abide, or life

4 I need Thee every hour, teach me
Thy will,
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

883

Southport, 129, G. S.M.
Lascelles, 127, *Eb.* c

JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up
And know Thou hearest prayer.

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will, [hind
That tramples down and casts be-
The baits of pleasing ill.

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated Cross.

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

884

My Shepherd, 72, B*b*. C.M.
Winchester old, 63, G. b

BE pleased to keep me, Lord, this day,
Without committing sin,
And with me let Thy Spirit stay,
And ever dwell within.

2 Thou canst from every sin secure,
And is it not Thy will
Still to preserve Thy servant pure
From every touch of ill?

3 Thou surely wilt through all my life
My helpless soul defend,
And bear me through the doubtful strife,
And keep me to the end!

4 Behold, with humble faith I bow
My soul before Thy Throne;
Deliver me from evil now,
For Thou canst save Thine own.

5 My soul on Thee, O Lord, relies,
Thine arms are my defense;
My soul Hell, earth, and sin defies
To come and pluck me thence.

885

Whither pilgrims? 8's & 7's
313, B*b*. t

I'M a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road—
Often in the midst of danger,
But it leads me on to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distress me,
Great and many are my foes,
Anxious care and thoughts perplex me,
But my Heavenly Father knows.

2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife,
Although sorrows past endurance
Follow me through all my life—
Home in prospect still can cheer me,
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel His presence near me—
For my Heavenly Father knows.

3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love,
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me ever look above.
Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended—
This my Heavenly Father knows.

4 I shall then with joy behold Him,
Face to face my Father see;
Fall with rapture and adore Him
For His wondrous love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose;
Jesus stands engaged to bless me—
This my Heavenly Father knows.

886

Love at home, 505, A*b*.

OH, there's joy in every heart, when there's love at home,
There's a smile on every face, when there's love at home;
Voices have a kindly sound, happiness beams all around,
Peace and gentleness abound, when there's love at home.

Love at home! Love at home!
There's an angel in the house, when there's love at home.

2 Oh, there's sunshine on the hearth, when there's love at home,
And there's music in the air, when there's love at home;
Faces at the door are sweet, laughter echoes in the street,
Paths are smooth for little feet, when there's love at home.

3 When there's Jesus in the midst, there is love at home;
He will teach you what to do, when there's love at home;
Help you in life's busy mart, whisper softly in your heart,
Of the bright and better part, when there's love at home.

887

Ellers, 325, A*b*. 10's
Bartholomew, 327, G. v

HOW wonderful it is to *walk* with God
Along the road that holy men have trod!
How wonderful it is to hear Him say:
"Fear not, have faith, 'tis I who lead the way!"

2 How wonderful it is to *talk* with God
When cares sweep o'er my spirit like a flood!
How wonderful it is to hear His voice,
For when He speaks the desert lands rejoice!

3 How wonderful it is to *praise* my God,
Who comforts and protects me with His rod!
How wonderful to praise Him every hour,
My heart attuned to sing His wondrous power!

4 How wonderful it is to *fight* for God,
And point poor sinners to the precious Blood!
How wonderful it is to wield His sword
'Gainst sin, the enemy of Christ, my Lord!

5 How wonderful 'twill be to *live* with God
When I have crossed death's deep and swelling flood!
How wonderful to see Him face to face,
When I have fought the fight and won the race!

888

Belmont, 105, G. C.M.
Colne, 107, E*b*. b

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
Then for Thy pardon let me pray
For having grieved Thy love.

5 Oh, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the Blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

PART II.

SONGS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

SELF-DENIAL

889 Euphony, 212, E*b*. 6—8's
Old 23rd, 225, A*b*. 1

O GOD, what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and
skies?
My soul, my life, my all receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst Thou have if I had
more.

2 Now, then, my God, Thou hast my
soul:
No longer mine, but Thine I am;
Guard Thou Thine own, possess it
whole; [inflame:
Cheer it with hope, with love
Thou hast my spirit; there display
The glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed
shrine,
Devoted solely to Thy will:
Here let Thy light for ever shine,
This house still let Thy presence
fill; [move
O Source of life, live, dwell, and
In me till all my life be love.

4 Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience,
With lowliness and purity, [love,
Than gold and pearls more precious
far,
And brighter than the morning star.

5 Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's
might, [name;
Since I am called by Thy great
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be Thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be Thy praise!

890 The Glory song, 429, A*b*.
I am so glad, 473, G.

LORD, Thou art questioning—
"Lovest thou Me?"
"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest" my
answer must be;
But since love's value is proved by
love's test, [and best.
Jesus, I'll give Thee the dearest

All in my heart, Lord, Thou canst
read;
Master, I do love Thee indeed.
Ask what Thou wilt my devotion to
test; [best.
I will surrender the dearest and

Thou knowest all; my heart Thou
canst read;
Master, Thy child loves Thee, indeed.
Ask what Thou wilt my love to
attest;
Lord, Thou shalt have my best.

2 How couldst Thou smile on me, if,
in my heart [part?
I was unwilling from treasures to
Since my redemption cost Thee such
a price,
Utmost surrender alone will suffice.

3 Thine was a life from self-seeking
apart, [Thy heart.
"Offered for others" was burned on
Not my own ends, but Thy King-
dom to aid, [shall be paid.
Cost what it will, Lord, the price

4 Down at Thy feet all my fears I let
go, [ness I throw;
Back on Thy strength all my weak-
Lord, in my life Thou shalt have
Thine own way, [will obey.
Speak but the word, and Thy child

891

To the uttermost He saves, 192, G. 7's & 6's i

DEAR Lord, I do surrender
Myself, my all, to Thee,
My time, my store, my talents,
So long withheld by me.
I've heard the call for workers,
The world's great need I see;
Oh, send me to the rescue,
I'm here, my Lord, send me!

Here am I, my Lord, send me!
Here am I, my Lord, send me!
I surrender all to obey Thy call,
Here am I, my Lord, send me!

2 Too long at ease in Zion
I've been content to dwell,
While multitudes are dying,
And sinking into Hell.
I can no more be careless,
And say there's naught to do;
The fields are white to harvest,
And laborers are few.

3 Oh, hear, Thou God of Heaven,
The vows that I now make;
To Thee my life is given,
'Tis for the lost world's sake.
To serve Thee I am ready,
Though friends and foes despise;
I now present my body
A living sacrifice.

892

It's true there's a beautiful City, 514, G.

HOW much can you suffer for
Jesus? [you lose?
In His service how much can
At His feet will you still kneel
adoring, [refuse?
And the cross which He gives you

I dare, Lord; I dare, Lord; I dare do
all for Thee.

2 How much will you suffer for Jesus?
There are plenty His wonders to
praise!
Dare you face the legions of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner
upraise?

3 How much will you suffer for Jesus?
For the hate of His cause is the
same; [sufferings,
Would you seek to gain by His
Whilst shirking a share in His
shame?

4 How much will you suffer for Jesus?
On the way to the crown He will
give? [slanderers,
There are cruel deceivers and
A life on *these* terms can you live?

893

Anything for Jesus, 378, E*b*. 6's & 5's d2

CHRIST of self-denial, Thou for
help doth call, [given all;
We have given little, Thou hast
Offerings and thanksgivings Thou
wilt not despise,
While our best we bring Thee, bless
our sacrifice.

Bless our Self-Denial, let us see
victory! [victory!
Bless our Self-Denial with great

2 Having food and clothing, we will
be content,
Thou hast needful blessings in
abundance sent;
Freely by Thy bounty Thou dost let
us live, [more to give.
More and more receiving, more and

3 From each meager storehouse, from
each heart and home,
From rich heaps of plenty more and
more shall come;
Love for help is seeking, knocking
at each door,
All the world with gladness giving
more and more.

4 More the low to rescue, more the
lost to save,
More to snatch the drunkard from
a shameful grave;
To increase Thy Kingdom jewels
shall be given, [Heaven.
Self-Denial laying treasure up in

894

Ye banks and braes, 6—8's
223, G. St. Matthias, 222, G. 1

COME, blessed Saviour, very near,
Come and our Self-Denial bless;
Forgive our faults, dispel our fear,
Crown all our efforts with success.
Into each heart Thy wishes speak,
For 'tis Thy smile alone we seek.

2 Stir up the people, Lord, to give,
Rouse one and all to earnest prayer;
Let half-dead souls be made to live,
And every saint for war prepare.
Make all the hosts of Hell to flee
While we deny ourselves for Thee.

3 What glory Thou didst lay aside!
What Thou didst bear to make
us free!
For all Thou didst for us deny,
We will do what we can for Thee;
And though the gift we bring be
Accept it, Lord: it is our all. [small,

895

Genevieve, 42, Ab. D.L.M.
He wipes the tear, 43, D. aa

HARK, soldier! Jesus speaks to
thee,
Oh, heed His word divinely plain;
"Wouldst thou in earnest follow Me,
Deny thyself e'en unto pain!"
That great example Jesus set,
For us His all surrendering;
His passion shall in us beget
The high resolve our best to bring.

For Christ our best we'll give and
do,
Endure for Him the hardest trial.
Yes, to the Army we'll be true,
And live the life of self-denial.

2 The countless legions of despair,
Enslaved by sin and passions wrong,
Wait for the Army's love and care,
Christlike and tender, wise and
strong; [throng,
And e'en the godless mocking
In trouble to the Army fly,
With pleading voice and empty
hands; [die.
Unless we help them, they must

3 Deny the self which will not go
Into the hovel or the street,
To help the outcast fallen low,
Or seek the drunkard's foul re-
Self visits not the prison cell, [treat.
A song of hope and love to raise,
Nor troubles that the gambler's
hell [ways.
Is drawing youth from righteous

4 Hark, soldier! to the Army's cry,
"Come, leave thine ease, count all
but dross; [die!
Souls wait, for whom Christ came to
Oh, help us bring them to His
Cross!"
And most of all for Jesus' sake,
Who bore for us a fiery trial,
From every hindrance will we
break,
And follow Him in self-denial.

896

Not my own, 253, F. 8's & 7's
Room for Jesus, r
252, Bb.

NOT my own, but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His
Blood;
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord!

Not my own, oh, no!
Not my own, oh, no!
Saviour, I belong to Thee;
All I have and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

2 Not my own! To Christ, my
Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

3 Not my own! My time, my talents,
Freely all to Christ I bring;
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

4 Not my own! The Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng;
Who in Heaven shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

897

Shall we meet? 271, B*b*. Isle of Beauty, 261, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

BRING your tithes into the storehouse,
Lay your best at Jesus' feet;
Bring an offering to the altar,
Make your sacrifice complete.

Bring your dearest and your best,
Bring your dearest and your best;
Join with us in self-denial;
Bring your dearest and your best.

2 Bring your time and bring your talents,
Bring that which will cost you pain;
Bring your best, your dearest treasure;
Let God have His own again.

3 Though your all seems very little,
Cast it in God's treasury;
Jesus always recognizes
What is given cheerfully.

4 God has promised, if we prove Him,
That He will His blessing send;
And this know, if you are faithful,
He will be your dearest Friend.

898

I have not much to give, M. S., Vol. II, 91, A*b*. C.M. b

AND is it so? A gift from me
Dost Thou, dear Lord, request?
Then speak Thy will, whate'er it be,
Obeying, I am blest.

I have not much to give, Thee, Lord,
For that great love which made Thee mine;
I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
But all I have is Thine.

2 And dost Thou ask a gift from me,
The talents I possess?
Such as I have I give to Thee,
That others I may bless.

3 And dost Thou ask a gift from me,
The gift of passing time?
My hours I'll give, not grudgingly,
I feel by right they're Thine.

4 And dost Thou ask a gift from me,
A loving faithful heart?
'Tis Thine, for Thou on Calvary,
For me with all didst part.

899

My soul is now united, 187, A*b*. Aurelia, 189, E*b*. 7's & 6's i

PREPARE for self-denial,
Ye soldiers of the Lamb;
In sacrifice and trial,
Follow the great I AM.
Keep love for souls increasing,
Let deeds of kindness speak,
Give all you can for Jesus
In Self-Denial Week.

2 Prepare for Christ-like giving,
Obey your Saviour's will,
For others' welfare living,
God's treasury to fill.
With searching eyes of mercy
Help for God's lost ones seek,
About His work conversing,
In Self-Denial Week.

3 Prepare at home your altar,
And let your love be sealed
In offering to the Saviour
The best that life can yield.
Pay God the debt you owe Him;
Give with a spirit meek;
Great love for Jesus showing
In Self-Denial Week.

4 Prepare on land and water;
God's glory be your aim;
Your best put on God's altar,
Your worst would bring you shame.
The gifts of every nation
Lay at the Saviour's feet,
And praise Him for salvation
All Self-Denial Week.

HARVEST

900

Come, ye thankful people, 179, G. 7's g

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the Winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide,
For our wants to be supplied.
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away.
Give His angels charge at last,
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

901

Sowing the seed, C. (*Mus. f. Spec. Occ., No.* 6, *p.* 18.)

SOWING the seed by the dawn-light fair, [glare;
Sowing the seed by the noonday
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night.
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, [our might;
Sown in our weakness or sown in
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah! sure, will the harvest be!

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil.
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain; [name,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished
Sowing the seed of eternal shame.
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart, [start;
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops
Sowing in hope, till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home.
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

902

We plough the fields, Bb. (*Mus. f. Spec. Occ., No.* 1, *p.* 17.) 7's & 6's i

WE plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in Winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
The soft, refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the
For all His love! [Lord

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey Him
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

903

Soon the reaping-time, 18, D*b*. L.M. a

THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the Sower came to sow;
Jesus, the wheat—Satan, the tares;
For so the Word of God declares.

And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Must all before the Judge appear?
Then for the harvest, oh, prepare!

3 To love my sins—a saint to appear—
To grow with wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow.

4 But all who are from sin set free
Their Father's Kingdom soon shall see,
Shine like the sun for ever there;
He that hath ears, then, let him hear.

904

He leadeth me, 46, D. L.M. a

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

In Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Salvation heavenly joy doth bring;
Then praises sing unto our King,
Whose love is shown in everything.

2 The flowery Spring at Thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The Summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in Autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores,
And Winters, softened by Thy care,
No more their barren aspect wear.

4 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

5 To Thee by every right belongs
The sweetest note in all our songs;
But also what must please Thee more,
Our lives to serve, our hearts to adore.

905

Bringing in the sheaves, 454, C.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves;
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor Winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

906

When the harvest is past, 452, B*b*.

WHEN the harvest is past, and
the Summer is gone, [be o'er;
And meetings and prayers shall
When the beams cease to break of
the blest Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more:
When the harvest is past,
And the Summer is o'er,
With the wheat or the tares;
When the Judgment appears;
Oh, which shall it be evermore?

2 When the rich gales of mercy no
longer shall blow,
The Gospel no message declare,
Sinner, how canst thou bear the
deep wailings of woe;
How suffer the night of despair?

3 When the holy have gone to the
regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes in the
fullness of bliss, [love:
Their song to the Saviour they

4 Say, O sinner that liveth at rest and
secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come;
Can thy spirit the swellings of
sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

907

Go, bury thy sorrow, 335, C. 11's x

SEEDS now we are sowing, and
fruit they must bear,
For blessing or cursing, for joy or
despair;
Though we may forget them, the
things of the past [us at last.
Will work out God's sentence upon

2 Seeds now we are sowing each day
that we live, [acter give;
That must to our future its char-
When God sends His reapers, our
gladness or woe
Will spring from the nature of
seeds we now sow.

3 Seeds now we are sowing—the wish
we retain,
The thought that we cherish and
turn o'er again;
The deed that in passing, we do and
forget,
These, ripened in harvest, again
will be met.

4 O sinner, remember you're sowing
such seed,
By wishing and thinking, by word
and by deed;
It will in the future bear evil or
good,
Make tares, or ripe wheat for the
garner of God.

908

Come, comrades dear, 247, A*b*. 8's & 6's q
Praise, 249, D.

OUR thankful hearts need joyful
songs
To tell Thee how all praise belongs,
By right, dear Lord, to Thee.
Thy power has worked to meet our
wants
Thy love has silenced all complaints,
Thy goodness, Lord, we see.

2 The sower's scattered seed has grown
But in it all Thy hand is shown—
It gave the rain and sun,
And quickened into life the seed;
The harvest is Thy work indeed,
And Thine shall be the song.

3 The reaper's sickle work has found;
The gathered fruits from tree and
ground
With thankfulness we store.
Thy truth, O Lord, Thy works de-
clare,
A Father's love forbids all fear—
We'll trust and serve Thee more.

4 Oh, help us at this harvest time
To test ourselves, by help divine,
To see what fruit we bear,
What promise are we making Thee!
As ripened souls we wish to be
When harvest home draws near

909

Stand up for Jesus, 183, B*b*. 7's & 6's i
St. Theodulph, 195, C.

SING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise.
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of grateful love.

2 By Him the clouds drop mercies,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys smile and sing.
He filleth with His fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save.
Your hearts lay down before Him
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

910

Nativity, 100, G. C.M.
Conference, 117, B*b*. b

WE praise Thee, Lord, with heart and voice,
While with first-fruits we come;
We bring thank-offerings and rejoice,
Shouting the harvest home.

2 For crops made ripe by golden fire,
For all Thy power has done,
We'll lift Thy praises higher and higher,
Shouting the harvest home.

3 Salvation fields already white,
And souls are all Thine own;
To reap earth's millions we'll unite,
Shouting the harvest home.

4 Rich fruits of holiness we see,
Where men in grace have grown;
Salvation reapers we will be.
Shouting the harvest home.

5 Seed sown with tears Thy life receives,
Making Thy goodness known;
Reapers return with golden sheaves,
Shouting the harvest home.

911

Eaton, 214, E*b*. 6—8's
Madrid, 213, B*b*. 1

TO Thee, O Lord of earth and sky,
With grateful hearts we now draw nigh,
For all the fruits Thy generous soil
Hath yielded in return for toil.
We want henceforth our lives to be
All fruitful in good work for Thee.

2 We thank Thee that Thou takest heed
To all Thy creatures' daily need;
That over us, on sea or land,
Has daily been Thy bounteous hand.
We want henceforth our lives to be
Filled up with grateful work for Thee.

3 While heartfelt thanks to Thee ascend,
With them new vows for war we blend,
Determined in Thy strength to go
And live for Thee 'gainst every foe;
Henceforth each day our lives shall be
Filled with both work and war for Thee.

4 Make us more earnest souls to save,
As hourly we approach the grave;
So that if ere this time next year
We should before Thy Throne appear,
With joy we may Thy glory see,
Because till death we fought for Thee.

912

Theodora, 148, E*b*. 7's e

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He the golden-tressed sun,
Caused all day his course to run;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

913

Syria, 111, C. D.C.M.
Ellacombe, 116, B*b*. bb

AT harvest time our eyes behold
Full sheaves of ripened grain;
But whence have come these fields of gold
To beautify the plain?
Ere man could reap the rich supply,
Which meets a country's need,
Into the ready ground, to die,
There fell the tiny seed.

2 Through storm and rain, 'neath dark'ning skies,
After the seed is sown,
Deep buried in the earth it lies,
Abiding yet alone.
And men the precious fruits await,
Long patience follows toil,
Before the harvest rich and great
Bursts from the furrowed soil.

3 Oh, in the morning sow thy seed,
At eve stay not thy hand;
Though tears may fall, and hearts may bleed,
Obey thy Lord's command!
Part with thy best; unless it die
It must abide alone,
But God is pledged to multiply
Seed for His Kingdom sown.

914

Oh, turn ye, 362, A*b*.

O LORD, for Thy mercy and goodness abounding,
To us Thy glad creatures who trust in Thy love,
Once more we assemble, true thanks loudly sounding,
For all Thy great blessings received from above.

2 From hearts full of gladness, obedience and duty,
The song of thanksgiving to Thee, Lord, we raise;
While harvest's rich plenty robes earth with its beauty,
Our souls are inspired to sing out Thy praise.

3 All nature rejoicing breaks forth as the morning,
Most glorious and radiant we see everything;
The whole of creation looks upward, adoring
The bountiful Giver, our Saviour and King.

4 Lord, grant when Thy angels, descending from Glory,
Thy great harvest home to the world shall proclaim;
That we may be ready to stand then before Thee,
And praise Thee for ever and ever, Amen.

THE NEW YEAR

915 *Watch-night*, E*b*.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

3 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fast-flying moment refuses to stay.

4 Oh, that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!"

5 Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My Throne!"

916 Ye banks and braes, 6—8's
223, A*b*. Newcastle, 1
215, A*b*.

WE greet with joy the glad New Year,
We hail its dawn without a fear;
For Christ will guide us from above,
And fill us with His perfect love;
In fiercest war He'll give us rest,
The more we do the more we're blest.

2 The time draws nigh when we must stand,
With millions more, at God's right hand;
Our days are flying, oh, so fast,
The coming year may be our last!
Then let us seek for greater power,
And strike for victory every hour.

3 With Christ so near, we'll brave the foe,
Our garments shall be white as snow;
We will obtain more inward grace,
And for lost souls the Cross embrace;
We'll use each talent He has given,
To lead them to our God and Heaven.

917 Love at home, 505, A*b*.

FATHER, let me dedicate
This new year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Would I ask that Thou should spare,
This alone shall be my prayer:
Glorify Thy name!
Thy great name! Thy great name!
Let my life, O Lord, each day,
Glorify Thy name.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than I dare would hope or pray,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life serene and fair
Brighter rays may shine.
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Rise by faith's exultant wings,
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home.
Let me think how Thy dear Son,
His eternal glory won,
And in deepest woe pray on,
Glorify Thy name.

918

Darwell's, 142, D. 4-6's & 2-8's
Majesty, 141, A*b*. d

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of Ages praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruits of holiness
On our dead souls were found;
Yet doth He us, in mercy, spare
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone!"
The Father mild inclines His ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, Thy speaking Blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To Thy great praise abound:
Oh, let us all Thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

919

St. Ann, 98, C. C.M.
St. Peter, 87, E*b*. b

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure!

3 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual Home!

920

Southport, 129, G. S.M.
Lascelles, 127, E*b*. c

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace!

2 Preserved to power divine,
To full salvation here;
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in His sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without and fears within
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all, the Lord
Has brought us by His love;
And still He does His help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power;
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we shall sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

EASTER

921 And above the rest, L.M.
1, E*b*. a

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What joy the sweet assurance gives!
He lives triumphant from the grave;
He lives omnipotent to save.
And above the rest this note shall swell:
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead my cause above,
He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears.

3 He lives, my wise and constant Friend;
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to guide me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to His name;
He lives eternally the same;
What joy the sweet assurance gives:
That Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!

922 7's
Easter Hymn, 154, C. e

"CHRIST the Lord is risen today!"
Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say,
Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply,
Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Hallelujah!
Fought the fight, the battle won,
Hallelujah!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Hallelujah!
Lo! he sets in blood no more,
Hallelujah!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Hallelujah!
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell,
Hallelujah!
Death in vain forbids His rise.
Hallelujah!
Christ hath opened Paradise,
Hallelujah!

4 Lives again our glorious King,
Hallelujah!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Hallelujah!
Once He died our souls to save,
Hallelujah!
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave!
Hallelujah!

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Hallelujah!
Following our exalted Head,
Hallelujah!
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Hallelujah!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,
Hallelujah!

6 Soldiers, on this happy day,
Hallelujah!
Haste with joy your vows to pay,
Hallelujah!
"Christ is risen today," we cry,
Hallelujah!
Now He lives, no more to die,
Hallelujah!

923 Up from the grave,
443, C.

LOW in the grave He lay—Jesus
my Saviour! [Lord!
Waiting the coming day—Jesus, my

Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His
foes: [domain,
He arose a Victor from the dark
And He lives for ever in my heart to
He arose! He arose! [reign!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus,
my Saviour! [Lord!
Vainly they seal the dead—Jesus, my

3 Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus,
my Saviour! [Lord!
He tore the bars away—Jesus, my

924

He arose, Ab.

THE Jews they crucified Him,
And laid Him in a tomb,
And He shall bear His children
Home.

He arose, He arose!
He arose from the dead; [Home.
And He shall bear His children

2 Then down came an angel,
And rolled away the stone, [Home.
And He shall bear His children

3 Then Mary she came weeping,
And looking for her Lord; [Home.
And He shall bear His children

925

He lives, 250, C. 8's & 6's
Praise, 249, D. q

OH, joyful sound! Oh, glorious
hour, [power,
When Christ, by His almighty
Arose and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who broke the chains of death and
And ever lives to save. [Hell,

He lives, He lives!
I know that my Redeemer lives!
He lives, He lives!
I know that my Redeemer lives!

2 The First-begotten from the dead,
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,
Immortal life to bring.
What though the saints, like Him,
shall die?
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

3 No more we tremble at the grave,
For He who died our souls to save
Will raise our bodies too.
What though this earthly house shall
fail?
The Saviour's power will yet
prevail,
And build it up anew.

926

Stella, 217, Eb. 6—8's
Creation, 220, Ab. 1

IN wondrous love and might arrayed
Today our Saviour left the tomb.
He burst the chains that death had
made, [gloom.
To save the world from endless
Now, none need find a sinner's
grave,
Since Jesus lives, and lives to save!

2 Today He closed the gates of Hell,
And opened wide the doors of
Heaven. [swell,
Oh, help our songs of praise to
And join the ranks of those forgiven! [thee,
Seize the pierced hand He offers
From sin's dark curse this moment
flee.

3 Behold thy King, backsliding slave,
Who served Him once with all
thy soul; [the grave
Will not that power which burst
From off thy heart the burden
roll?
Behold Him! 'tis a glorious sight,
Take now His love and prove His
might!

927

Hyfrydol, 312, G. 8's & 7's
Salvator, 310, G. t

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring!
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Precious Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood,
Opened is the gate of Heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
Help to sing the Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

928 Shall we meet? 271, B*b*. Oh, the peace, 254, C. 8's & 7's r

HAVE you heard the angels singing,
"Christ is risen from the grave?"
Have you heard the message ringing,
"Jesus lives to help and save?"
Hallelujah, Jesus died!
Hallelujah, Jesus died!
Rose again to bring us freedom,
Lives to plead our cause above.
Oh, the peace my Saviour gives,
Peace, I never knew before;
And my way has brighter grown
Since I learned to trust Him more!

2 Have you felt the love He bore you
When He fought for your release,
When He trod the way before you,
Opening thus the paths of peace?

3 Have you followed Him from Glory
To the suffering, shame, and loss,
O'er the path so rough and thorny,
To Golgotha and the Cross?

4 Will you cast your soul before Him?
Will you leave with Him your care,
By your sacrifice adore Him,
And as conqueror meet Him there?

CHRISTMAS

929 Oh, turn ye, 362, A*b*. 12's & 11's a2

OH, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, oh, come ye, to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels;
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

2 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above.
Sing ye, all glory
To God in the highest;
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

3 Yea, Lord, we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given!
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

930 Jerusalem, 47, E*b*. Nativity, 100, G. C.M. b

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

931 Hark! the herald angels, 180, G. 7's g

HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

2 Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings;
Mild He lays His glory by;
Born that man no more may die!
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth!

932 Come and worship, 298, D. Bread of Heaven, 307, C. 8's & 7's s

ANGELS, from the realms of Glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners, moved by true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence—
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

933 Sardis, 267, G. Jesus, tender Shepherd, 268, G. 8's & 7's r

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 All Thy people's consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious Throne.

934 Winchester old, 63, G. Sawley, 96, B*b*. C.M. b

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high!
And to the earth be peace!
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

935

Dix, 164, G. 7's
f

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we,
Ever more be led by Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

4 Blessed Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the Heavenly Country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing,
Hallelujahs to our King!

936

Christians, awake, 328, C. 10's
v

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born.
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above.
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth.
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 Oh, may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again take place.

937

Stille Nacht, 490, B*b*.

BEAUTEOUS night — glorious
morn,
Wrongs to right, Christ is born;
Mortal guardians gaze in awe,
Angels, shepherds, kings, adore;
We, too, O Saviour King,
Homage to Thee bring!

2 Shepherds guard flocks in fold,
Skies bestarred change to gold;
Angels sing their rapturous lay,
"Christ is born to you this day!"
Jesus of Bethlehem,
Heaven's choicest gem.

3 Breaks the dawn! flies the night,
Christ is born! Life and light;
Jesus, Sun of Righteousness,
Risen all mankind to bless,
Shine on our pilgrim way,
Lead to endless day.

938

Irby, 7, *G*. (*Mus. f. Spec. Occ., No.* 18, *p.* 4.)

ONCE in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honor and obey;
Love and watch the lowly mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew.
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above.
And He leads His children on
To the place where He has gone.

WEDDINGS

939

Abridge, 94, E*b*. C.M.
Lydia, 77, D. b

OUR Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
And, Lord, we ask Thy presence
To make a Wedding Guest. [here

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now are joining hands;
Their union with Thy favor crown,
And bless the marriage bands!

3 With gifts of grace their hearts
endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace
To sweeten all the rest! [bestow

4 May they unite in serving Thee,
And urge each other on;
To fight the fight unflinchingly,
That souls to Thee be won.

940

There's a golden day,
426, E*b*.

THERE'S a golden day,
And 'tis not far away,
When the Prince of all the earth
shall no longer delay,
But shall send forth the call
To the nations all,
For the royal marriage supper of
the Lamb.
Then the hosts shall raise
Loud their voices in praise,
While with "Righteousness of saints"
the bride herself arrays,
And with rapturous song
They will march along,
To the royal marriage supper of
the Lamb!

Oh, I'm glad I'm ready!
Oh, I'm glad I'm ready!
Ready with the "wedding garment"
Oh, I'm glad I'm ready! [on!
Oh, I'm glad I'm ready!
Fighting till I join the happy
throng!

2 There's a cross you must bear,
And a robe you must wear,
If the glories of the marriage supper
you would share.
You must be quite sure
That for Him you'll endure,
Till the royal marriage supper of
the Lamb!
There must not one stain
On your garment remain,
If you wish to seek the favor of the
Bridegroom to gain.
For no sin shall enter in
To the palace of the King [Lamb!
At the royal marriage supper of the

3 When the fighting's o'er,
And I reach the shore,
Where wickedness and misery shall
be no more, [a part
With a joyful heart I shall then take
In the royal marriage supper of the
Lamb!
To the Lamb that was slain,
Power and honor proclaim,
For o'er both earth and Heaven He
has right to reign;
Yet my heart is His throne,
And my life is His own,
Till to share the marriage supper I
shall go!

941

Spanish Chant, 169, A*b*. 7's
Wells, 163, C. f

SAVIOUR, let Thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now;
Be it with Thy presence blest,
Ratify the marriage vow;
Hallowed let this union be,
With each other and with Thee.

2 Thou in Cana didst appear
At a marriage feast like this;
Deign to meet us, Saviour, here,
Fountain of unmingled bliss!
Crown with joy this festive board—
Joy that earth cannot afford.

3 Let the path our friends pursue,
From this hour together trod,
Many though its days or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God;
To the land where rest is given,
To our Father's house in Heaven.

942

Austria, 296, E*b*. 8's & 7's
Bithynia, 293, A*b*. s

LORD, we ask Thy richest blessing
On our comrades who unite;
Grant that they, still further pressing,
May be bolder in the fight.
Strong to conquer,
Filled anew with Heaven-born might.

2 Bless the bride! Upon her shower
Grace for every time of need;
Grant her wisdom, health, and power,
For her happiness we plead.
May this union
Others to the Saviour lead.

3 Bless the bridegroom! May he ever
Hold as dear what Thou dost give,
Loving Thee, and losing never
His desire for Thee to live,
Saving others,
Who without Thee downward drift.

4 Bless, we pray Thee, Lord, this wedding,
Come and be our welcome Guest;
May we, in Thy footsteps treading,
Taste the last wine as the best.
Joys unending,
Standing time's and sorrow's test.

943

Ewing, 191, D. 7's & 6's
Aurelia, 189, E*b*. i

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing—
It hath not passed away.

2 Bless Thou these comrades, Saviour,
And join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

3 Be present, Holy Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel;
As Thou, for Christ the bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

4 Oh, spread Thy pure wings o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
As daily to Thy footstool
Their upward path they trace:

5 Till to the Home of gladness,
With Christ's own bride they rise,
And cast their crowns before Thee
In endless Paradise.

944

Stella, 217, D. 6—8's
Eaton, 214, E*b*. l

WE pray Thee, Lord, Thy blessing send,
Eternal, holy, rich and free;
On these two lives as now we bend,
In earnest prayer and faith to Thee.
Be Thou, today, their Wedding Guest,
And crown them both with gifts the best!

2 As forth into the world they go,
United now for Thee to live,
To draw the sword against the foe,
The strength they need Thou sure wilt give.
The fight they wage it shall be won,
For "two are better far than one."

3 Intensify their love and zeal,
To bless the world and save the lost;
Help them to see and know and feel,
Though dark the road and great the cost.
One thing alone will win the prize:
The love for souls which never dies.

4 We know, the storm and flood are sure
To cross their path, and test them both,
But faith and love shall e'er endure;
So now to Thee they pledge their troth.
To take their stand for God and right,
"Continual comrades in the fight."

DEDICATION OF CHILDREN

945

St. Peter, 87, E*b*. C.M.
Bedford, 93, E*b*. b

THE Lord, our gentle Shepherd, stands,
With all engaging charms,
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine;
Thine let our offspring be.

946

Alstone, 22, C. L.M.
Melcombe, 33, E*b*. a

GOD of that glorious gift of grace,
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' Throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for Heaven.

3 Lent to us for a season, we
Give him (her) for ever, Lord, to Thee,
Assured that if for Thee he (she) live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

4 Make him (her) and keep him (her) Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled,
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of Heaven above.

947

Whitburn, 30, F. L.M.
Alstone, 22, C. a

THIS child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity;
Shield him (her) from sin and threatening wrong,
And in Thy love his (her) life prolong.

2 Oh, may Thy Spirit gently draw
His (her) willing soul to keep Thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with his (her) dawning youth.

3 We, too, O God, Thy children are,
And if our feet have wandered far,
Recall us to our Father's Home,
And keep us that no more we roam.

948

Just as I am, 8.8.8.6.
244, F. Misericordia, p
467, E*b*.

O LORD, with grateful hearts today,
At Thy dear feet this child we lay;
Thine own to be in every way;
Our children shall be Thine.

2 We know Thy warfare means the cross,
And in this world the total loss
Of all earth's tinsel, wealth, and dross;
Our children shall be Thine.

3 We only want that they should share
Thy cross, and toil, and heavy care,
As Thou when on this earth didst bear;
Our children shall be Thine.

4 In joy and faith we now believe
Thou dost our sacrifice receive,
And that their souls Thou ne'er wilt leave;
Our children shall be Thine.

949

Bedford, 93, E*b*. C.M.
St. Agnes, 106, G. b

FATHER, we for our children plead,
The children Thou hast given;
Where shall we go in time of need,
But to the God of Heaven?

2 We ask for them not wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing name
We ask eternal life.

3 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart;
That they may stand before Thy face,
And see Thee as Thou art.

950

Russia, 482, E*b*.

WHAT Thou hast given us, Lord, here we bring Thee
Life that is dear to us, far beyond gold;
Feet which must follow Thee, lips which must sing Thee,
Hands which must toil for Thee, ere they grow cold.

2 What Thou hast given us, Lord, here we tender
Life of our own life, the child of our love;
Take him (her), yet leave with us, till we shall render
Count of the precious charge, kneeling above

951

My soul is now united, 187, A*b*. 7's & 6's
i

HOW sweet to come to Jesus
In life's most tender years,
With loving hands and heart-throbs
Borne to the Saviour dear!
Oh, blissful, happy moment,
While at His feet we bow,
We feel the sacred token,
The seal of blessing now!

Accept the life now offered,
And make it, Lord, Thine own;
For service lead him (her) forward,
A jewel for Thy crown.

2 An infant heart to love Thee,
O Lord, this gift we make;
Within it pour Thy blessing,
For Thine own dear name's sake!
Two infant hands to serve Thee,
Two infant feet to run
The way of Thy commandments,
Till trav'ling days are done.

3 The parents, Lord, remember,
And richly bless them now,
With plentitude of mercies,
Thy goodness fully show;
And as they seek to serve Thee,
And this young life to train
In grace, O Lord, be with them,
And keep through loss or gain.

FUNERALS

952

Thou Shepherd of Israel, 8's
206, G. The Cross now k
covers my sins, 207, E*b*.

REJOICE for a comrade deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the Haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind.
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace;
Where sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past,
The age that in Heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

953

From conflict to Glory, E*b*.

YES, to the grave, but the crown as well,
A comrade's gone, but in Heaven to dwell;
Sorrow's night is ended, Jesus' cause defended,
Gone the heavenly choir to swell.

Victory, victory,
Through the Blood of the Lamb that was slain!
Victory, victory—
We shall meet in the morning to [reign!

2 Take up the sword—it is left for you;
Fill up the place—it is offered too!
Time is quickly flying, God for warriors crying—
Will you not your duty do?

3 Fire a salute for a warrior Home!
Lift up the Flag for a battle won!
Satan's host retreated, death and Hell defeated—
Gone to hear the great "Well done!"

954

Promoted to Glory,
460, D.

SUMMONED Home, the call has sounded,
Bidding a soldier his warfare [cease,
And the song of angels resounded,
Welcomes a warrior to eternal peace.
Praise the Lord! From earthly [struggles
A comrade has found release.
Death has lost its sting, the grave its victory;
Conflicts and dangers are over;
See him honored at the Throne of Glory,
Crowned by the hand of Jehovah.
Strife and sorrow over,
The Lord's true faithful soldier
Has been called to go from the ranks below
To the conquering host above.

2 Once the sword, but now the sceptre,
Once the fight, now the rest and [fame;
Broken every earthly fetter,
Now the glory for the cross and [shame;
Once the loss of all for Jesus,
But now the eternal gain.
Trials and sorrows here have now their meaning found,
Mysteries their explanation;
Safe, for ever in the sunlight gleaming
Of His eternal salvation.

955

Angels call the roll, 8's & 7's
S. A. M., 141, G. r
I will guide thee, 255, G.

WHEN the roll is called in Heaven,
And the host shall muster there,
I will take my place among them,
And their joys and triumphs share.

Angels call the roll up yonder,
Muster day in Heaven proclaim;
Call the roll, and at the summons
I will answer to my name.

2 When the roll is called in Heaven,
I will answer to my name,
And come forward at the summons,
My inheritance to claim.

3 When the roll is called in Heaven,
To the front I'll make my way,
And be welcomed by the Master
To the realms of endless day.

956

The waters of Jordan, M. S., Vol. I., 105, F.
The Beautiful Stream, 501, A*b*.

THE waves of Death's river are dark and cold,
But Jesus Himself has passed through;
The Saviour in mercy thy feet will hold,
His promise is faithful and true.

The waters of Jordan may roll,
But Jesus will carry me through;
His peace is now filling my soul;
Oh, that it were given to you!

2 On this side the border a heavenly peace
Is offered to you and to me;
From doubting and sin there is sweet release,
Till crossing with Jesus to be.

3 As we're fording the river in sight of the land,
Our comrades will stand on the shore;
As our soldier-feet touch the shining strand,
We shall clasp their hands once more.

957

Shall we meet? 8's & 7's
271, B*b*. r

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!

We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond the River,
Where the surges cease to roll.

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast;
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

4 For the joy He sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

958

When the roll is called up yonder, 509, G.

WHEN the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and Time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!

When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!

2 On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share—
When His chosen ones shall gather to their Home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!

3 Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us tell of all His wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be there!

959

Safe in the arms of Jesus, 193, G. 7's & 6's i

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me!
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the Golden Shore.

960

Dennis, 121, G. S.M.
Southport, 129, G. c

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The Heavenly summons came,
He started up to hear;
And death's sharp arrow pierced his frame—
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease, [last,
And life's long warfare closed at
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

961

We shall walk through the valley, 503, G.

WE shall meet our loved ones there,
Where no eye e'er sheds a tear;
For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,
As we walk through the valley in peace.

We shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace;
For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,
As we walk through the valley in peace.

2 We shall see our Saviour there,
Free from sorrow, grief and care.

3 We shall sing His praises there,
Who has saved and cleansed us here.

4 We shall reign as victors there,
For we'll fight and conquer here.

5 We shall meet the sinners there,
Whom we led to Jesus here.

FAREWELLS

962

God be with you,
472, D*b*.

GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you;
With His sheep securely fold you—
God be with you till we meet again!

Till we meet, till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again;
'Neath His wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you—
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you, till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His loving arms around you—
God be with you, till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you—
God be with you till we meet again!

963

Shall we meet? 8's & 7's
271, B*b*. r

SHALL we meet beyond the River,
In that bright and happy land,
And with the redeemed for ever
In our Saviour's presence stand?

Shall we meet beyond the River,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest Harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet, and cast the anchor
By the fair Celestial Shore?

3 Shall we meet with many loved ones
Who were torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

4 Yes, we'll meet beyond the River,
Never to be parted more;
There we'll praise our Saviour ever,
On that bright and happy shore.

964

Sawley, 96, B*b*. C.M.
French, 91, E*b*. b

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part,
Although our bodies far remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' steps we tread,
And show His praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire or e'en esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace;
Expect His fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But we look forward to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

965

Blessed Lord, 294, A*b*. Helmsley, 299, A*b*. 8's & 7's s

YES, we part, but not for ever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

2 Oh, what meetings are before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell;
Glorious meetings to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell.
With what raptures
Will the sight our bosoms swell!

966

Shall we gather at the River? 256, E*b*. 8's & 7's r

SHALL we gather at the River
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the Throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather at the River,
The beautiful, the beautiful River:
Gather with the saints at the River
That flows by the Throne of God.

2 On the margin of the River,
Dashing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining River,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the shining of the River,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their song of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver River,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

967

Auld lang syne, 109, G. None but Christ can satisfy, 102, G. C.M. b

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine!

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in Heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot?
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?

3 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal grows.

968

Home, sweet home, 339, E*b*. My Jesus I love Thee, 340, A*b*. 11's x

FAREWELL, faithful friends, we must now bid adieu
To those joys and pleasures we've tasted with you;
We've labored together, united in heart,
But now we must close, and soon we must part.

2 Our labors are over, and we must be gone,
We leave you not friendless to struggle alone;
Be watchful and prayerful, and Jesus will stay;
Cleave close to the Saviour, let Him lead the way.

3 Farewell, dear young converts, we leave you likewise,
And hope we shall meet you with Christ in the skies;

You must not turn back; would you Jesus deny—
Like Judas, the traitor, betray Him and die?

4 Farewell, trembling sinner, sad time now with you,
Our hearts sink within us to bid you adieu;
One step back or forward may settle your doom
'Mid glories of Heaven, or eternity's gloom.

5 Farewell, every hearer: we now turn away;
We may meet no more till the great Judgment Day;
Though absent in body, we're with you in prayer,
We'll meet you in Heaven—there's no parting there.

969 Meet me at the Fountain, 317, *Ab*. 8's & 7's t

WILL you meet me at the fountain,
When I reach the Gloryland?
Will you meet me at the fountain?
Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
Other friends will bid me welcome,
Other loving voices cheer:
There'll be music at the fountain;
Will you, will you meet me there?

Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain,
At the fountain bright and fair;
Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain,
Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

2 Will you meet me at the fountain?
I shall long to have you near,
When I meet my loving Saviour,
When His welcome words I hear.
He will meet me at the fountain,
His embraces I shall share:
There'll be glory at the fountain;
Will you, will you meet me there?

NAVAL AND MILITARY

NOTE.—*For further Songs for Military, see also Section: "The Call to Arms"* (626—651).

970 Ellacombe, 116, *Bb*. D.C.M. Syria, 111, C. bb

HARK! listen to the trumpeters,
They sound for volunteers,
On Zion's bright and flowery mount,
Behold the officers!
Their horses white, their garments bright,
With sword and shield they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist—gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no cowards in their band,
Who from their colors fly;
But call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 The trumpet sounds, the armies meet,
And drive the hosts of Hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms,
The great Immanuel!
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The Eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

971 Melita, 224, C. 6—8's 1

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep,
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard;
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude;
Who badest its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

972

We are out on the ocean, 279, D. 8's & 7's r

WE are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we swiftly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a Home beyond the tide.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the Harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a Home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Come on board, and ship for Glory;
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor;
You will soon be left behind.

4 We have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By and by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

5 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing,
Free salvation is the song.

6 When we all are safely anchored
Over on the shining shore,
We will march about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.

973

Pull for the Shore, 488, G.

LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand;
See o'er the foaming billows fair Heaven's land.
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er;
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

Pull for the shore, sailor; pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more;
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail;
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale;
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the Bright and Morning Star, and pull for the shore!

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor; uplift the eye:
Clouds and darkness disappearing, Glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore—
"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!" Pull for the shore!

974

Let the lower lights be burning, 280, A*b*. 8's & 7's r

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother,
Some poor seaman, tempest-tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor
In the darkness may be lost.

975

Ten thousand souls, 115, B*b*. *The Ship, M. S., Vol. XI,* 13, A. C.M. b

WHAT vessel are you sailing in?
Declare to us the same.
Our vessel is the ark of God,
And Christ our Captain's name.

Hoist every sail to catch the gale,
Each sailor ply his oar;
Though storms and tempests may arise,
We soon shall reach the shore.

2 Our compass is God's sacred Word,
Our anchor blooming hope;
Infinite love our maintop sail,
And faith our cable rope.

3 But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We cannot fear, the Lord is here,
Our Father's at the helm.

4 Heave out your boat; I'll go along
If you can find me room.
There's room for you, and all that will;
Make no delay, but come.

5 We've looked astern on many a toil
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now ahead—and lo!
The land appears in view.

6 And when we all are landed safe
On the Celestial Main,
Our song shall be—The worthy Lamb
That was for sinners slain.

976

The evergreen Shore, M. S., Vol. XI, 15, D.
The Beautiful Stream, 501, A*b*.

WE are joyously voyaging over the main,
Bound for the evergreen shore;
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
And never see death any more.

Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er;
We'll weather the blast
And anchor at last,
All safe on the evergreen shore.

2 We have nothing to fear from the wind or the waves,
Under our Saviour's command;
And our hearts in the midst of all dangers are brave,
For Jesus will bring us to land.

3 In the dark gloomy night, when the stars and the moon
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of His countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.

4 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock or the shoal,
Sink, to be seen never more;
He will bear none the less every passenger soul
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.

977

Oh, tell us who's the Builder, A*b*.

OH, tell us who's the Builder of
your vessel,
If she's mighty, if she's safe?
The great Jehovah is the Builder of
She is mighty, she is safe. [her;
The Father, Son, and Spirit three,
Built her, and sent her out to sea,
And this assures both you and me
She is mighty, she is safe.

We'll stand the storm, it won't be
We'll anchor by and by, [long,
In the Haven of eternal love,
With Jesus ever nigh.

2 Oh, tell us, is your vessel in good
order,
If she's mighty, if she's safe?
Yes, we can say to all who come
on board her,
She is mighty, she is safe.
Her keel is holy unity,
Her masts—faith, hope and charity;
Her flag—"The Saviour died for
me!"
She is mighty, she is safe.

3 Oh, tell us, have you men on
board to steer her,
If they're able, if she's safe?
Yes, we can say to all who come
on board her,
They are able, she is safe! [too,
We Captains have, and sergeants,
Bandsmen besides, and not a few,
And yet there's room enough for you;
Come and welcome, she is safe.

4 Oh, tell us, whither do you mean to
steer her,
If she's mighty, if she's safe?
To Heaven above, and that is where
she'll land us,
She is mighty, she is safe.
Thousands in her have gone before,
Their toil and sufferings all are o'er;
They've landed safe on Canaan's
shore;
Come on board her, she is safe.

978

Ring the bell,
watchman, 468, D.

COME, join our Army, to battle
we go, [foe!
Jesus will help us to conquer the
Fighting for right and opposing the
wrong, [along.
The Salvation Army is marching

Marching along, marching along,
The Salvation Army is marching
along. [strong,
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and
The Salvation Army is marching
along.

2 Come, join our Army, the foe must
be driven,
To Jesus, our Captain, the world
shall be given.
Foes may surround us, we'll press
through the throng; [along.
The Salvation Army is marching

3 Come, join our Army, the foe we
defy, [we die.
True to our colors, we'll fight till
"Saved from all sin" is our war-
cry and song, [along.
The Salvation Army is marching

4 Come, join our Army, and do not
delay, [away;
The time for enlisting is passing
Fierce is the battle, but victory
will come; [along.
The Salvation Army is marching

979

The Gospel ship, 8's & 7's
539, G. Glory to the r
Lamb, 287, A*b*.

THE Gospel ship along is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful
shore;
All who wish to go to Glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
See the blissful port of Glory,
Open to each faithful eye.

2 Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this mortal shore;
Thousands still are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3 Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of Gospel grace;
Carrying every faithful sailor
To his heavenly landing-place.

4 Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
Sail with us through life's rough sea;
Then with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

980

The anchored soul, G.
Are you washed? 434, B*b*.

I AM resting so sweetly in Jesus now,
I sail the wide sea no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep, [no more.
I am safe where the storms come
I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I sail the wide sea no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,
But in Jesus I'm safe evermore.

Do you rest, do you rest,
Do you rest in the Lamb who was slain?
Do you know the peace that His presence gives?
Do you rest in the Lamb who was slain?

2 Oh, long on the ocean my bark was tossed, [cease;
Where tempests and storms ne'er
My heart was in fear, and no refuge was near, [her peace!
Till in Jesus my soul found

3 Oh, how sweet in a haven of rest to
No billows of doubt or fear! [hide,
The ocean may roll, but there's rest for the soul [I hear.
When the voice of my Saviour

981

Now I can read, C.M.
83, A*b*. Conference, b
117, B*b*.

THE storm blows loud, the winds are high,
The waves are rolling round;
But Jesus Christ, our Captain's nigh,
We cannot run aground.

So we'll stand the storm,
For it won't be very long,
And we'll anchor by and by!

2 Our Pilot knows the Heavenly track,
And steers us safely on;
Before the gale we safely sail,
And cheer our way with song.

3 Come, jump on board the Glory boat,
And sail along with me;
Soon we shall reach the Heavenly Port
Beyond life's troubled sea.

4 There, anchored safe on golden strand,
And all our trials o'er;
With Jesus Christ, at God's right hand,
We'll reign for evermore.

982

Land ahead, M. S., 8's & 7's
Vol. XI, 20, G. r
We are out on the ocean, 279, D.

"LAND ahead!" Its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green,
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
When on that eternal shore.
Drop the anchor! Furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing
To our Home beyond the tide.

2 Onward, bark! The cape I'm rounding,
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright, immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silvery bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safely Home at last.

983

Rachie, 383, G. 6's & 5's d2
Onward, Christian soldiers, 379, E*b*.

WHO is on the Lord's side,
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side,
Who will face the foe,
Who is on the Lord's side,
Who for Him will go?

By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown or palm,
Enter we the Army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died!
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

984

Out in the life-boat speeding, M. S. Vol. XVII, 105, C.

OUT in the life-boat speeding,
Over the sea of time,
Storm and tempest unheeding,
Kept by a hand divine.
On to rescue the dying
From depths of endless woe,
The colors of Calvary flying
In Jesus' name we go.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
While on the stormy billows
I can sing, from all fear set free,
For Jesus is now my Refuge
As I sail on life's troubled sea.

2 Oft when the storm-clouds thicken,
And tempest rises high,
The waves by wild winds driven
To sink our life-boat try;
Then o'er the billows roaring
And 'midst the ocean's foam,
Our anchor quickly lowering,
With Jesus we're at home.

3 Dangers may gather round us,
Fiercely the wind may blow,
We fear not the angry billows
As onward to save we go.
On to the souls that have foundered
On the rocks in the gulf of despair,
To take them in our life-boat,
The joys of Heaven to share.

ALL NATIONS

985

Whosoever will may come, 402, A*b*.

ALL have need of God's salvation
If with Him they'd live for ever,
But a promise He has given,
It is written, "whosoever."

Whosoever will may come;
And who comes to Him shall never
Disappointed turn away;
Praise the Lord! 'tis "whosoever."

2 And this word it reaches nations;
Not the learned, rich, or clever
Only shall by Him be rescued.
Oh, praise God! 'tis "whosoever."

3 For the poor and broken-hearted
There's a hope, and they need never
Have a fear about their coming,
For the Book says, "whosoever."

4 To all kingdoms and all peoples
'Tis the same, and shall be ever,
There's no difference in the message,
But to all 'tis "whosoever."

986

For ever with the Lord, 140, G. D.S.M. cc

NO home on earth have I,
No nation owns my soul,
My dwelling-place is the Most High,
I'm under His control.
O'er all the earth alike
My Father's grand domain,
Each land and sea with Him alike,
O'er all He yet shall reign.

2 No place on earth I own,
No field, no house, be mine;
Myself, my all, I still disown,
My God, let all be Thine.
Into Thy gracious hands
My life is ever placed,
To die fulfilling Thy commands,
I march with bounding haste.

3 With Thee, my God, is home,
With Thee is endless joy,
With Thee in ceaseless rest I roam,
With Thee, can death destroy?
With Thee, the east, the west,
The north, the south are one;
The battle's front I love the best,
And yet "Thy will be done."

987

Give to Jesus glory, 389, C.

TO save the world the Saviour came,
It was for this in mercy
He gave His life, the news proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory!

Give to Jesus glory! Give to Jesus glory,
Proclaim Redemption's wondrous plan,
And give to Jesus glory!

2 What matchless grace, how rich, how free!
Our Saviour calls all to Him.
A Saviour He to all would be,
Oh, give to Jesus glory!

3 In every land where man is found
Let us make known the story
Of love divine, its praises sound,
And give to Jesus glory!

4 There pardon is for all who come,
Their sins confessing truly,
Then pardon claim, O guilty one,
And give to Jesus glory!

988

Maidstone, 176, G. 7's
Come, ye thankful people, 179, G. g

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms all ablaze:
To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is;
Oh, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it overthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of Hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above:
But the Lord will surely pour
All the spirit of His love.

989

Precious Name, 277, Ab. 8's & 7s' r

"ALL the world" shall be our conquest,
"All the world" shall be our aim;
"All the world!" Oh, what a harvest,
We will gather in Thy name!
All the world, all the world,
We shall for our Saviour claim;
All the world, all the world
Shall be saved to praise His name.

2 "All the world," yes, every nation
Shall our glorious message hear,
And the truths of "Full Salvation"
We'll live out both far and near.

3 "All the world" shall know the freedom,
Which there is in Christ the Lord;
And the glories of that Kingdom
Never won by carnal sword.

4 "All the world" for Christ our Master,
He has bought us with His Blood;
Comrades, soldiers, march on faster,
We shall bring the world to God.

990

Missionary, 185, Eb. 7's & 6's i

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The Lamp of Life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt our Saviour's name.

3 Tell out salvation's story;
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till o'er the ransomed nations
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

991

The old rustic bridge,
494, A*b*.

THE Saviour of men came to seek
and to save
The souls who were lost to
the good;
His Spirit was moved for the world
which He loved
With the boundless compassion of
God.
And still there are fields where the
laborers are few,
And still there are souls without
bread,
And still eyes that weep where the
darkness is deep,
And still straying sheep to be
led.

Except I am moved with compassion,
How dwelleth Thy Spirit in me?
In word and in deed,
Burning love is my need;
I know, I can find this in Thee!

2 Oh, is not the Christ 'mid the crowd
of today, [cease?
Whose questioning cries do not
And will He not show to the hearts
that would know [peace?
The things that belong to their
But how shall they hear if the
preacher forbear,
Or lack in compassionate zeal?
Or how shall hearts move with the
Master's own love
Without His anointing and seal?

3 It is not with might to establish the
right, [rest;
Nor yet with the wise to give
The mind cannot show what the
heart longs to know,
Nor comfort the spirit distressed!
O Saviour of men, touch my spirit
again, [be
And grant that Thy servant may
Intense every day, as I labor and
pray, [Thee!
Both instant and constant for

992

Harlan, 367, E*b*. 6's & 4's
Moscow, 368, A*b*. b2

CHRIST for the world, we sing,
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal!
The poor and those who mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal!

2 Christ for the world, we sing,
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer.
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world, we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song.
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from sin's dark ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong!

4 Christ for the world, we sing,
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord.
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.

993

D.C.M.
Syria, 111, C. bb

WE meet beneath our Army Flag,
One undivided band,
To tell the triumphs of our God
In this and every land.
We're one in heart and one in soul,
And one in deeds of fame;
One work, to tell of Jesus' love,
And praise His holy name.

2 See Europe, with her teeming hosts,
With Africa unite;
And Asia and America
Beneath our colors fight.
Australia and the Colonies,
The Islands of the sea,
We'll march our Army through the
And set the nations free. [world,

994

The National Anthem, 366, A*b*. 6's & 4's
Harlan, 367, E*b*. b2

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

995

Stand up for Jesus, 183, B*b*. 7's & 6's
St. Theodulph, 195, C. i

SALVATION! Shout salvation,
Ye who God's gifts employ,
Let sanctified elation
Our grateful songs employ.
The sweet redemption story
To us is ever new;
To Jesus be the glory,
Our Saviour strong and true.

2 Salvation! Sing salvation!
Was e'er so grand a theme?
Sing on till every nation
Shall hear of Calvary's stream.
Sing out the tidings glorious,
That "God so loved the world,"
Till Christ shall be victorious,
And Hell be backward hurled.

3 Salvation! Speak salvation!
In every sinner's ear;
It carries consolation,
It staunches sorrow's tear.
The sad, the sick, the dying
In Christ are fully blest;
Yea, all on Him relying,
In Him find perfect rest.

4 Salvation! Shout salvation!
Till Jesus comes again,
To claim each Blood-bought nation,
And o'er the kingdoms reign.
Soon we in realms of Glory
Shall join the ransomed throng,
And sing the deathless story,
Redemption's endless song.

996

Rimington, 23, F. L.M.
Duke Street, 4, E*b*. a

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

NEW BUILDINGS

997

Aurelia, 189, E*b*. 7's & 6's
St. Theodulph, 195, C. i

O LORD, regard Thy people,
Whose love designs to frame
This house of glad remembrance
And here inscribe Thy name.
To Thee, the sure foundation,
Our witness would we raise,
Her walls to speak salvation,
Her gates to tell Thy praise.

2 We thank Thee for our birthright,
Secured at such a price;
Forbid that we despise it
Or shrink from sacrifice.
Inspire our hearts to serve Thee,
Thy chosen path to tread;
That we may follow boldly
Where nobler hearts have led.

998

Eaton, 214, E*b*. 6—8's
Sovereignty, 221, D. 1

O SAVIOUR, now to Thee we raise
With thankful hearts a song of praise,
For all that Thou for us hast done,
For sinners saved, for victories won;
That more may Thy salvation see,
We dedicate this house to Thee!

2 Oh, bring the vilest and the worst,
Whose lives are most by sin accurst;
That they may know there's mercy still,
And hope for "whosoever will;"
That sinners changed to saints may be,
We dedicate this house to Thee!

3 That soldiers may be trained to fight,
And daily walk with Thee in white;
That they Thy purpose more may know,
And carry out Thy will below.
That all through Thee may victors be,
We dedicate this house to Thee.

999

Arizona, 21, F. L.M.
Hursley, 31, F. a

O GOD, in whom alone is found
The strength by which all toil is blest;
Upon this consecrated ground,
Now bid Thy cloud of glory rest.

2 In Thy great name we place this stone,
To Thy great truth these walls we rear;
Long may they make Thy glory known,
And long our Saviour triumph here.

3 And while Thy sons, from earth apart,
Here seek the truth from Heaven that sprung,
Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,
With living fire touch every tongue.

4 Lord, grant our souls Thy peace and love,
Let sin and error pass away;
Till full salvation from above,
Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

1000

Belmont, 105, G. C.M.
Lydia, 77, D. b

THY presence and Thy glories, Lord,
Fill all the realms of space;
Oh, come, and at Thy people's prayer,
Now consecrate this place!

2 Sacred to Thine eternal name,
Behold, these walls we raise;
Let heralds here Thy truth proclaim,
And saints show forth Thy praise.

3 Gracious Redeemer! Mighty King,
Enter with all Thy train;
Thy choicest blessings with Thee bring,
And long may they remain.

4 Eternal Spirit! Heavenly Dove,
Thou Author of all grace;
Come, and reveal a Saviour's love
To many in this place.

5 May thousands in the realms of day,
Who shall with Jesus reign,
Point here, and each rejoicing say,
"There I was born again."

1001

Monmouth, 28, E♭. L.M.
Wareham, 32, B♭. a

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
To Thee this temple, Lord, we build;
Thy power and goodness here display, [filled.
And be it with Thy presence

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling place, [forgive!
And when Thou hearest, Lord,

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great name, [done.
Be mighty signs and wonders

4 Hosanna to their Heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that
Hosanna let the angels sing, [song;
And Heaven with earth the strain prolong.

1002

Darwell's, 142, D. 4-6's & 2-8's d
Southampton, 144, D.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
It is on Him we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of Heaven are filled.
Our hopes we place on His great love,
For present grace, for joys above.

2 Oh, then, with gladsome praise,
Make earth and Heaven ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing!
In joyful song we will proclaim
Both loud and long that glorious name!

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
To every soul draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh.
On all who pray in copious shower
Thy wonder-working blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace once given
Be with us evermore.
Until that day when all the blest
Shall find in Thee eternal rest.

1003

To the uttermost He saves, 192, G. 7's & 6's i

GIVE us a day of wonders,
Jehovah, bare Thine arm:
Pour out Thy Holy Spirit,
Make known Thy healing balm;
Give blessings without number,
Supply us from Thy store;
Dear Saviour, richly bless us,
Baptize us more and more.

Lord, hear us while we pray!
Lord, hear us while we pray!
Now Thy Spirit give, let the dying
And bless us here today! [live,

2 We offer Thee this temple,
Encircle it with power.
Oh, hallow every meeting,
Send blessings by the shower!
Save sinners by the thousand,
Let Jesus Christ be praised;
Here let the very vilest
From misery be raised.

3 Give courage for the battle,
Give strength Thy foes to slay;
Give light to cheer the darkness,
Give grace from day to day.
Give rest amidst life's conflict,
Give peace when lions roar;
Give faith to fight with patience,
Till fighting days are o'er.

1004 Faith of Our Fathers.
St. Catherine, 216, A*b*. 6-8's

FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers! faith and prayer
Shall keep our country true to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

4 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly deeds and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

1005 Onward, Christian Soldiers,
379, E*b*. 6's & 5's

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of Hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

1006 Blest Be the Tie,
Dennis, 121, G. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's Throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

1007 The Star-Spangled Banner.

American B. J., 15, C.

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2 On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3 Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner, in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

1008 America the Beautiful.

American B. J., 15, B*b*.

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain;
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life!
America! America! May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness and every gain divine!

4 O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

The Following Songs Are Compositions of Commander Evangeline Booth

1009 Whither, My Heart?

Songs of the Evangel, 37, B*b*.

WHITHER, my heart, hast thou wandered?
I've wandered away from the fold.
Oh, the path is dark and winding,
And its briars are thick and binding,
O'er my soul its snares are twining.
Out of the deep I cry!
Almighty God, Thou art uttermost,
Break all these fetters that bind.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
With all my fears and wasted years,
I'm going home, I'm going home;
Heal Thou my wounds, dry Thou my tears.

2 Wherefore, my heart, art thou troubled?
The burden of sin troubles me.
Friend and Saviour of the sinner,
To the lost the Shepherd tender,
Be my dying soul's defender,
Save, by Thy mercy save.
By Thy compassion on Calvary,
Hasten to pardon me.

3 Wherefore, my heart, hast thou doubted?
I've doubted Thy power to save.
My poor heart its fears deceiving,
Lost the hope of love receiving,
Now I come to Thee believing,
Show forth Thy power in me.
I will extol Thee, my Lord and King,
Trust to Thy all-watchfulness.

4 Whom, O my heart, art thou seeking?
I'm seeking my Saviour and Lord.
Who but Thee hath power to save me?
Who but Thee through life can guide me?
Who but Thee in Heaven receive me?
Show, Lord, Thy face to me,
Eternal Author of ev'ry good,
Father of life, light and love.

1010 I Never Knew,

Songs of the Evangel, 20, G.

BOWED beneath the garden shades,
Where the eastern sunlight fades,
Through a sea of grief He wades,
And prays in agony.
His sweat is of blood;
His tears like a flood
For a lost world flow down.
I never knew such tears could be—
Those tears He wept for me.

2 Hung upon a rugged tree,
On the hill of Calvary,
Jesus suffered death, to be
The Saviour of mankind.
His brow pierced by thorn,
His hands and feet are torn,
With broken heart He died.
I never knew such pain could be—
This pain He bore for me.

3 Love which conquered o'er death's sting,
Love which has immortal wing,
Love which is the only thing
My broken heart to heal.
It burst through the grave,
It brought grace to save,
It opened Heaven's gate.
I never knew such love could be—
This love He gave to me.

4 When my heart was sorely pressed,
By my sins and fears distressed:
Wrongs committed unconfessed,
His pitying grace I sought.
My sins were forgiven,
My heart made a heaven:
My life He now controls.
I never knew such grace could be—
Free grace enough for me.

1011

I Bring Thee All,
Songs of the Evangel, 8, C.

FATHER of love, of justice, and of mercy,
Thou art the dawn, the star at eventide;
Show Thou Thy face, and light my way to Calvary,
There all my sins in Thee to hide.
I bring Thee all my sins,
None can forgive but Thee.

I bring Thee all, I bring Thee all,
Oh, give Thyself to me, I bring Thee all!

2 O Thou of whom the heavens are but a symbol,
Be Thou the sun that draws my heart to Thee;
Be Thou the light the stars at night do kindle,
Thy love is more than all to me.
I bring Thee all my heart,
None do I love like Thee.

3 O Man of Sorrows, praying in the garden;
Thy sweat as blood falls down upon the ground;
In that dark agony my sins are pardoned;
My solace in Thy grief is found.
I bring Thee all my tears,
None can console like Thee.

1012

Think, O Jesus,
Songs of the Evangel, 24, G.

THINK, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season;
Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the Cross Thy soul death tasted:
Let not all these toils be wasted.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Canst Thou my transgressions take?
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Wash my sins for Thy dear sake.

2 Think how far in dark delusion
I had wandered in confusion—
Wandered, stained by sin's pollution;
Here I mourn my sad condition,
See me weep in deep contrition—
Weep and yield Thee full submission.

3 With the guilty past distressing,
Anguish hard my soul oppressing,
Now I come, my sins confessing.
Let Thy love, my poor heart filling,
Save and cleanse, this tempest stilling;
Thine to live or die I'm willing.

1013

Oh, Save Me, Dear Lord,
Songs of the Evangel, 51, G.

I BRING Thee my cares and my sorrows;
I bring Thee my doubts and my fears;
I bring Thee the sins which have burdened my soul,
And shadowed my pathway for years.

Oh, save me, dear Lord!
I plead by Thy mercy,
Oh, save me, dear Lord!

2 O Thou who doth know human frailties,
Prepare me for gain or for loss.
Though born of the dust, Lord, our Father art Thou,
The Builder of sun and the cross.

3 Forgive all my blindness and folly;
My prodigal wand'rings and shame,
Oh, heed now the outcrying pains of my heart!
I come as the prodigal came.

4 We thank Thee we find in life's wilderness
Established Thy gardens of grace;
In temptation's desert a cool shading rock,
In darkness the light of Thy face.

CHORUSES

The small numbers indicate the Songs in the Book to which these Choruses belong. See for Alphabetical Chorus Index pages 357 *to* 360.

PRAYER

KEY A*b*—

1 371

Bless me now, bless me now,
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 772

Bread of Heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

3 464 530

Breathe upon me, even me,
Make me what I ought to be:
In Thy mercy breathe upon me,
Make me for Thyself complete.

4 521

Come, oh, come, Great Spirit, come,
Let the mighty deed be done;
Satisfy our soul's desire—
Now we trust Thee for the fire.

5 366

Coming to Thee, coming to Thee,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

6 991

Except I am moved with compassion,
How dwelleth Thy Spirit in me?
In word and in deed
Burning love is my need;
I know I can find it in Thee.

7 591

Greater things, greater things,
Give me faith, O Lord, I pray,
Faith for greater things.

8 372 882

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee!
Every hour I need Thee!
Oh, bless me now my Saviour;
I come to Thee!

9 203

I think of all His sorrow,
The garden and the morrow,
When cruel death did follow:
'Twas all for me, 'twas all for me!

10 542

In the secret of Thy presence
In the hiding of Thy power,
Let me love Thee, let me serve Thee,
Every consecrated hour

11 581

Lord, fill my craving heart
With a new burning love for souls.

12 174

Lord, I come! Lord, I come!
Thou alone my heart canst cleanse,
Lord, just now I come!

13

Lord, teach me how to pray,
To tell my needs, I know not how.

14

Make me a channel of blessing today,
Make me a channel of blessing, I pray,
My all possessing, my service blessing;
Make me a channel of blessing today.

15 539

Only Thee, only Thee,
Loving Saviour, only Thee!

16 688

Reign, oh, reign, my Saviour,
Reign, oh, reign, my Lord!
Send the sanctifying power
In the Army of the Lord;
Send the sanctifying power
In the Army!

17 410

Speak, Saviour, speak!
Obey Thee I will ever;
Down at Thy Cross I seek
From all that's wrong to sever.

18 519

'Tis the power! 'Tis the power!
'Tis the power, Jesus promised should come down.

19 232

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,
Coming to me from Heaven above,
Filling me, thrilling me through and through;
Oh, it was wonderful love!

KEY E*b*

20 437

Fellowship with Thee,
Give me constantly to know,
Fellowship with Thee.

21 601
Give Thyself to me,
That I may show forth Thy power.

22
I'm coming, dear Lord, to Thee!

23
Jesus, hear my humble pleading,
My great needs are known to Thee!
Come, oh, come to me revealing
All Thy grace can do in me.

24 6
Jesus, my Saviour,
Let me weep with Thee;
Mercy, O Thou Son of David!
Mercy's coming down to me.

25
Jesus, Thou Lover of souls,
Oh, let me drink of Thy Spirit.
Make me a lover of souls.

26
Lest I forget Gethsemane,
Lest I forget Thine agony,
Lest I forget Thy love to me,
Lead me to Calvary.

27 815
O Jesus, now I seek Thee,
To Thee my heart I give;
Take me, and make me, Saviour,
Like Thee, each day I live.

28 453
O Saviour, I am coming,
I'm coming now to Thee!

29 173
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee;
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus come,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

30
Oh, touch me again, Lord, touch me again!
This moment I feel afresh Thou canst [heal.
So touch me again, Lord, oh, touch me again!

31 180
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

32 601
Show Thy power to me,
That I may be used for others.

33 601
Show Thyself to me,
That I may reveal Thy beauty.

34
Teach me how to love Thee
Teach me how to pray,
Teach me how to serve Thee
Better every day.

KEY B♭—

35 366
I'm coming, I'm coming
Dear Saviour to Thee.
With my heart all aglow,
To be washed white as snow,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

36 574
Send the fire, send the fire,
For this, Lord, we call;
Send the sanctifying fire,
Now baptize my soul.

37
Speak once again, Lord,
I am listening at Thy feet,
Speak to me again, Lord.

KEY F—

38
Breathe on me—even me,
Holy Spirit, breathe on me.
Make my heart Thy gracious dwelling,
Holy Spirit, breathe on me.

39 3
Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me!
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

40 424
Walk with me!
All the way from earth to Heaven.
Blessed Master, walk with me!

KEY C—

41 593 850
Hear me, hear me,
Saviour, hear me, while I pray
As before Thy Cross I kneel,
Saviour, hear me while I pray.

42 850

Lead me, lead me,
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,
Saviour, lead me all the way!

43

Power, power, power divine!
Power, power, Lord, be it mine!
Power Thy promise, power my plea,
Lord, let Thy power descend upon me!

KEY G—

44 530

Breathe on me, breath of God!
Fill me with life anew:
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

45 449

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the Cross where Thou hast died!
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side!

46 388 581 863

Give me a heart like Thine!
By Thy wonderful power,
By Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine!

47 214 292

Hallelujah! send the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! send the glory!
Revive us again.

48

I will not, will not, will not, will not,
Will not let Thee go;
For Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
I will not let Thee go.

49 433

In me, Lord, in me, Lord,
Thy will fulfil in me, Lord!

50 433

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Test the heart that Thou hast sealed.

51 233

Jesus, Thou art everything to me!
All my lasting joys are found in Thee,
Jesus, Thou art everything to me!

52 1003

Lord, hear us while we pray!
Now Thy Spirit give, let the dying live,
And bless us here today.

53

Love I ask for, love I claim,
A dying love, like Thine:
A love that feels for all the world;
Saviour, give me a love like Thine.

54

Nearer to Thee, nearer to Thee,
Blessed Redeemer to Thee:
Only to know that the path I do tread,
Is bringing me nearer to Thee.

55 183

Oh, Calvary! dark Calvary!
Where Jesus shed His Blood for me
Oh, Calvary! dark Calvary!
Speak to my heart of Calvary.

56

Oh, for a deeper, oh, for a greater,
Oh, for a perfect trust in the Lord!

57

Oh, for the hallowing flame!
Oh, for descending fire!
Come, Holy Ghost, my heart's desire,
I plead in Jesus' name.

58 358 585

Oh, speak while before Thee I pray,
And, O Lord, just what seemeth Thee good
Reveal, and my heart shall obey.

59 526

Pour Thy Spirit, pour Thy Spirit,
Into this my longing breast,
And go on from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

60 578

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing shall be ours.

61 39

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer,
Humble in spirit I kneel at Thy Cross;
Speak out Thy wishes still clearer,
And I will obey at all cost.

62 167

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

63 575

Send the power, send the power,
Send it we implore Thee;
Fill us with the Holy Ghost,
As we bow before Thee.

64

The old time power, Lord, I am seeking today;
The old time power, 'twill help me to fight and to pray;
Life's too short to trifle, I'll give Thee every hour;
Come, Lord, and give me again the old time power.

65

Touch me again,
Wonderful Healer, oh, touch me again!

66 359

While the Spirit passes by,
Let my heart be sealed by Thee.

KEY D—

67 401 451

I am clinging to the Cross.

68 363

While I speak to Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness show;
Am I what I ought to be?
O Saviour, let me know.

SALVATION AND INVITATION

KEY D*b*—

69 903

And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

KEY A*b*—

70 989

All the world, all the world,
We shall for our Saviour claim;
All the world, all the world
Shall be saved to praise His name.

71

Are you coming home tonight?
Are you coming home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming home tonight
To your loving Heavenly Father?
Are you coming home tonight?

72 800

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

73 295

At the Cross, at the Cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

74 35

Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore:
Say, weary heart, opprest with sin,
May I come in? May I come in?

75

Born again, born again,
Jesus said, "Ye must be born again;"
Would you enter the Kingdom of Heaven,
Ye must be born again.

76 343

Calvary's stream is flowing,
Flowing so free, for you and me.

77 39

Come away, come away,
To the Cross for refuge flee;
See the Saviour stands
With His bleeding hands,
Salvation He offers to thee.

78 30

Come, Jesus calls to thee!
Oh, now His voice obey!
To Calvary's Cross for refuge flee
Before your dying day.

79 76 91

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus now!
He will save you, He will save you now!

80

Don't turn Him away! Don't turn Him away!
He has come back to your heart again,
Though you've gone astray;
Oh, how you'll need Him to plead your cause
On that great Judgment Day!
Don't turn the Saviour away from your heart,
Don't turn Him away!

81

Down at the Cross, down at the Cross,
There, there is mercy; there, there is pardon;
Down at the Cross, down at the Cross,
Down at the Cross there is mercy.

82 115

Eternity! Eternity!
Where will you spend eternity?
'Tis Heaven or Hell for you and me;
Now make your choice—which shall it be?

83 119

Eternity—where will you spend eternity?

84 41

"I freely now will give
Eternal life to all who seek."

85

Jesus is mighty to save,
From the uttermost to the uttermost,
Mighty to save!

86

My Jesus can save you from sin!
Oh, come to Thy merciful Saviour;
I know, He can save you from sin!

87

O drunkard, drunkard, with us will you go along?
Jesus can help you, yes, even you;
Though in sin for years you may have wandered on,
Jesus is strong to save.

88 80

Oh, glorious fountain! Open for me:
Oh, glorious fountain! Open now for me.

89 88

Oh, let the dear Master come in!
His Blood will cleanse you from sin.
He's knocking once more, do open the door,
And let the dear Master come in!

90 16

Oh, remember, oh, remember,
All a loving Saviour bore for thee!
Oh, remember, oh, remember,
Jesus dying on the tree!

91 99

Oh, seek that beautiful stream,
Seek now that beautiful stream!
Its waters so free are flowing for thee;
Oh, seek that beautiful stream!

92

Oh, the prodigal's coming home,
Coming home no more to roam;
He's weary, wandering far away, from home;
He is seeking his Father's face,
He is longing for His grace,
Oh, the prodigal's coming home, coming home!

93 191

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to Heaven when you die!

94 36

Only a step, only a step;
Come, He waits for thee;
Come, and thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing:
Do not reject the mercy
He freely offers thee.

95 141

Prepare me! Prepare me, Lord!
Prepare me! To stand before Thy Throne!

96 108

Ready to die,
He will soon make you ready to die!

97

Say, poor sinner, wouldn't you like to go,
And die in the arms of Jesus?

98 821

Tell it again! Tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of
men,
"Nobody ever has told me before!"

99 83

The heavenly gales are blowing,
The cleansing stream is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

100 266

The Light of the world is Jesus,
And if you come to Him,
He'll cleanse your soul from sin,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

101

The Lord will be gracious to every
penitent heart,
The Lord will be gracious, O sinner,
come just as thou art!
The Lord will be gracious, to Him
bring thy burden of sin;
Oh, seek His face and take thy place
At the Cross where He died for thee!

102 114

Then for that awful day prepare,
Repent and turn to God;
His life He gave, He longs to save,
And wash you in His Blood.

103

There is mercy in Jesus, there's mercy
in Jesus, [to the Blood.
There's pardon for all who will come

104 86

There is power, power, wonder-working power
In the Blood of the Lamb;
There is power, power, wonder-working power
In the precious Blood of the Lamb.

105 65

There's mercy still for thee!
Poor trembling soul,
He'll make thee whole—
There's mercy still for thee!

106 55

Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though they be red like crimson
They shall be as wool.

107 350

Wash in the Blood!
Stand on the promise,
Get washed in the Blood!

108 985

Whosoever will may come,
And who comes to Him shall never
Disappointed turn away;
Praise the Lord! it's "whosoever."

109

Why not? Why not?
Why not come to Him now?

110 72

You never can tell when the Lord will
call you, [be;
You never can tell when your end will
Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing fountain,
Come and get saved, and happy be.

KEY E♭—

111 51

Calling for thee, sinner, calling for
thee! [thee!
The Saviour is calling, is calling for

112 195

Confessing my sins unto Thee,
Dear Lord, at Thy footstool I bow;
I seek Thy forgiveness and grace,
I trust in Thy Blood here and now.

113

Down in the Garden,
Hear that mournful sound;
There behold the Saviour weeping,
Praying on the cold, damp ground.

114 132

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,
O sinner, come to Jesus,
Ere the sun goes down!

115 113

Give up your sin!
'Tis Christ who entreats you
To give up your sin.

116

Grace for the weary,
In sin's path so dreary,
Is found in Jesus, the Mighty to save.
He now is near thee,
Near to bless and keep thee;
Come and follow Jesus, for thee His
life He gave.

117

Here bring your wounded heart,
Here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow
That Heaven cannot heal.

118

I know a fount where sins are washed
away, [to day,
I know a place where night is turned
Burdens are lifted, blind eyes made
to see;
There's a wonder-working power
In the Blood of Calvary.

119 205

Jesus is calling,
Open your heart's door wide
And let Him in.

120 59

Jesus is looking for thee;
Sweet is the message today,
Jesus is looking for thee.

121 817

Jesus loves the children just as much
today [their play,
As when on earth He stopped them in
Called them unto Him, and a blessing
to each gave;
Just the same today He wants each
little one to save.

122

Oh, come to this fountain, sinner,
come!
There's cleansing in its flow.
The Saviour says, "Come, and from
thy sin
I'll wash thee as white as snow."

123 176

Oh, take me as I am!
My only plea—Christ died for me!
Oh, take me as I am!

124 42

Oh, the drunkard may come and the
swearer may come, [home!
Backsliders and sinners are all welcome
If you will but believe and be washed
in the Blood, [the Lord.
For ever and ever you will dwell with

125 63

Oh, touch the hem of His garment,
And thou too shall be free!
His saving power, this very hour,
Shall give new life to thee.

126

Oh, yes, there's salvation for you!
For you on the Cross Jesus suffered;
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you!

127

Precious, cleansing flow,
Washing white as snow;
All who to the fountain go,
'Twill make them whole!

128 342

Round us flows the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working
river,
That can make a saint of a sinner,
It flows from the Throne of God.

129

What shall the answer be?
What will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

130 27 93

Will you go? Will you go?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

131 45

Yes, oh, yes, he can come just now!
While the Saviour now is calling,
While the Holy Spirit's striving
While the precious Blood is flowing,
He can come just now.

132

Yet the cleansing Blood is flowing,
Yet there's pardon full and free;
Jesus waits, His grace bestowing,
Waits in love to welcome thee.

133 136

You are drifting to your doom,
Yet there's mercy still for you.

KEY B♭— **134** 125

Death is coming, coming, coming,
And the Judgment Day!
Hasten, sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek the narrow way!

135

He is able, abundantly able to deliver
All who trust in Him.

136 28

Jesus now is passing by,
I'll go out to meet Him;
While He is so very nigh,
I'll go out to greet Him.

137

Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow;
Do not wait until tomorrow;
Now your Saviour kindly calls you—
Come, poor sinner, come away.

138 11

On Calvary, on Calvary!
It was for me that Jesus died
On the Cross of Calvary!

139 564

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

140 44

Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now! His word obey!
Swing your heart's door widely open!
Bid Him enter while you may.

141

Sinner, death to you is speeding,
And the awful Judgment too!
Down before your Saviour kneeling,
Ask Him now to pardon you.

142 89

Then come, oh, come, and go with me,
Where pleasures never die!
And you shall wear a starry crown,
And reign above the sky.

143 102

There's a fountain, a fountain of water and Blood,
Ever flowing for you and for me.

144

To heal the broken heart He came,
To free the captive from his chain;
The Blood He spilt when He was slain,
Brings guilty sinners home to God.

145

To Thy Cross I come, Lord,
There for me is room, Lord,
Poor unworthy me, even me.
Pardon every sin, Lord,
Place Thy power within, Lord,
Then I from this hour will follow Thee.

146

Wash me, and cleanse me,
Take all my sins away.

147 906

When the harvest is past,
And the Summer is o'er,
With the wheat or the tares
When the Judgment appears,
Oh, which shall it be evermore?

148 79

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,
Follow Jesus now?

KEY F— **149**

Come, come, come, come,
Come away to Jesus,
Drunkards, swearers, gamblers, unbelievers;
No matter what kind of a sinner,
Deep-dyed or just a beginner,
Get washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

150 9

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has gained us a pardon;
We'll praise Him again
When we pass over Jordan!

151

Jesus is near, burdens to bear,
Weary one, Jesus will help thee;
Jesus is near, burdens to bear,
His Blood from sin will cleanse thee.

152 23

Oh, be saved, His grace is free!
Oh, be saved, He died for thee!

153 76 91

Oh! Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home—
Sinner, don't delay.

154 19

That was my Lord, that was my Lord,
Who was praying for me.

155 17

To save a poor sinner like me;
For the angels proclaimed that a Saviour was born,
To save a poor sinner like me.

156 58

While He's waiting, pleading, knocking,
Let Him in!

157

Wonderful place called Calvary!
Love, redeeming love, I see,
At the place called Calvary.

158 164

Yes, oh, yes!
Out of love and compassion for me!

KEY C—

159

Choose ye today,
'Tis the Spirit's pleading voice;
Choose ye today,
Make the Saviour now your choice;
Choose ye today,
Hear the Spirit's pleading voice;
Choose ye today,
Ere the Spirit pass away.

160 129

Coming home today, coming home today,
Sinners and backsliders are coming home today;
Glory, Hallelujah! they're coming home today.

161 81

He is just the same today,
Seeking those who are astray,
Saving souls along the way;
Thank God, He is just the same today!

162

My Lord says there's room enough,
Room enough in His Heaven for you;
My Lord says there's room enough!
Don't stay away!

163 901

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah! sure, will the harvest be!

164 163

Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love!

165

Will you go,
Go to that beautiful land with me?

KEY G— **166** 107

And yet, He will thy sins forgive!
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong!

167 67

Boundless love, beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home!
Jesus longs to set you free,
Calling for the wanderer home!

168 576

Bring wanderers home tonight!
For souls astray, we would earnestly pray;
Bring wanderers home tonight.

169

1 Come to Jesus just now.
2 Only trust Him, He will save you.
3 He is waiting; He will cleanse you.
4 Jesus loves you; don't reject Him.
5 Only trust Him; look unto Him.
6 I believe it, Hallelujah, Amen!

170 90

Come with thy sin, come with thy sin
Jesus is calling, come with thy sin!

171

Crowned with thorns I see Thee
As Thy friends all leave Thee,
Bleeding with a breaking heart
For sins that I have done.
Crowned with thorns I see Thee
None near to relieve Thee,
Dying on the cursed tree
For me, the guilty one.

172 84

Even thee!
Boundless mercy flows for thee.

173 66

For you He is calling,
Yes, Jesus is calling, is calling for you.

174 110 570

For you I am praying;
I'm praying for you.

175

Give Him, give Jesus now thy heart!

176 53

God is near thee, tell thy story,
He will hear thy tale of sorrow:
God is near thee, and in mercy
He will welcome thy return.

177 284 336

Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
I am washed in the Blood of the Crucified One.

178 75

Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!
Wilt thou let Him enter now?

179

He died of a broken heart for me,
He died of a broken heart!
Oh, wondrous love, it was for me
He died of a broken heart!

180 161

Here will I seek the flow,
That washes white as snow!
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

181 80

I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me;
That on the Cross He shed His Blood,
From sin to set me free.

182 178

I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But as the dear Saviour now bids me come in,
I'll enter the open door.

183

In Thy heart there's mercy,
In Thy love there's hope;
Thou wilt raise the fallen,
Thou wilt lift me up!
Guilty, helpless, I to Thine arms now fly,
Save, oh, save me, a sinner condemned to die.

184

Into my heart, into my heart,
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus;
Come in, I pray, come in to stay;
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.

185 52

Jesus speaks to thee;
Wilt thou now His voice obey?
Jesus speaks to thee.

186

Just as you are, the Lord will save you,
Come without delay;
If there's any poor soul who wants salvation,
Come and we'll help you find your way.

187 195

Lord, I come!
For Thy pardon of guilt and of sin;
Whilst humbly I kneel at Thy feet,
Lord Jesus, restore me again.

188

My heart longs for peace with my God,
I would seek Him while yet it is day;
In that wonderful river of Blood
I would now wash my sins all away.

189

My Lord, what a morning,
When the stars begin to fall.

190 152

No! no! Nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy Cross, O Lamb of God!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

191

Oh, lay it down, lay it down,
Lay thy heavy burden down.
Lay it down, lay it down,
Down at Jesus' feet!

192 137

Oh, now receive His grace,
Whose wrath you cannot bear!
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
And find salvation there.

193 116

Oh, why wilt thou die?
Sinner, sinner, why?

194

Pray, sinner, pray, and Christ will hear you;
The great Judgment Day is drawing near;
Come to the Cross and plead for mercy;
Pray, sinner, pray, and Christ will hear.

195 973

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;
Safe in the lifeboat, sailor, cling to self no more;
Leave the poor old stranded wreck and pull for the shore.

196 40

Room, room, room at the Cross,
Room at the Cross for thee.

197 421

Take all my sins away;
O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee.
Take all my sins away.

198 87

Take salvation,
Take it now and happy be!

199

Tell Jesus everything,
To Him confess your sin;
No vain excuses bring,
But sinner, kneel and pray.

200 283

That means me, that means me,
"Whosoever will may come," that means me;
I am so very glad, because the Master said,
"Whosoever will may come," and that means me.

201 239

The river, the river,
The overflowing river;
It flows quite free for you and me,
The overflowing river.

202

The wounds of Christ are open,
Sinner, they are made for thee;
The wounds of Christ are open,
There for refuge flee.

203 265

Then open, open, open, and let the Master in!
For your heart will be bright with the heavenly light
If you'll only let the Master in.

204 572

Throw out the life-line!
Some one is drifting away.
Throw out the life-line!
Some one is sinking today.

205 343

To the uttermost He saves,
Dare you now believe,
And His love receive?
To the uttermost He saves.

206 138

Trim your lamps and be ready
For the midnight cry!

207

Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation;
Sound the praise of Jesus' name.
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign!

208 139

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds,
"Come, come away!"
Oh, may we be ready to hail that glad day!

209 142

While the light from Heaven is falling,
Sins confessing, wants revealing,
While redeeming grace is flowing,
He can wash your sins away.

210 748

Will you,
Say will you meet them there?

211

With an everlasting love, He loved us,
Oh, wonderful, oh, merciful!
Never was there manifest such love before!
We can never tell the depths of agony and suffering He bore,
But we know He died for love of us—
And He could not do more.

KEY D— 212 98

All the world can ne'er console thee,
Cannot bring thee joy;
Jesus alone can satisfy thee,
He will thy sorrow destroy.

213 26

Bring Him thy sorrow,
Bring Him thy tears,
Bring Him thy heartache,
Bring Him thy fears.
Oh, tell Him plainly
How thou dost feel,
Ever believing
Jesus can heal!

214 147

Haste away to Jesus,
Oh, hear the warning cry!
Haste away to Jesus,
For death is drawing nigh.

215

He from thy burden will give relief,
He from thy sorrow will give release.
For Jesus knows all thy heart's deep grief;
He's waiting to welcome thee home.

216 422 842

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

217 18

It was for me, yes, even me,
That Jesus died on Calvary;
My soul to cleanse from all its guilt,
His precious Blood my Saviour spilt.

218

Oh, are you saved, saved by the Blood?
Are you saved by the Blood of the Lamb?
Oh, are you saved, happy and free?
Are you saved by the Blood of the Lamb?

219 122

Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready,
If the death-angel should call?
Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready?
Mercy stands waiting for all.

220 73

Sing it o'er and o'er again:
Christ receiveth sinful men!
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

221

Someone, someone,
Oh, let that someone be you!
Someone is coming to Jesus tonight,
Someone is waiting to step in the light;
Oh, let that someone be you!

222 78

"Whosoever will!" "Whosoever will!"
Send the blessed tidings over vale and hill;
'Tis the loving Father calls the wanderer home,
"Whosoever will may come."

CONSECRATION

KEY A♭—

223

Bleeding, crying, groaning, dying,
'Twas for unworthy me;
Here I am, Lord, wholly Thine, Lord,
I will die for Thee.

224 477

I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
I wish 'twere more, but all my store
I bring just now to Thee.
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal,
And give Thyself to me.

225 898

I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
For that great love which made Thee mine;
I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
But all I have is Thine.

226

I'll keep well in mind how He bought me,
I'll keep well in mind how He sought me;
When tempted to leave Him,
Or stray, and so grieve Him,
I'll think of His dying for me.

227 537
I love Thee, oh, I love Thee,
Live to love and serve Thee!
All I have, my Saviour,
I give to Thee.

228
The path is very narrow, but I'll follow,
I will follow in the footsteps of my Lord.

KEY E♭—

229 467
All I have I am bringing to Thee;
All I have I am bringing to Thee;
In Thy steps I will follow, come joy or come sorrow,
Dear Saviour, I will follow Thee.

230 820
All I have I give Thee,
Though my powers be small;
Life, and time, and talents,
Jesus, take them all!

231 458
All my heart I give Thee,
Day by day, come what may;
All my life I give Thee,
Dying men to save.

232 394
At Thy feet I fall,
Yield Thee up my all,
To suffer, live or die,
For my Lord crucified.

233 468
I am Thine, O Lord and Master,
Thine to follow to the end!
Thou art mine, O Christ, my Saviour,
Guide and Helper, Lover, Friend!

234 512
I have pleasure in His service,
More than all.

235
I'll serve my Lord alone;
My life henceforth His own shall be;
I'll serve my Lord alone.

236 454
I surrender all,
All to Thee, my blessed Saviour.

237 444
I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou didst shed Thy Blood for me;
And though all the world forsake Thee,
By Thy grace, I'll follow Thee.

238 478
Let me love Thee, Saviour,
Take my heart for ever;
Nothing but Thy favor
My soul can satisfy.

239 462 466
My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire.

240
Reckon on me following Thee,
Living for ever Thy servant to be;
Cloudy or fine, Lord I am Thine,
Until Thy face I shall see.

241 436
Saviour, my all I will bring;
How can I offer Thee less?
Widely the door now I fling,
Come and Thy temple possess.

KEY B♭—

242
Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe!
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
It's all that I can do!

243
My Lord, oh, let the waves of Thy crimson sea
Roll over me, roll over me!
Myself I freely give Thy servant to be;
Like Thyself I'll be a saviour.

244 401
Now I yield myself to Thee,
Thine alone I'll ever be;
All because Thou lovest me,
Saviour, I'll be fully Thine.

245
Thee, only Thee,
Jesus, my Saviour, I will follow Thee.

246 461
Where He leads me, where He leads,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I will follow all the way.

KEY F—

247 463

Dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee,
Thine only evermore to be;
Oh, make me all I ought to be,
To lead poor sinners home!

248 361

I give my heart to Thee,
Thy dwelling-place to be;
I want Thee ever in my heart.
Oh, live Thy life in me!

249 446

I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver,
I'll follow Thee, suffering Redeemer;
I'll follow Thee, deny Thee never,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

250 857

Jesus, precious Jesus,
I will follow Thee,
Trusting and obeying;
Faithful I will be.

251 896

Not my own, oh, no!
Saviour, I belong to Thee;
All I have and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

252

There is not in my heart left one treasure, dear Lord,
That I would not yield gladly to Thee;
Only let in Thy mercy Thy pleadings be heard,
They shall gladly be answered by me.

253

Thine, Thine, I will be Thine,
Thine, Thine, Thine, only Thine;
Thine while I'm living,
And Thine when I'm dying;
O Lord, I will be Thine.

KEY C—

254

If Jesus goes with me I'll go—anywhere;
'Tis heaven to me wherever I be, if He is there!
I count it a privilege here His Cross to share;
If Jesus goes with me I'll go—anywhere.

KEY G—

255 396 517

All I have I leave for Jesus,
I am counting it but dross;
I am coming to the Master,
I am clinging to the Cross.

256

All my days and all my hours,
All my will and all my powers,
All the passion of my soul—
Not a fragment, but the whole—
Shall be Thine, dear Lord!

257

By the pathway of duty,
Flows the river of God's grace.

258

Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on;
Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere He leads me I will follow on.

259 891

Here am I, my Lord, send me!
I surrender all to obey Thy call;
Here am I, my Lord, send me!

260 892

I dare, Lord, I dare, Lord,
I dare do all for Thee.

261

I give Thee my best, nothing less, nothing less,
Oh, gladly I give Thee, who loved me, my best!

262

I will be brave in bearing the cross,
Bearing the cross for Thee.

263

It's a long, hard road to Calvary,
And there's a cross at the end!
Every thorn will mean a blood-drop,
Every nail will rend.
But the cross will change to glory,
And all the shadows be past,
When the dawning lights our Calvary,
And the mystery clears at last.

264

No, no, no, no, I count no sacrifice too dear;
Since Jesus died for a rebel like me,
I count no sacrifice too dear.

265 250

Take the world, but give me Jesus,
He alone can satisfy;
Take the world, but give me Jesus,
'Neath His Cross I'll live and die.

266 890

Thou knowest all things, my heart Thou canst read;
Saviour, Thou knowest I love Thee indeed.
Ask what Thou wilt, my devotion to test,
I will surrender my dearest and best.

267

Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him all the way.

KEY D— **268** 447

Lord, with my all I part,
Closer to Thee I'll cling;
All earthly things that bind my heart,
Dear Lord, to Thy feet I bring.

269 186

Nay, but I yield, I yield—
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

270

To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To share Thy Cross, it is my choice.

SANCTIFICATION

KEY A♭— **271**

Believe Him! Believe Him! The Holy One is waiting
To perfect in you what grace has begun;
God wills for His people an uttermost salvation,
To sanctify you wholly, the Spirit has come.

272 442

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
I have given my all to God!
And I now have full salvation
Through the precious Blood!

273 562

I'm believing and receiving,
While I to the river go;
And my heart its waves are cleansing
Whiter than the driven snow.

274

Lead me higher up the mountain,
Give me fellowship with Thee;
In Thy light I see the fountain,
And the Blood it cleanses me.

275

My fears, my faults, and failings,
O Saviour, Thou hast seen!
And yet how good and patient,
O Saviour, Thou hast been!
By Thine own Blood so precious,
O Saviour, make me clean,
And on Thine arm through life's distresses,
O Saviour, let me lean!

276

Oh, far whiter than the snow,
Washed by Jesus' Blood, I know
That from temper, anger, worldliness and pride
He can take the roots away
Of all sin, if you today
Say, "Lord, Jesus, here am I!"

277

Oh, the cleansing stream, I believe!
Oh, the cleansing stream, it washes white as snow!

278

The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge and lo! it cleanses me.
It cleanses now, it sets me free;
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanses me!

279

The precious stream of Calvary is rolling over me,
From sin it sets me free!
The precious stream of Calvary
Now washes all my guilty stains away!

280

Thou hast the power to heal me,
Thou hast the love to fill me;
Take then my heart that I yield Thee,
Make it for ever Thine!

281 917

Thy great name, Thy great name,
Let my life, O Lord, each day
Glorify Thy name!

282 390 404

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than
snow, [than snow.
Now wash me and I shall be whiter

KEY E♭— **283** 263

And this my constant joy shall be
Though tried by sore temptation,
That Jesus lives and gives to me
A free and full salvation.

284

Clear are the skies above me,
Pure are the joys within;
Boundless the grace that keeps me
Free from the power of sin.
Walking each hour with Jesus,
Held by His mighty hand;
Pardoned, the past behind me—
Before the Gloryland.

285

Ever Thine, Thine alone,
Henceforth, Saviour, I will be;
This my hope, my life's ambition,
Day by day to grow like Thee.

286 377

I'm coming, dear Saviour, to Thee,
Who knowest my longing desire;
Impart Thy blest Spirit in me,
And fill me this hour with Thy fire.

287 251

I've washed my robes in Jesus' Blood,
And He has made them white as snow.

288

Launch out into the deep,
Oh, let the shore-line go!
Launch out, launch out in the ocean
divine,
Out where the full tides flow!

289

Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me,
All His wonderful passion and purity!
Oh, Thou Spirit Divine, all my nature
refine,
Till the beauty of Jesus be seen in me.

290

Let the waves wash me,
Let the waves cleanse me, [me.
Lord, in Thy power let them roll over

291 439

Lord, cleanse my hands and cleanse my
All selfish aims I flee; [heart;
My faith reward, Thy love impart,
And let me dwell with Thee.

292 353

"Love one another," thus saith the
Saviour; [command;
Soldiers, obey your Father's blest
"Love one another," thus saith the
Saviour,
Soldiers, obey His blest command.

293

Oh, I'll take another look at the Cross
of Calvary, [Blood!
And have another dip in the precious
There is purity and power,
There is victory every hour, [God.
When we're living 'neath the smile of

294 2 416

Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing in the
Blood, [Blood!
I am glad there is cleansing in the
Tell the world there is cleansing,
All the world, there is cleansing,
There is cleansing in the Saviour's
Blood.

295 194 538

Oh, the Blood to me so dear,
Saving now from guilt and fear;
Cleansing now my heart within,
Making free from guilt and sin!

296

Saviour, my all I surrender,
Sin no longer from Thee shall my
spirit divide;
Saviour, my all I surrender,
Let Thy Blood to my heart be applied.

297 392

Whiter than the snow!
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

298 559

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all His salvation may know;
Come, plunge in the sin-cleansing
wave!
His Blood washes whiter than snow.

KEY B♭—

299 355

Are you washed in the Blood—
In the soul-cleansing Blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

300

Bless me, O Saviour, bless me,
And let Thy grace on me descend!
My soul reviving,
Oh, end this striving,
And blend my will henceforth with Thine!

301 606

Keep me unspotted from sin, dear Saviour,
Keep me unspotted from sin, my Lord;
I'll live for Thy glory,
And tell out the story
Of how Thou hast suffered and died.

302

My heart is now whiter than snow,
And Jesus abides with me here;
My sins, which were many, I know
Are pardoned—my title is clear.

303 351

The precious Blood is flowing o'er my heart,
It is cleansing, it is cleansing!
Before its waves my sin and fear depart—
It is flowing o'er my heart.

304 255

There, where the Saviour died for me:
I saw the cleansing flow,
It washes white as snow;
There, where the Saviour died for me.

305

When He has come to you
Souls will be won and revivals begun;
When He has come to you.

KEY F—

306

I'll let Thy glorious life in me
Be seen in all my ways,
Then always I shall be
A credit to Thy saving grace.

307

Oh, 'tis coming, oh, 'tis coming,
The power of the Holy Ghost!
Oh, 'tis coming, my sin consuming;
The fire of the Holy Ghost!

KEY C—

308

Down at the Saviour's feet,
Love finds it heaven all complete;
Burdens roll away,
Darkness turns to day,
Down at the Saviour's feet.

309

Fullness of power,
Jesus will give to me;
Fullness of power just now.

310

Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way,
This with all my heart I say;
I'll obey Thee, come what may,
Dear Lord, have Thy way.

311 413 814

In white, in white, walking in white;
He makes me worthy, through His Blood,
To walk with Him in white.

312

Jesus, my Saviour, is speaking,
Bidding all sadness depart;
He all my need is completing,
Ruling supreme in my heart.

313 344

Living beneath the shade of the Cross,
Counting the jewels of earth but dross;
Cleansed in the Blood that flows from His side,
Enjoying a full salvation.

314 385

Tell me about the glory,
The sanctifying power.

KEY G—

315

Beautiful river, beautiful river,
Flowing to cleanse and keep you from sin.

316 369

Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in, and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.

317 349

Hallelujah! He is able,
Able now to set you free,
With an uttermost salvation;
Then victorious you shall be.

318

He is able to cleanse you,
From all sin set you free;
He can keep you from falling,
For He does it for me!

319 516

Holy Spirit, come, oh, come!
Let Thy work in me be done!
All that hinders shall be thrown aside;
Make me fit to be Thy dwelling.

320

Holy Spirit, seal me I pray!
At the Cross helpless I bow;
Only like Jesus I long to be.
Holy Spirit, seal me, I pray!

321

I have victory in temptation,
Peace amidst the tempest's roar,
I abide in His salvation,
We are one for evermore.

322 248

Salvation! Salvation!
A free and full salvation!
My Saviour died upon the tree
To give me full salvation.

323

The fountain now is open wide,
I plunge into the cleansing tide.
Lord, let me now be pure within
And wash my soul from every sin.

324 415

Through and through,
Jesus, make me holy;
Save me to the uttermost,
All the way to Glory!

325

Trusting Thee ever, doubting Thee never,
Kept by Thy hand to sin no more;
Trusting Thee ever, doubting Thee never,
Thou hast my treasure and my store.

326 202 631

Washed in the Blood white as snow,
Precious souls I'm seeking here below;
There's no more strife in my soul, I know;
And nought can my peace overthrow.

KEY D— **327** 352

He will sprinkle you with water,
Sanctify and make you holy;
He will reign and dwell within you
He will cleanse you from all sin

328 40

Hear my pleading, Lord,
Make my spirit free,
Fill my soul with perfect love,
Oh, come and dwell in me!

329 423

Oh, for a heart whiter than snow,
Saviour divine, to whom else shall I go?
Thou who didst die, loving me so,
Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

330

Oh, wonder of wonders, to God be the praise,
I joy in His will, I delight in His ways!
And through every conflict, without or within,
He saves me and keeps me from sinning [and sin.

331 381

There's victory for me!
Through the Blood of the Lamb
There is victory for me;
He came to set His people free
And give them perfect victory.

KEY A— **332** 231

Let us walk in the light, in the light of God.

FAITH AND TRUST

KEY A*b*— **333** 563

From the heart of Jesus flowing
Cometh Heaven's peace to me;
Ever deeper, richer growing
Through the Cross of Calvary.

334 329 479 552

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb! [me,
Oh! the cleansing Blood has reached
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

335 291

Glory to His name!
Now to my heart is the Blood applied.

336

He's mine,
This wonderful Saviour is mine!

337 776

He will provide! [provide!
Trust in the Lord, and the Lord will

338 554

I believe Jesus saves, [snow.
And His Blood makes me whiter than

339 43 398

I can, I do believe in Thee,
For Thou hast shed Thy Blood for me;
The cleansing stream now sets me free;
The Blood, the Blood of Calvary.

340

I'll cling closer to Jesus,
I'll cling closer to Him.
I'll cling closer to Jesus,
The Mighty to Save.

341 340

Jesus is strong to deliver,
Mighty to save! Mighty to save!
Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save!

342 717

Keep on believing, Jesus is near;
Keep on believing, there's nothing to fear;
Keep on believing, this is the way—
Faith in the night, as well as the day.

343 268

Over the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's troubled sea.

344 224 282 981

So we'll stand the storm,
For it won't be very long,
And we'll anchor by and by.

345 553

The conquering Saviour shall break every chain, [again.
And give us the victory again and

346 848

The Spirit answers to the Blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

347 247 314

We have no other argument,
We want no other plea;
'Tis quite enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

348 709

When the road we tread is rough,
Let us bear in mind,
In our Saviour strength enough
We may always find.
Though the fighting may be tough
Let our motto be:
Go on, go on to victory.

KEY E♭— **349** 313 921

And above the rest this note shall swell:
My Jesus has done all things well.

350

Christ is all, yes, all in all!
My Christ is all in all!

351 778

Friendship with Jesus,
Fellowship divine,
Oh, what blessed, sweet communion;
Jesus is a Friend of mine.

352 94

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
I love Thee, my Saviour:
I'll trust but in Thee!

353

He will take care of me,
If I will but love Him truly
He will take care of me.

354

He writes the pardon on my heart,
This moment I believe.

355

I can, and I will, and I do believe,
That Jesus died for me.

356

I have cast my burden on the Saviour,
And, while I pray,
I shall find in Jesus all the help I need,
On the upward way.
It is not in sorrow to defeat me,
Or the cheering ray of hope to dim,
For the present shows God's mercy,
And the future is with Him.

357

I know He cares for me;
I'll trust my Heavenly Father,
For I know that He cares for me.

358 540

Jesus with me is united,
Doubtings and fears they are gone;
With Him now my soul is delighted,
I and King Jesus are one.

359

Lord, I believe! Lord, I believe!
Saviour, raise my faith in Thee till it can move a mountain.
Lord, I believe! Lord, I believe!
All my doubts I'll bury in the fountain.

360

Oh, glory to His name,
He's taken my sins away,
And now He keeps me happy,
As I trust Him day by day!

361 219

Oh, the Blood! the precious Blood
That Jesus shed for me
Upon the Cross, in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

362

Oh, 'tis true Jesus died,
He was crucified,
That the sinner free pardon might obtain!

363 486

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

364 793

The Cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessed face;
I am satisfied to know that with Jesus here below
I can conquer every foe.

365 558

The Cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the Blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

KEY B♭— **366** 980

Do you rest, do you rest,
Do you rest in the Lamb who was slain?
Do you know the peace that His presence imparts?
Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

367 499

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

368 221

Fully trusting in the battle's fray,
Fully trusting Jesus all the way,
Fully trusting—this the surest stay,
Trusting alone in Jesus.

369 166 875

God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

370 770

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
I count, dear Lord, on Thee.

371

He is mine, He is mine,
Loving me, seeking me,
Finding me, keeping me,
He is mine!

372 21

Jesus saves, oh, bliss sublime!
Jesus saves me all the time.

373 260

Now I am free, now I am free!
The Saviour has cleansed me,
And now I am free!

374 212 676

Oh, the Blood of Jesus,
Yes, it cleanses white as snow!

375 498

Yesterday, today, for ever,
Jesus is the same.
We may change, but Jesus never,
Glory to His name.

KEY F—

376 593

Faith triumphant makes it glorious,
Leaning on my Saviour's breast.

377

"Fear not, for I am with thee!"
Though thou see the daylight fading into night!
Hope is sweetly singing,
Ever, ever singing.
"Fear thou not! At even-time it shall be light!"

378

Following Jesus, ever day by day,
Nothing will harm me while He leads the way;
In sunshine or darkness, whate'er may befall,
Jesus, my Saviour, is my All-in-all.

379 411

I believe, I believe,
The priceless gift I now receive!
Thy Blood does cleanse and make me whole;
Thy perfect love fills all my soul.
I believe, I believe,
The priceless gift I now receive!

380 797

I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep,
Mighty to keep evermore.

381

I have an interest in the Bleeding Lamb
Who died on Calvary.

382 557

My soul has found a hiding place,
And I am now through heavenly grace
At peace with God!

383 227

Oh, it comes o'er my soul like a wave,
The power of His wonderful might;
He's taken my sins right away,
And turned all my darkness to light!

384

Over me, over me it is flowing,
Down beneath its waves I am going;
Over me, over me it is flowing,
Washing white as snow.

385 471

Since I brought my all to Jesus,
Jesus gives Himself to me.

386 502

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

387 432

Yes, oh, yes,
Thy grace is sufficient for me.

KEY C—

388 925

He lives! He lives!
I know that my Redeemer lives!

389 713

He will bring you safely through!
He will give you grace and power
In temptation's darkest hour;
He has done the same for thousands,
He will do the same for you.

390

In Him abiding, my all confiding,
To the care of love divine;
His word believing, new life receiving
As the branches from the vine;
His glory showing I'm daily growing,
While the rays of Heaven shine;
And I am singing, for joy is springing
From this happy heart of mine.

391

No, never alone,
He promised He never would leave me,
No, never alone!

392 812

Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming love,
And try His works to do!

393 238

There's a Friend that's ever near, never fear,
He is ever near, never, never fear.
There's a Friend that's ever near, never fear,
He is ever near, never fear.

394

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

395 287
With Jesus so near me,
And His love to cheer me,
His counsel to guide,
Ill can ne'er betide.
When tempests are rolling,
Or death bells are tolling,
I'm safe while I hide
In my Saviour's side.

KEY G—

396
But they that wait upon the Lord
Shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings as eagles,
They shall run and not be weary,
They shall walk and not faint.

397 586
Coming this way, yes, coming this way,
A mighty revival is coming this way!
Keep on believing, trust and obey,
A mighty revival is coming this way!

398
For ever and ever, and not for a day,
He keepeth His promise for ever;
Unto all who believe,
Unto all who obey,
He keepeth His promise for ever.

399 169
Grace there is my every debt to pay,
Blood to wash my every sin away,
Power to keep me spotless day by day,
For me, for me!

400
Have faith in God, the sun will shine;
Though dark the clouds may be today,
His heart has planned your path and mine.
Have faith in God, have faith alway.

401 400
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy Cross I bow!
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

402 413
I dare to leave it there;
Before Thy Cross my all I cast,
And dare to leave it there.

403
I'll be true, Lord, to Thee
And whate'er befall, I shall conquer all
If I'm only true to Thee.

404 767
"I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
All the way from earth to Heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye."

405
It was on the Cross He shed His Blood,
It was there He was crucified;
But He rose again, and He lives in my heart,
Where all is peace and perfect love.

406
Jesus is able,
Able to save and to keep!

407
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art All-in-all to me.

408
Lean on His arm, trusting in His love;
Lean on His arm, all His mercies prove;
Lean on His arm, looking up above;
Just lean on the Saviour's arm.

409 288
More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow.
Oh, His matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.

410 546
Now none but Christ can satisfy!
No other name for me!
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!

411
Only one intention, only one ambition,
Lord, at the Cross I claim it mine.
Every treasure spending, in Thy cause contending,
Held by the power of a love like Thine.

412
Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Wonderful gift from above;
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

413 959
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast;
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

414 488
Thou art enough for me;
O precious, living, loving Lord—
Yes, Thou art enough for me!

415
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,
The sea of love is rolling in;
Lord, I believe, Lord, I receive,
The sea of love is rolling in!

416 506
Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him, whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

417
'Twas the suff'rings of Jesus,
The dying of Jesus,
It broke my heart, won my heart;
Wonderful Jesus!

418 961
We shall walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in
peace,
For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,
As we walk through the valley in peace.

KEY D—
419 37 648
The Lion of Judah shall break every
chain, [again.
And give us the victory again and

420 555
Then my soul shall fear no ill,
Let Him lead me where He will;
I will go without a murmur,
And His footsteps follow still.

421
Then shall the waves of this wild
tempest cease,
For, through Thy Blood, Saviour,
I shall find peace.

PRAISE AND TESTIMONY

KEY D♭— 422 786
It is well with my soul.

423 254
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

KEY A♭— 424 252
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,
Cleansing the soul,
Making it whole;
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,
I've proved He is mighty to save.

425 218
Blessedly saved, saved by the Blood,
Blessedly saved by the Blood of the
Lamb;
Happy and free, Jesus with me,
Blessedly saved, blessedly kept, yes
I am.

426 210
By the Blood my Saviour shed upon
He redeemed me; [the tree,
By the Blood my Saviour shed upon
the tree,
I am now from sin set free.

427
Gone is my burden—He rolled it away;
Opened my eyes to the light of the day;
Now in the fullness of joy I can say—
I'm happy, I'm happy in Jesus!

428 924
He arose, He arose,
He arose from the dead,
And He shall bear His children Home.

429 235
He brought me out of darkness into
light,
The wondrous light of God.

430
Home once more! Home once more!
A prodigal returned to his home once
more!
I've left the way of sin the devil had
me in, [more!
And, glory be to God! I am home once

431

I know of a Saviour from sin!
Our Almighty Jesus is able
To keep even me without sin.

432

I'm washed in the Blood of the Lamb!
You all may be free
And as happy as me— [Lamb!
If you're washed in the Blood of the

433

In the Blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am;
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping through the gate.

434 242

Jesus saves me now!
Yes, Jesus saves me all the time—
Jesus saves me now.

435 974

Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

436 685

March on, march on! We bring the
jubilee; [us free;
Fight on, fight on! Salvation makes
We'll shout our Saviour's praises over
every land and sea
As we go marching to Glory.

437

My soul is full of joy the devil can't
destroy, [King;
I'm serving such a mighty, mighty
And it doesn't matter now
What the world may do or vow,
While Jesus is my Saviour I can sing.
I have joined the Army of the Lord,
Fighting for the King of kings;
And it doesn't matter now
What the world may do or vow,
While Jesus is my Saviour I can sing.

438

1 Oh, I had so many, many sins,
But He took them all away when
He pardoned me! [for me,
All the way to Calvary He went
And now He sets me free.

2 Oh, I had so many, many doubts!
3 Oh, I had so many, many fears!

439 290

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth
again
To intercede for me!

440

Oh, wonderful love, beyond degree,
That brought my Lord to Calvary,
To suffer and die, my soul to redeem,
And from my sin to make me clean!

441 253

On the Cross His life did Jesus give
for me,
What a Saviour! What a Saviour!
There He died for me who was His
enemy!
What a Saviour I have found!

442 482

Only Jesus will I know
Jesus crucified!

443

Praise God, I'm saved!
All's well! He sets me free!

444

Praise Him with melody,
Praise Him with song,
Sing of His holiness,
All the day long.
Give Him all majesty
Earth can afford,
Praise Him with melody,
Praise ye the Lord.

445 871

Precious name, oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of Heaven.

446

Saved and kept by the grace of God,
Always happy are we,
Proud to tell of the cleansing Blood,
And the power that sets us free.

447 691

Then awake! Happy song!
Shout for joy as we gladly march along!
We are marching onward, singing as we go
To the promised land where living waters flow;
Come and join our ranks as soldiers here below,
Come and work till Jesus calls.

448 272

This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love Him so:
He has pardoned my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow.

449 977

We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by
In the haven of eternal love,
With Jesus ever nigh.

450 271

Wonderful is the peace Jesus gives me,
Wonderful is His power full and free;
Oh, tongue can ne'er express
All the glories I possess,
Wonderful is the peace Jesus gives me!

KEY E♭— **451** 353

Always cheerful, always cheerful,
All our words let love control;
Always cheerful, always cheerful,
Constant sunshine in the soul.

452

Dear Jesus on Calvary,
He died for you and He died for me,
And He died for all.
I love the name of Jesus,
More than all.

453

Ever near to bless and cheer,
In the darkest hour,
When I'm tempted,
I shall feel His power;
At His side I'll abide,
Never from Him roam,
Till at last, fighting past,
He'll take me Home.

454 326

For what the Lord has done for me
I'll praise Him through eternity.

455 208

Glory to God! I'm at the fountain drinking;
Glory to God! I'm on my journey home.

456 669

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We shall conquer through the Blood,
Give the glory all to God!
Hallelujah!

457 311 333

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who died on Mount Calvary!
Hallelujah, Amen!

458

He loved me, I cannot tell why;
On Calvary's tree He suffered for me;
He loved me, I cannot tell why.

459 840

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, even me.

460

I believe in the Word of God;
Every promise is true.
I believe it, do you?
I believe in the Word of God.

461 24

I do believe it! I do believe it!
I'm saved through the Blood of the Lamb;
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!

462

I have loved and lived with Jesus
For many a happy year;
He has soothed my every sorrow,
And carried my every care.

463 81 240 299

I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes, I do;
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

464 243

I'm the child of a King,
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

465 206

Jesus came with peace to me,
His strong arm was stretched to me;
Then my burden took from me,
My Saviour.

466

Jesus has redeemed me,
Through Him I found mercy;
He gave up His life that I from sin might be free;
Jesus has redeemed me,
Through Him I found mercy,
For ever in Glory with Him I shall be.

467

Joy! oh, joy! Behold the Saviour!
Joy! oh, joy! The message hear:
"I'll stand by until the morning;
I've come to save you; do not fear!"

468 320 330

Oh, how I love the Saviour's name!
So do I!

469 940

Oh, I'm glad I'm ready,
Ready with the "wedding garment" on!
Oh, I'm glad I'm ready,
Fighting till I join the happy throng!

470 108

Oh, I'm happy all the day, now my Saviour I obey,
And I never want to grieve Him any more;
For my Saviour He has washed me in His all-atoning Blood,
And I hope to see Him washing many more.

471

Oh, salvation, full and free,
I have got it and it just suits me!
I plunged beneath the crimson flow,
The Blood of Jesus cleanses me as white as snow.

472 275

Oh, that's the place where I love to be,
For mighty wonders there I see!
Would you be blest, then come, live with me
At the Cross of Jesus.

473 663

Oh, the children of the Lord
Have a right to shout and sing;
The way is growing brighter,
And our souls are on the wing!
We are going by and by
To the palace of the King;
Glory to God, Hallelujah!

474 290

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth again
To intercede for me!

475 213

Oh, the voice to me so dear,
Breathing gently on my ear!
Happy soul, look up and see—
'Tis the Saviour speaks to thee.

476

Oh, what a Redeemer is Jesus, my Saviour!
Forgiving my sins and bearing all my woe;
Oh, what a Redeemer is Jesus, my Saviour!
Proclaiming my liberty and washing me white as snow.

477

Rolled away, rolled away,
Oh, the burden of my heart rolled away!

478 29

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus! blessed Jesus!

479

The fountain, the fountain,
The fountain of Jesus' Blood,
'Tis cleansing, 'tis cleansing
My heart as white as snow;
I'm trusting, I'm trusting,
I'm trusting alone in my Saviour;
My Jesus, my Jesus,
I'll serve Him wherever I go.

480 316

We'll praise Him, who died on the Cross
And conqueror rose from the grave;
We'll sing of His infinite love,
Proclaim Him the mighty to save!

481

When in the darkness Jesus is near me,
Strength to me giving my cross to bear,
Through all my journey whate'er befalls me,
I have His presence my spirit to cheer.

482 199

Witnessing for Jesus, I am fully His;
Everything for Jesus, oh, what joy He gives!

483 826

Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

484 824

Yes, yes, yes, I know there's a crown for the young;
If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love,
I know there's a crown for the young.

KEY B*b*—

485 902

All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
For all His love!

486 628

All hail! I'm saved!
Oh, come and join our conquering band!
All hail! I'm saved!
We'll conquer if we die.

487

Can you wonder why it is I love Him so?
When I think of what He's done
For me, the guilty one,
Can you wonder, why it is I love Him so?

488 236

Down where the living waters flow,
Down where the tree of life does grow,
I'm living in the light,
For Jesus now I fight,
Down where the living waters flow.

489 928

Hallelujah, Jesus died!
Rose again to bring us freedom,
Lives to plead our cause above.

490

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
Happy day, happy day,
Happy now and happy evermore!

491 233

He pardoned a rebel like me;
The thorns they were pierced on His beautiful brow,
To pardon a rebel like me.

492

I am happy, glad, and free
Through the Blood of Jesus;
All my pleasure comes to me,
From the love of Jesus.
Soon you'll see where I shall be
By the love of Jesus,
Shining on the crystal sea,
In the love of Jesus.

493

I love Him better every day,
Close by His side, there I'll abide.

494

I'm satisfied with Jesus here,
He's everything to me;
His dying love has won my heart,
And now He sets me free.

495

I was wandering in the wilderness,
Far away, far away;
But Jesus sought me in tenderness,
Happy day! Happy day!

496

In my heart a song is ringing.
For He pardoned me, I know
Just because He loved me so;
And I'm singing, singing, singing,
Just because He loved me so!

497

Jesus is mine for ever,
In joy or pain, in loss or gain;
Nought from His love shall sever
This Blood-bought soul of mine.

498 181

My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

499

My heart is full of singing,
I tell it here and there;
There's heavenly music ringing,
And Jesus everywhere.

500 245

O my Jesus, my Jesus! how charming is Thy name!
Like music it falls on my ear;
Thy love to me is all my joy,
My all for Thee will I employ.

501

Oh, sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save!

502

Overflowing, the overflowing river,
Overflowing now for you and me.

503 310 324 646 706

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!

504 864

There's a light in the valley for me;
And no evil will I fear
While my Shepherd is so near,
There's a light in the valley for me.

505 259

There's no one like Jesus can cheer me today,
His love and His kindness can ne'er fade away;
In Winter, in Summer, in sunshine or rain,
My Saviour's affections are always the same.

506 13 561

Thou art a mighty Saviour,
Thy love doth never waver;
Thou shalt be mine for ever,
And Thine alone I'll be.

507

'Twas a happy day and no mistake,
When Jesus from my heart did take
The load of sin that made it ache,
And filled my soul with joy.

508 305

We'll all shout Hallelujah!
As we march along the way,
And we'll sing redeeming love
With the shining host above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

509 48

When the stars of the elements are falling,
And the moon shall be turned into blood,
As the children of the Lord are returning home to God,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

KEY F—

510

Dear Jesus is the One I love,
Oh, bless His name, He died for me!
His Blood now cleanses me from sin,
Dear Jesus, now He sets me free.

511

Down at the fountain, flowing so free,
Jesus is sweetly speaking to me,
Lifting the burden off from my soul,
Bidding my spirit rise and be whole.

512

For me has the Saviour died,
For me He was crucified,
My sins are forgiven,
And my soul now is free;
For me has the Saviour died,
For me He was crucified,
And He now in Heaven
Is preparing a place for me.

513 215

Hallelujah! to my Saviour!
Hallelujah! Amen!

514 269 308 697

Happy day! When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day! When Jesus washed my sins away.

515 691

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The Salvation Army,
Joy! joy! joy! in the Army of the Lord.

516 166

Mercy, mercy, I have found it!
From my soul the bonds which bound it
Are removed, and round about it
Are the everlasting arms.

517

Now I know what makes me happy—
'Tis the glory in my soul.

518 14

Oh, the bleeding Lamb! He was found worthy!

519 956

The waters of Jordan may roll,
But Jesus will carry me through;
His peace is now filling my soul—
Oh, that it were given to you!

520

Wonderful Saviour, Wonderful Friend,
Wonderful love that never will end,
Wonderful Home He has gone to prepare,
Wonder of wonders, I shall be there!

KEY C— 521 686

A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
A victor's palm, a joy untold,
Are mine when I get there;
For Jesus is my Saviour, He's washed my sins away,
Died for me on Calvary's mountain;
Happy in His dying love, singing all the day,
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the fountain.

522 905

Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

523 987

Give to Jesus glory!
Proclaim redemption's wondrous plan,
And give to Jesus glory!

524 209

I'm bound for Canaan's shore;
I'm off for a trip in the Gospel ship
To Canaan's happy shore.

525

Jesus will never fail,
No, never fail!

526

Joy, joy, wonderful joy,
Peace, peace, nought can destroy!
Love, love, so boundless and free,
All this my Lord gives to me!

527

Now I am trusting in Jesus;
Nought will I fear;
He's always near,
Yes, I am trusting in Jesus.

528 225

Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair to Glory!
Oh, I'm climbing with my golden crown before me!
I am climbing in the light,
I am climbing day and night;
I shall shout with all my might when I get there!
I am climbing up the golden stair!

529

Oh, the peace my Saviour gives,
Peace I never knew before;
And my way has brighter grown
Since I learned to trust Him more!

530 547

Saving the world by Blood and by Fire,
Living more holy, getting saved higher,
I never felt saved so much before,
I know I am saved all over.

531 264 831

Singing, glory, glory, glory.

532 715

Tell the world, oh, tell the world,
Make salvation's story heard,
In the highways, in the byways,
And in lands beyond the seas;
Do some witnessing for Jesus,
Wheresoever you may be!

533 200

The Christ of Calvary,
The dearest name to me,
Is the matchless love of Jesus,
The Christ of Calvary.

534

1 The devil and me, we can't agree,
Glory, Hallelujah!
I hate him and he hates me;
Glory, Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Glory, Hallelujah!
Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Sing, "Glory, Hallelujah!"

2 He had me once, but he let me go,
He wants me again, but I will not go.
3 The publicans are crying out,
Because the Army is going about.
4 But still about we mean to go,
And rout the devil and every foe.
5 We'll sing and pray, and we'll believe,
And sinners shall the truth receive.
6 We'll preach the truth in every town,
And pull the devil's kingdom down.
7 My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to Hell.
8 My happy comrades are so kind,
I've left the world and the devil behind.

535 296

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb!
I love the sound of Jesus' name,
It sets my spirit all in a flame;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

536 829

Turning our backs on all that is wrong,
Praying to God when Satan is strong,
Upward we climb, to join with the throng
Of angels above in Glory.

537 923

Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a victor from the dark domain,
And He lives for ever in my heart to reign;
He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

538 797

Wonderful, wonderful!
Wonderful story,
Wonderful story of love!

539 984

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
While on the stormy billows
I can sing, from all fear set free,
For Jesus is now my refuge
As I sail on life's troubled sea.

540

You can tell out the sweet story,
You, yes, you!
Somebody's life will be brighter,
Somebody's care will be lighter;
You can tell out the sweet story,
You, yes, you!

KEY G— **541**

A never-failing Friend!
Is Christ to me, so rich and free,
His favors never end.
A never-failing Friend!
Give up your sin and you shall win
A never-failing Friend.

542

1 And we'll roll the old chariot along,
And we won't drag on behind.
2 Come, brothers, and help us to roll it along,
And don't drag on behind.
3 Come, sisters, and help us to roll it along,
And don't drag on behind.
4 The Army is helping to roll it along,
So don't drag on behind.
5 The General will help us to roll it along,
So don't drag on behind.
6 The collection will help us to roll it along,
So don't drag on behind.
7 If the devil's in the way we will roll it over him,
As we won't drag on behind.
8 If the sinner's in the way we will stop and take him in,
And we won't drag on behind.

543 64

Beautiful words! Wonderful words!
Wonderful words of life!

544 983

By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

545 234 745

Canaan, bright Canaan,
The glorious land of Canaan;
Oh, Canaan is a happy place!
Oh, will you go to Canaan?

546 979

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
See the blissful port of Glory,
Open to each faithful eye.

547 216

He gave me joy where once was woe,
He healed my soul and bade me go,
My bondage never more to know,
Did Jesus, my Saviour!

548 207

He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,
He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand to my soul.

549 257

He's the Lily of the Valley,
To my soul.

550 975

Hoist every sail to catch the gale,
Each sailor ply his oar;
Though storms and tempests may arise,
We soon shall reach the shore.

551 980

I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,
But in Jesus I'm safe evermore.

552 695

I His soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

553 854

In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

554 279

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light,
Jesus is my light and song;
Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him with my might;
Jesus is my light and song.

555

My heart with joy is running over,
When I ponder o'er the love of God to me.

556 702

My many, many sins He pardoned me,
From doubts and fears He keeps me free;
From victory to victory I by His grace go on.

557 204

My sins rose as high as a mountain,
They all disappeared in the fountain;
He put my name down for a palace and crown,
Bless His dear name, I'm free!

558

1 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
May none of us from thee depart;
All the way 'long it is Jesus.
Jesus, Jesus!
Why, all the way 'long it is Jesus!

2 But may our actions always say—
We're marching in the good old way.

3 This note above the rest shall swell,
That Jesus doeth all things well.

559 71

Oh, glory, glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory be to God, who rules on high!

560

Oh, I love Him, yes, I love Him,
Since for me He bled and died!
Oh, I love Him, yes, I love Him,
More than all the world beside!

561

Oh, the love that sought me!
Oh, the Blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

562

Oh, 'tis glory, oh, 'tis glory!
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul!
For I've touched the hem of His garment,
And His Blood has made me whole.

563

Only Jesus will I know,
'Twas His dying love to me
Broke my heart, and set me free!

564

Since Jesus came into my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul
Like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart.

565

Sing on in sunny days,
Sing on through darkened ways:
Sing! Sing!
Sing on, His name is love,
Sing on, He reigns above!
Sing! Sing! Sing!

566

The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so!

567

The old, old story, it is ever new,
The old, old story, praise the Lord, 'tis true,
That Jesus died for me as well as you!
Tell me the old, old story.

568

1 The precious Blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow.
Lord, I believe it,
For Thou hast washed me.

2 Shout, shout aloud the victory!
We're on our journey home.

3 We'll wear a crown of glory
With Jesus in the sky.

4 You'd better be converted,
And go with us to Heaven.

569

1 'Tis the old-time salvation
And 'tis good enough for me.

2 It makes our garments spotless.

3 It makes our soldiers happy.

4 It was good for Paul and Silas.

5 It was good in the fiery furnace.

6 It was good in the den of lions.

7 It is good for me while fighting.

8 'Twill be good enough when dying.

9 'Twill carry me over Jordan.

10 'Twill take me into Glory.

570

'Tis well, 'tis well,
'Tis well with the righteous, well;
In Summer bright or sorrow's night,
'Tis well with the righteous, well.

571 737

Up in the golden city,
A mansion to me will be given;
I am richer by far than a king or a czar,
I'm heir to the wealth of Heaven.

572 131

When the trumpet sounds I'm ready for to go,
And I'll ride up in the chariot in the morning.

KEY D—

573 972 982

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

574 790

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I will be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

575 222

I'm happy, I'm happy,
For with Jesus now I live,
And constant peace and joy and comfort
He doth give.

576 297

Jesus is mine;
Jesus does satisfy,
Jesus is mine!

577

1 Jesus is the bleeding Lamb
That was slain.

2 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb

3 I've an interest in the Lamb

4 Glory, glory to the Lamb

5 Heaven and earth adore the Lamb

6 Saints of God proclaim the Lamb

7 Penitents call on the Lamb

578
Jesus my heart is keeping
White as the driven snow;
He, with an eye unsleeping,
Sees all the way I go.
Whatever may befall me,
I have eternal rest;
Terrors can ne'er appal me,
Leaning on Jesus' breast.

579 278
My sins, my sins are under the Blood,
My guilt is gone and my soul is free;
My peace, my peace is made with God,
For the Lord has pardoned me.

580 293
Oh, bless His name, He sets me free!
The Blood, the Blood, the precious Blood,
I'm trusting in the cleansing Blood.
Bless His name, He sets me free!
I know my sins are washed away,
And now in Jesus I am free!

581 325
Oh, sing of His goodness, His mercy and grace,
Through whom we have found in His Kingdom a place!

582 274
Yes, He gave me peace and pardon,
Joy without alloy.

WAR

KEY A*b*— 583 639
All glory to the bleeding Lamb,
All hail the Saviour's conquering name,
Let every spirit catch the flame,
And spread the sanctifying fire!

584 629
Are you ready? Yes, I'm ready!
Fighting bravely till the Master comes!
Keep believing and receiving,
Keep on fighting till the Master comes.

585 631
Come and join the Army,
The Army of the Lord,
Jesus is our Captain,
We rally at His word;
Sharp will be the conflict
With the powers of sin,
But with such a Leader
We are sure to win.

586 846
Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm, dare to make it known.

587 658
For the world Jesus died,
For the world there is room in Jesus' side.
All the world to save, to battle we will go;
We will never fear our Blood and Fire to show!
With a trumpet voice we'll let the millions know
There's salvation for the world.

588 700
Hearts to hoist the colors bravely,
Hearts to share the hardest fight;
Hearts that know their duty clearly,
Hearts to dare and do the right.

589 696
I am a soldier—glory to God!
Fighting for Christ who bought me;
I am a soldier, washed in His Blood,
Marching along to Glory.

590 671
I believe we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of the King.

591 640
I'll gird on the armor and rush to the field,
Determined to conquer, and never to yield;
So the enemy shall know,
Wheresoever I may go,
That I am fighting for Jehovah.

592
I'll try again
Thy true soldier to be!

593
Oh, say, are you fighting for God?
Are you for the war consecrated?
Oh, say, are you fighting for God?

594
Oh, the Army will be ready when He comes!

595 635
On, on, on, on, no surrender!
On, on, on, on, what can hinder?
We'll all fight, never to yield again,
Till the King shall reign.

596
Praise, oh, praise Him!
Swell the song that's rung throughout the ages,
Praise, oh, praise Him, the Lamb once slain!
Oh, sing the grand old song again,
How the precious flow washes white as snow!
Oh, sing the grand old song again,
Of the fountain that was opened at the Cross!

597 647 648
Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe!

598 645
Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down!
Pull down the devil's kingdom,
Where'er he holds dominion;
Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down!
Glory, honor to the Lamb,
Praise and power to the Lamb!
Glory, honor, praise and power
Be for ever to the Lamb!

599 643 665
The day of victory's coming, 'tis coming by and by,
When to the Cross of Calvary all nations they will fly;
We're soldiers in the Army, we'll fight until we die,
For the day of victory's coming by and by

600 621
The flag that guides poor sinners on the way,
The flag that leads to endless day,
The flag that fills all Hell with dismay,
Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

601 625
'Tis the Army of Salvation,
'Tis the Army of the Lord;
On to conquer every nation,
With the mighty two-edged sword.

602 636
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
See, see the standard wave!
March on, march on, the trumpet sounds,
To victory or death!

603
True soldiers of the Cross we are,
For God and souls we march to war;
We fight to gain our hearts' desire—
To win the world by Blood and Fire.

604 656
Victory for me,
Through the Blood of the Lamb.

605
We'll fight the fight for God and right,
We never will give in;
And trusting in the Saviour's might,
The Army's bound to win.

606
We'll never let the old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all.
We've entered the field for God and right,
We're in this war to fight! fight! fight!
And as we march to vict'ry grand,
We'll tell the news through every land;
To the end of the world the flag unfurled!
We'll never let the old flag fall.

607
We're marching on, we're marching on,
We're marching on for ever;
God bless our Army round the world,
And keep us true for ever.

608 630
We shall conquer all, we shall conquer all!
Only keep believing; we shall never, never fall!
We shall conquer all, we shall conquer all!
Trusting in our Leader, we shall conquer all.

609

With the conquering Son of God,
Who has washed us in His Blood,
Dangers braving, sinners saving,
We are sweeping through the land.

KEY E*b*—

610 637

Fighting on, fighting on!
With the Blood and Fire we will never tire,
We'll fight until the Master calls.

611

Lift up the Army Banner, Blood and Fire,
Blood and Fire, lift it higher!
Lift up the Army Banner, Blood and Fire,
For it tells of full salvation!

612

Never say die!
Steadily keep advancing,
Readily face the foe!
Never say die!
Steadily keep advancing,
Forward go!

613 670

Oh, the crowning day is coming, Hallelujah!
Oh, the crowning day is coming, praise the Lord!
For our Saviour King shall reign,
He shall have His own again,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

614 655

Steadily forward march;
To Jesus we will bring
Sinners of every kind,
And He will take them in;
Rich and poor as well,
It does not matter who,
Bring them in with all their sin;
He'll wash them white as snow.

615

Stick to the Army, soldiers, never run away!
Stick to the Army, soldiers, we shall win the day!
Jesus is our Captain, He is our hope and stay;
Remember how He loved us, when we were far away!

616 953

Strike, strike for victory, warriors bold!
Strike till the victory you behold!
Strike, strike for victory, ne'er give o'er!
Jesus is our Captain, victory is sure!

617 953

Victory, victory,
Through the Blood of the Lamb that was slain!
Victory, victory—
We shall meet in the morning to reign!

618

We'll fight till we die, and never run away,
For God has blessed the Army in such a mighty way;
Our soldiers are determined to fight the devil and sin;
We never will give over, we never will give in.

619 703

We're marching on to conquer all,
Before our God the world shall fall;
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never never run away.
What, never run away?
No, never run away!
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never, never run away!

620

We're sure to finish well,
If I and you are good and true,
We're sure to finish well.
We mean to fight and conquer,
We're sure to finish well.

KEY B*b*—

621

As on we march to victory,
Our shout of war shall ever be,
"We'll win the world for God by Blood and Fire!"

622

I'm a soldier in the Salvation band,
Against the devil I've taken my stand;
I'll fight him now throughout the land,
Since I have joined the Army.

623 649
Rouse, then, soldiers! Rally round the banner!
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout a loud hosanna!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

624 314 622
So we'll lift up the banner on high,
The Salvation banner of love;
We'll fight beneath its colors till we
Then go to our Home above. [die,

625
We have a grand salvation plan,
The devil's hosts shall fly;
And what we've said we will maintain,
We'll fight until we die.

KEY C—

626
Fight the fight, Salvation Army!
God has given the call;
Earth and Hell can ne'er withstand
We shall conquer all. [us—

627
Fighting, fighting on the narrow way;
The way is rough, the fighting tough,
But we shall win the day.

628 667
For the Cross and the flag
The Saviour on me can rely;
For the Cross and the flag,
In the Army I'll fight till I die.

629 718
"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."

630 662
I'll stand for Christ, for Christ alone,
Amid the tempest and the storm.
Where Jesus leads I'll follow on,
I'll stand for Christ, for Christ alone.

631
If the cross we boldly bear,
Then the crown we shall wear,
When we dwell with Jesus there,
In the bright for evermore.

632 978
Marching along, marching along,
The Salvation Army is marching along;
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

633 672
Marching on, marching on,
'Gainst the powers of sin
We the fight shall win;
Marching on, marching on,
We have victory through the Blood.

634
Take the message and fling it wide,
"Come, ye people, and see!"
There is power in the Crucified,
Making prisoners free!
Take it over the rolling main,
Till, when nations revere His name,
Peace shall cover the earth again,
As waters cover the sea.

635
We mean to fight for Jesus;
We will, we will!
In every land we'll take our stand,
And live and die for Jesus,
We will, we will!
We'll live and die for Jesus!

636
We shall conquer all through the
Blood of Jesus; [deceive us;
Trusting in His Word, He never will
He will lead us onward, dark though
be our pathway;
Joyfully we march to the better land.

KEY G—

637 627
Everywhere,
Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?

638 633
Fighting beneath the Army colors,
Saved from sin through Jesus' love,
We are soldiers of salvation,
Marching to the realms above.

639
Hallelujah! We are on our way to
Glory! [streets,
We soon shall march to the Hallelujah
And sing redeeming love.

640

I'm a soldier, should you want me,
You will find me in The Salvation
Army.

641 704

Never quit the field till the foe is slain!
Never quit the field, oh, never, never
yield!
Never quit the field till we victory
gain,
Never, never, never!

642 650

No retreating, Hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand;
God look down, with glory crown
Our conquering band.
Victory for me,
Through the Blood of Christ, my
Victory for me, [Saviour,
Through the precious Blood.

643 657

No, we never, never, never will give
in, no, we won't,
For we mean to have the victory for
ever.

644 632

Salvation Army, Army of God,
Onward to conquer the world with
Fire and Blood.

645

So won't you enlist and come along
with me?
And happy, happy, happy you will be,
For mighty victories you will see;
Oh, come, and be a soldier!

646

The love of Christ does our hearts
inspire
To be His warriors brave;
And under the flag of the Blood-and-
Fire
We onward go the world to save.

647 617

The Yellow, Red and Blue shall fly
Above our heads until we die;
With Blood-and-Fire 'neath every sky,
We're sure to win! We're sure to
win!

648 651

Through the world resounding,
Let the Gospel sounding,
Summon all, at Jesus' call,
His glorious Cross surrounding.
Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving,
Be not faithless but believing;
To your conquering Captain cleaving,
Forward to the fight!

649 60

Tread the powers of darkness down:
He that conquers wins a crown.

650

Under the Army flag we'll fight our
way to Glory, [or we'll die;
Under the Army flag we'll conquer
Under the Army flag we'll tell Salvation's story,
And "Victory and Salvation!" shall
be our battle-cry.

651

We'll fight till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

652

We're marching on to war,
We care not what the people think,
Nor what they say we are.
We mean to fight for Jesus,
And His salvation bring;
We're blood-and-fire soldiers,
And we're fighting for the King.

653

Where are the reapers? Oh, who will
come [home?
And share in the glory of the harvest
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields
of sin?

KEY D— **654**

All nations, all nations for Jesus shall
be won, [Kingdom come.
We mean to keep on fighting till His

655 673

Ever is the war-cry: Victory, Victory!
Ever is the war-cry: Victory!
Write it on your banner, get it on your
Victory, victory, victory! [knees:

656 620
Keep waving, keep every flag unfurled,
We soon shall have our colors waving
all round the world.

657
Some through the water, and some
through the flood, [the Blood;
Some through the fire, but all through
Some through deep sorrow, but still
with the song:
God leads His dear Army along!

658
Then if a soldier you would be,
Come along and go with me;
'Neath our banner, Blood-and-Fire,
stand to arms!

659 674
We're the Army that shall conquer,
As we go to seek the lost, and to bring
them back to God;
And His salvation to every nation,
We will carry with the Fire and the
Blood.

660 644
With sword and shield we'll take the
We're not afraid to die, [field,
While the standard of the Cross is
waving o'er us;
We raise on high our battle cry,
And all Hell's powers defy;
Scattered by our ranks, the foe falls
down before us.
March on! March on! Heed not the
cannon's roar;
March on! March on! There's a crown
when the battle's o'er.

HEAVEN

KEY A♭—

661
At the end of our journey
We shall wear a crown
In the new Jerusalem.

662 757
Away over Jordan with my blessed
Jesus, [crown.
Away over Jordan to wear a starry

663 673 760
Bright crowns there are,
Bright crowns laid up on high;
For you and me
There's a palm of victory.

664
I'm going home where the angels
O sinner, won't you come? [dwell,

665
I shall be there! I shall be there!
Oh, yes, I know I shall be there!
For my sins are all forgiven,
And my title's clear for Heaven.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

666
In the morning,
In the resurrection morning,
I'm going to reign with Jesus in the
morning.

667 751
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

668 228
Is not this the Land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom for ever,
And the sun is always bright?

669
My feet will soon be treading
Death's dark valley, but I have no
fear;
On this precious hope I'm leaning,
Jesus will be with me there.

670
No night there, no night there!
Hallelujah! No night there!
Our Saviour is the light
Of that splendid city bright,
Hallelujah! No night there!

671 719
Numberless as the sands on the sea-
shore!
Numberless as the sands on the shore!
Oh, what a sight 'twill be when the
ransomed we shall see
As numberless as the sands on the sea-
shore!

672

Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?
And when we get safely to Glory,
Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

673 677

Oh, that will be glory for me!
When by His grace I shall look on His
face,
That will be glory, be glory for me!

674 755

They'll sing their welcome home to me;
And the angels will stand
On the Hallelujah Strand,
And sing me a welcome home.

675 646 687

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching the Army to Zion,
That beautiful city of God.

676 661

We shall sing, we shall sing,
When the glorious march of life is
over,
Round the tree of life for ever;
Praise the Lord, it won't be long!

677

While the years roll on
If our sins are gone,
And we walk with God in the narrow
Through eternity, [way,
Ever pure and free,
We'll be happy as the years roll on.

678 969

Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain,
At the fountain bright and fair;
Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain,
Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

KEY E*b*—

679 742

Gone to Glory! Gone to Glory!
They have crossed the rolling flood,
More than conquerors through the
Blood;
Gone to Glory! Gone to Glory!
They have left the battle-field,
Gone to Glory!

680 768

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home;
There's no friend like Jesus,
There's no place like Home!

681 759

In that beautiful land I'll be
From earth and its care set free;
My Saviour is there! He's gone to pre-
A place in that land for me! [pare

682

Oh, the angels will come with their
music, will come [me home,
With music, sweet music, to welcome
In the bright gates of crystal the shin-
ing ones will stand,
And sing me a welcome to their own
native land!

683 750

On the sweet Eden shore, so peaceful
and bright, [the blessed,
On the sweet Eden shore, the home of
Where friends have gone before,
We'll tarry and rest on the shore.

684

Roll on, dark stream, we fear not thy
foam, [sweet Home.
Our soldiers are marching to Home,

685 747

There the sun will never set,
And the leaves will never fade;
There the faithful shall their Saviour
dear behold,
All our toils will seem as nothing,
When we meet around the Throne,
In that beautiful city of gold.

686 752

We're marching through Immanuel's
ground, [sound;
And soon shall hear the trumpet
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What, never part again?
No, never part again.
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

687 730

Yes! oh, yes! in that happy land,
They that meet shall never sever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love for ever,
In that happy land!

688 966

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river:
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the Throne of God.

KEY B♭— 689

It's Heaven, blest Heaven,
Sweet Heaven of rest!
How I long to be there,
And its glories to share,
And to lean on Jesus' breast!

690 74

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with [Thee
In our eternal Home.

691 725

Lovely, beauteous, golden city,
How I long for thee!
Earthly sorrow ne'er can reach thee,
All in Heaven are free.

692

My Home is in Heaven, there is no parting there;
All will be happy, glorious, bright and [fair;
There'll be no sorrow, there will be no tears,
In that bright Home far away.

693

Oh! Hallelujah! Yes, 'tis heaven,
'Tis heaven to know your sins forgiven!
On land or sea, no matter where,
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there!

694 743

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

695 963 957

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

696

There are angels waiting, waiting,
Angels are waiting for our conquering band;
There are angels waiting, waiting,
Waiting to welcome us home.

697 689

We'll cross the river of Jordan, Hallelujah!
Cross the river of Jordan, happy in [the Lord.

698 740

Welcome Home! Welcome Home!
A welcome in Glory for me;
Welcome Home! Welcome Home!
A welcome for me!

KEY F— 699

Oh, swing them open, angels,
Swing them wide and far!
The bells do ring, the angels sing,
Oh, swing these gates ajar!

700

Shall you, shall I, meet Jesus by and by?
And when we reach the Gloryland,
We'll swell the song of the angel band;
Shall you, shall I, meet Jesus by and by?

701 720

Will you be there, and I?
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell,
Will you be there, and I?

KEY C— 702 721

Beautiful Home, beautiful Home,
Home of the soldier,
Beautiful, beautiful Home.

703

By and by, by and by Jesus will come;
By and by, by and by welcome me home;
Then with the angels I'll sing the new [song;
Redeemed by the Blood of the Crucified One.

704 684

Happy Home, happy Home!
Never more from Christ to roam!
When our fighting here is over,
And our victories all are won!
There's a mansion up in Glory,
When our traveling days are done.

705 738 755

I believe I shall be there,
And walk with Him in white.

706 738

Meet in bliss no tongue can tell,
Meet with angel bands to dwell,
Meet in Heaven, where all is well,
Meet me in that land.

707 726

Nearer my Home, nearer my Home,
I'm nearer my Home today
Than ever I've been before.

708

On the banks of the beautiful river,
Meet me there, when my journey is o'er.

709 962

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
God be with you till we meet again!

710 741

To be there, to be there!
Oh, what must it be to be there!

KEY G—

711 955

Angels call the roll up yonder,
Muster day in Heaven proclaim,
Call the roll—and at the summons
I will answer to my name.

712 748

Bless God! Bless God!
Bless God, you may be there!

713 745

Canaan, bright Canaan,
The glorious land of Canaan;
For crowns and palms of victory,
Come, let us go to Canaan.

714 733

For I'm going, yes, I'm going,
To that land that has no storm.

715 748

I know, I know,
I know I shall be there!

716 963

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in Heaven.

717 731

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And the evening bells will toll,
But my heart shall know no sadness,
When the pearly gates unfold.

718 261

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining Glory shore,
My Heaven, my Home for evermore!

719

On, on, on, I'm traveling on,
On to Glory, on to Glory,
I have left the way of sin,
I long had wandered in,
And I'm traveling with the Army up to Glory.

720 753

Over there,
Oh, think of the Home over there!

721 982

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore.
Drop the anchor! Furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil.

722 732

There is sweet rest in Heaven.

723 724 727

There'll be no more sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there.

724

There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting there.

725

682 743

There's a golden harp in Glory,
There's a spotless robe for you;
March with us to the Hallelujah city,
To the land beyond the blue.

726

723

When I come to death's dark river,
Jesus will be there to guide me o'er;
There, where sorrow ne'er can enter,
I shall meet the loved ones gone
before.

727

958

When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there!

KEY D—

728

739 754

My beautiful Home, my beautiful
Home, [shall roam
In the land where the glorified ever
Where angels bright wear crowns of
light, [there.
My Home is there, my Home is

729

Strife and sorrow over,
The Lord's true, faithful soldier
Has been called to go from the realms
below
To the conquering hosts above.

730

758

Sweeping through the gates of the
new Jerusalem,
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb!

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AND

THE BAND TUNE BOOK

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